# THE LITERARY DIGEST

(Title registered in the U. S. Patent Office and in Foreign Countries)

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(Titles registered in the U. S. Patent Office)

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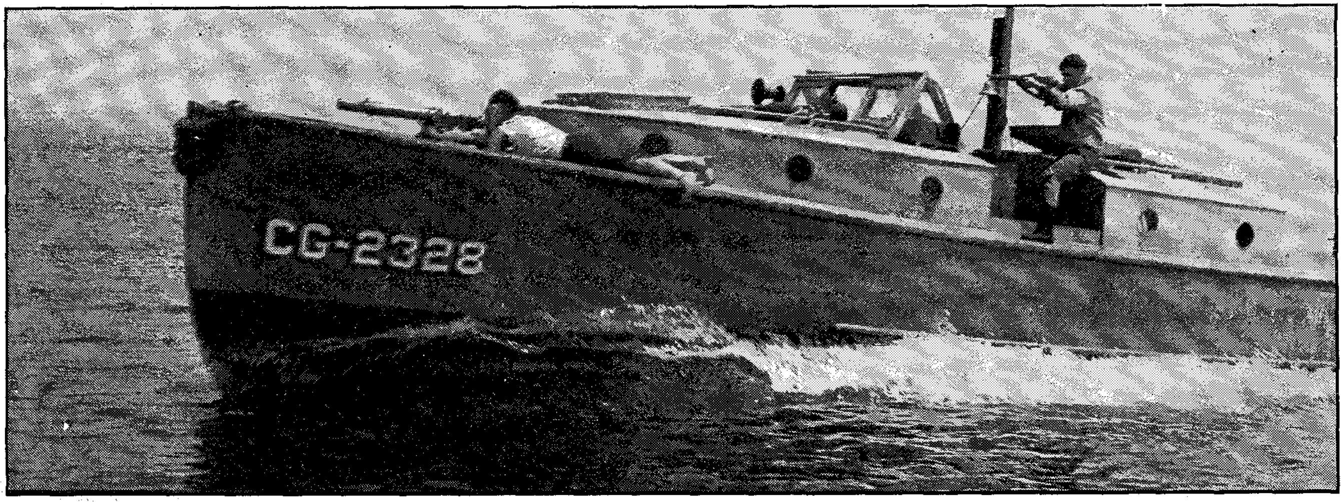
## TOPICS ▾ OF ▾ THE ▾ DAY

(This title registered in U. S. Patent Office)



Photograph by C. G. Rosenhauer

ONE OF THE PURSUIT BOATS OF THE DRY NAVY THAT ARE ROUNDING UP THE BOOTLEGGERS OF RUM ROW

## THE BATTLE OF RUM ROW

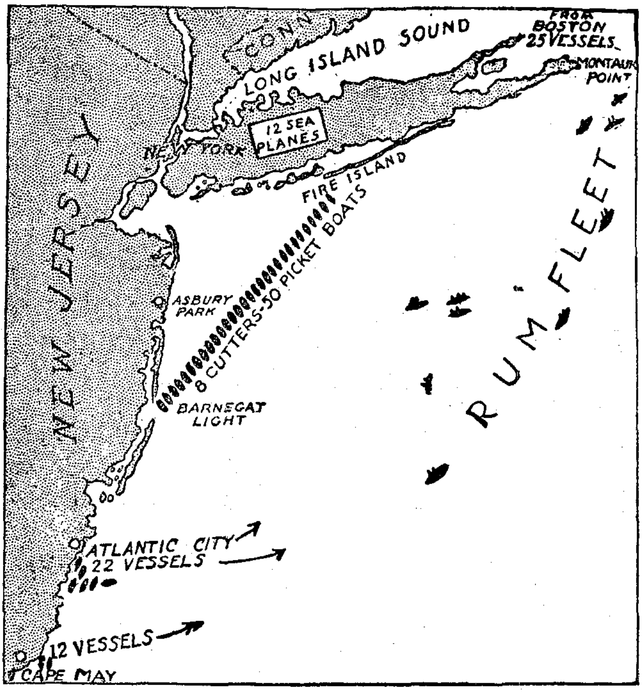
THE LATEST, BIGGEST and most intensive drive yet launched against the rum-runners is announced by the press in language which stirs memories of the great spring offensive on the European war fronts. "A War of Extermination;" "Dry Armada to Shoot First, Then Investigate;" "Flying Rum-Wedge Set to Hit Dry Navy;" "It Will Be a War to the Finish, with Land and Sea Attacks, Reprisals and a 'Death List' as Important Features;' "Rum Row's Spies Join Coast Guard and Cripple Boats to Balk Blockade;" "400 Shots Fired Before Rum-Runner Out-Maneuvers Coast Guard Patrol;" "60 Ships Patrol Coast as Rum Fight Extends Over Nation;" "Rum-Chasers Hold Fifty-Mile Blockade Line;" "Sea-Planes Help the Dry Fleet in Siege of Rum Row;" "Dry Navy Calls for Recruits;" "Rum War Opens on Great Lakes;" "Dry Navy Bottles Up Atlantic Buccaneers;" and "All-Summer Fight Forecast," are samples of the headlines that smite the eye of the American newspaper reader.

While we are assured that this war against the invader, Demon Rum, is to be fought out on all fronts, on the Mexican and Canadian borders as well as along the Pacific and Atlantic coasts, the first and most dramatic attack of the new campaign has been launched against Rum Row, that famous fleet of liquor supply-ships of various nationalities that for years has hovered off our Long Island and New Jersey coasts, well beyond the twelve-mile limit. Between these floating warehouses and the shore, under cover of fog or night, have plied the high-power speed boats and other small craft of the rum-runners, engaged in a law-defying business which last year amounted, according to a conservative government estimate, to $40,000,000. To block this ship-to-shore traffic the "Blue Fleet" has been mobilized, consisting of fifty or sixty Coast-Guard cutters, patrol boats and converted submarine chasers, armed with six-inch guns, anti-aircraft guns, and machine-guns, and "manned and equipped as for war." "This is truly going to be a war of extermination," says a Coast-Guard officer quoted by the New York *Evening Post;* and he adds: "Our orders are to wipe the liquor traffic from the face of the sea. If we can't stop them any other way, we'll kill them off." In less bellicose terms we are told by a New London correspondent of the Providence *Journal* that—

> "The plan of campaign is to picket each ship of the rum fleet with a patrol boat, holding relief craft continually in readiness, so that surveillance may be uninterrupted over an indefinite period. Small boats returning from Rum Row will be halted and their cargoes examined. Small boats sailing to Rum Row will be treated likewise, and, if it is determined that they are endeavoring to supply the whisky armada with provisions, they will be seized under a provision of the customs statutes regulating trade with parties beyond domestic waters. Washington will direct and harmonize the activities of the whole blockade line by radio code."

Another Coast-Guard officer is quoted in a dispatch to the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* as explaining that "we are first to fire two preliminary warning shots across the bow of any vessel failing to give signals, and then shoot to kill." But the most authoritative statement concerning this dry offensive comes from Col. Lincoln C. Andrews, the new Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, who is described as both field marshal and admiral of the Prohibition forces. Says Colonel Andrews:

> "The warfare going on now on the Atlantic coast is not in any sense a big drive. It is a test. We want to see how the rum-runners will defend themselves. Then we will take the offensive.
>
> "When the time comes, you will see a real naval liquor warfare instead of the minor engagement now going on.
>
> "President Coolidge has given the word to go the limit in



Courtesy of the New York *Herald Tribune*

WHERE THE NECK OF THE RUM BOTTLE IS CORKED

In addition to this cordon the individual ships of the rum fleet are picketed by boats of the dry navy so that they can neither send in their cargo nor receive water and supplies from shore.

Prohibition enforcement. The present offensive against Rum Row is only the opening gun.

"All units are to be shaken up and new blood put into them within a month.

"With the supply of real liquor stopt at its source—Rum Row—the active campaign in the interior should net real results within a short time."

And in an Associated Press dispatch dated a few days later we read:

> "With the sea offensive well under way, reorganization of the land forces of Prohibition enforcement has been started with a view to coordinating the two campaigns.
>
> "One of the first moves has been the consolidation of special forces operating under the general agents in nineteen States with the staff of the State directors. The effect will be to give a unified organization, which will be used, under present plans, exclusively on conspiracy cases and in major raids.
>
> "As the strategical plan develops, other Federal agents will be transferred to the general field force, until the State director retains only enough agents to do inspection work, such as investigating applications for permits and seeing that drug stores obey the law in dispensing medical liquor.
>
> "E. C. Yellowley, chief of the general Prohibition agents, will be in command of the first Field Army. He has been placed in control of the consolidated raiding forces assigned to New York, Pennsylvania, Wisconsin, and California.
>
> "Mr. Yellowley will be in position to concentrate the forces of all States in his sector upon any point reported by his scouts to be threatened with inundation by an enemy truck convoy, or to protect a concentration warehouse from a mass attack by guerilla troops of the rum rebels.
>
> "Carrying the war analogy a step further, enforcement headquarters have completed plans to launch a propaganda attack designed to weaken the opposition's morale.
>
> "Telling slogans have been selected for the poster campaign, all of them emphasizing the moral benefits coming from strict observance of constitutional and statute restrictions."

The "high command" of the new campaign is listed as follows by a Washington correspondent of the New York *World:* Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Andrews, in command of the entire outfit; Rear-Admiral Billard, Commandant of the Coast Guard; E. C. Yellowley, head of the field forces, and Roy A. Haynes, Commissioner of Prohibition, director of propaganda. According to the same dispatch, President Coolidge has been assured that when he returns to Washington after his summer vacation "the rum fleet will be out of existence and the moonshiner and bootlegger on the run."

Altho the dry navy, made possible by a Congressional appropriation of $12,000,000, has concentrated its main strength against Rum Row, it also has squadrons on the Pacific Coast, the Great Lakes, and in the neighborhood of the Southern Atlantic ports. It consists in all, we are told, of a score of old destroyers and about 300 other craft, most of them fast motor-boats. Among these is a type called the sea-sleigh, said to be capable of making forty knots an hour. The destroyers are equipped with a new and very powerful headlight, "said to be able to pierce the thickest fog." Sea-planes are to cooperate with the dry fleet, which has the task of guarding about 13,000 miles of coast.

Another weapon to be used against the rum-runners, according to an Associated Press dispatch, is a clause in the tariff law of 1922 providing that the Government may pay informers 25 per cent. of all fines imposed and a quarter of the sums obtained by the auction of rum-running boats. This, Prohibition officials assert, "will prove as deadly as the fleet's warfare."

After the first week of the dry navy's blockading tactics it was reported that the flow of liquor into New York City had been cut 90 per cent., and that the price was soaring in consequence. About the same time Samuel Taylor Moore, who has made a special study of the Coast Guard's campaign against the rum-runner, reported that "the Atlantic seaboard institution of Rum Row is a case for the coroner." Writing in the New York *World*, he goes on to say:

> "Rum Row doesn't yet realize the fact—and it probably would refuse to admit it if it did. In four years of prosperous activity, owners of the rum supply fleet operating on the high seas between Cape May, New Jersey, and Cape Ann, Massachusetts, had come to regard themselves as a vested interest. Wherefore some thirty booze-laden steamships and schooners stubbornly remain at anchor outside the Government's jurisdiction, while hundreds of rum-running speed boats are tied up in port awaiting a let-down in the tactics of the United States Coast Guard.
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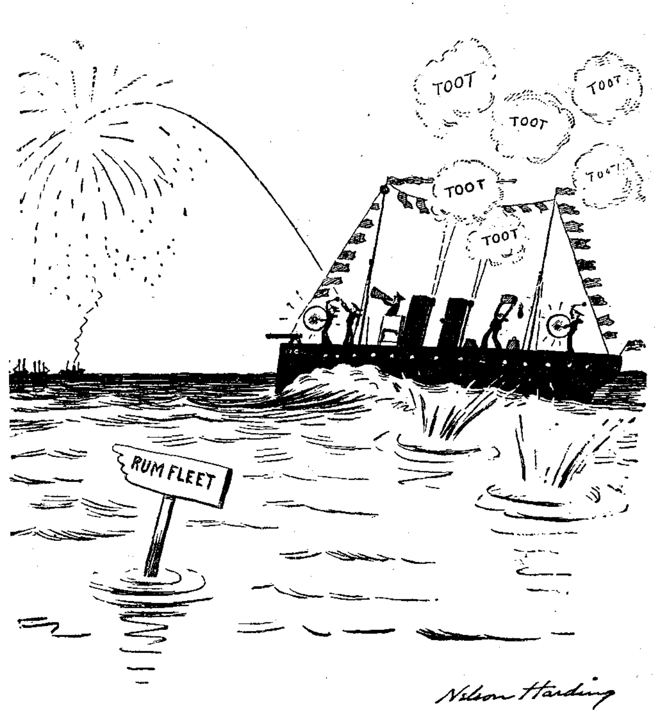
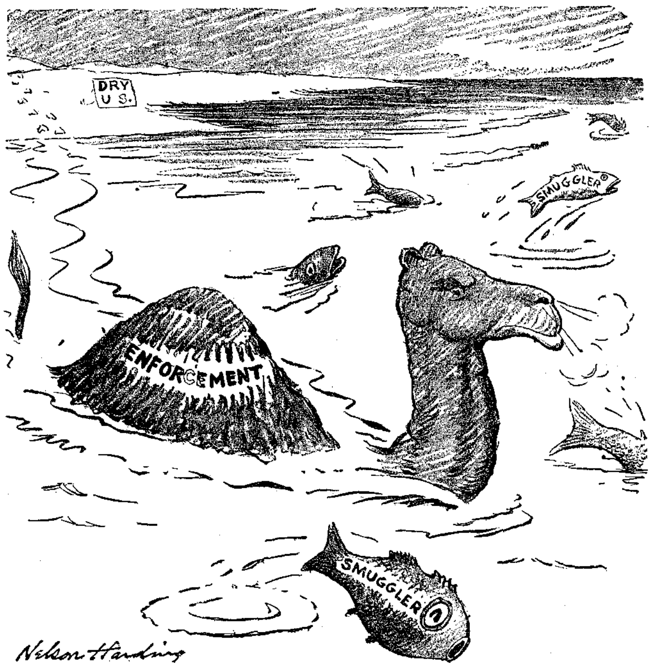
> "The dry blockade is generally hailed as 'an offensive.' As a military definition the term is inaccurate, for an offensive is a movement that spends its force in major effort. The peaceful



RUM WAR STRATEGY—SURPRIZING THE ENEMY

—Harding in the Brooklyn *Eagle.*



WHEN "THE SHIP OF THE DESERT" PUTS TO SEA

—Harding in the Brooklyn *Eagle*.

> picketing of every individual supply-ship on Rum Row is in fact the inauguration of a systematic campaign of indefinite duration to check liquor-smuggling at its source. It can be ended only by the unlikely cessation of Congressional appropriations after July 1, 1926."

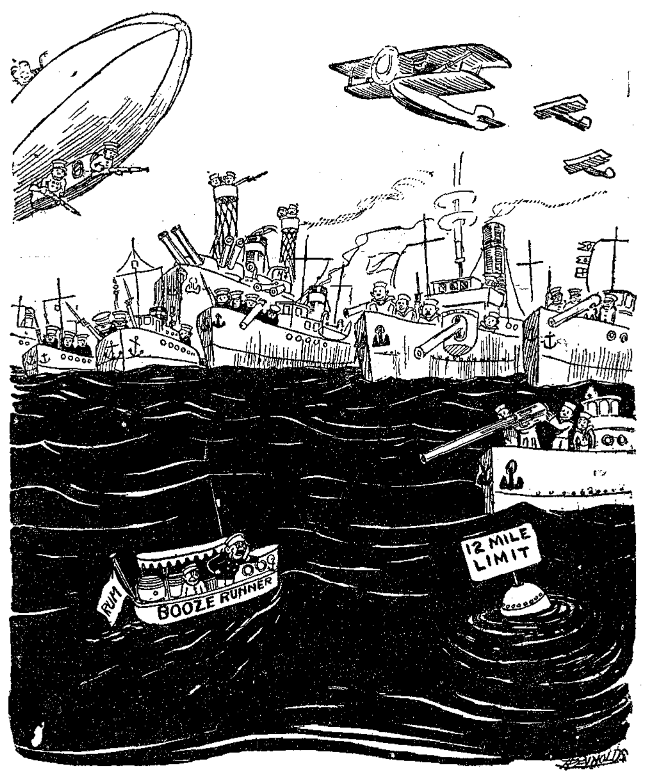
Wide-spread approval of the Government's campaign against the rum-runners is reflected in the press. "Whatever may be thought of Prohibition, the sinister flouting of our laws by foreign crews at the very door of our principal seaport is not a spectacle to be regarded with equanimity by good citizens," remarks the Boston *Transcript*. "It is a question of sovereignty," remarks the Pittsburgh *Gazette Times*, "and the wisdom of the law does not enter in." Such an effort as this, says the Jersey City *Journal*, is what the people demand. And in the New York *Evening World*, which has never been converted to the Prohibition view-point, we read:

> "The mobilization of the Coast Guard fleet against the rum-runners, with orders to shoot, is not only proper but desirable, just as the fanatic Prohibition enforcement law in Indiana, which is taxing the jails with citizens of some consequence, is justifiable. The Volstead Law is the law of the land, and it is of vital concern to law enforcement in general, that it should be enforced to the letter. There will never be a worth-while show-down of public opinion as to Prohibition until it becomes as impossible for the rich man to get his whisky and champagne as for the poor man to get his beer, and until the dignified captain of industry is lined up in court beside the day laborer.
>
> "The curse of Volsteadism is its inequality in operation. It makes for hypocrisy and class hatred. It is commonly thought that these captains of industry and financial leaders who think Prohibition a good thing for the poor and middle classes, and who had their whisky before Prohibition, have their whisky now. It is generally believed that when they advocated Prohibition for the little fellow, they had no notion of observing it themselves. And it is unquestionably true that as long as these men can get their whisky without difficulty, and because they can afford it they will publicly continue their pious pose as champions of the law.
>
> "We shall never know what America really thinks of Volsteadism until it becomes absolutely impossible for the richest as well as the poorest to get prohibited liquor; and when the jails become as familiar with the opulent violator as with the person of no particular importance.
>
> "Then, and only then, will it be possible to gage public opinion; and then only will public opinion move to enforce its will as it has a right to do in a democracy.
>
> "Let the law be enforced, to the letter, on every man, rich and poor, to the end that public opinion may have a chance."

Among the many other papers that applaud the new drive against the rum-runners are the Brooklyn *Eagle*, Washington *Star*, Savannah *News*, Omaha *World-Herald*, Boston *Christian Science Monitor*, Pittsburgh *Chronicle Telegraph*, Portland *Oregonian*, Little Rock *Arkansas Gazette*, Indianapolis *News*, Columbus *Ohio State Journal* and Topeka *Capital*. "This blockade method of dealing with Rum Row is utterly simple, but should prove highly effective, violating the rights of no foreign power and hence inviting no international disputes," remarks the Minneapolis *Journal*. "The Government could not strike a more effective blow at domestic bootlegging than to smash Rum Row," remarks the Springfield *Republican*. Even more emphatic is the approval of the Philadelphia *North American*, which declares that the mission of the dry fleet is not to enforce Prohibition, but "to repel an insolent assault by foreign criminals and to vindicate the sovereignty of the United States." To quote this paper further:

> "No campaign of reckless violence is contemplated; the guard ships have not been dispatched on a raiding venture, but on a stern and tireless patrol that is designed to starve out the rum-runners. They will simply 'ride herd,' in nautical fashion, on the smuggling fleet, preventing all contact with the shore and destroying the profits of the disreputable business. So far as national honor and sovereignty are concerned there is no difference between smuggling a bale of rugs or a packet of jewels and smuggling a case of liquor; equally the offenses are against the customs laws, against the authority of the Government, against the integrity of the nation's frontiers.
>
> "If foreign interests made a practise of sending to the American coast shiploads of European manufactures—British woolens and French silks and German machinery—and smuggling them ashore, how long would the Government endure the affront? How long would the public tolerate so gross an invasion of national rights? Yet to submit to that would be no more shameful an abdication than it would be to confess impotence to drive away the ships of Rum Row."

Turning now to those papers which regard this much-advertised offensive with mixed emotions, we are reminded that

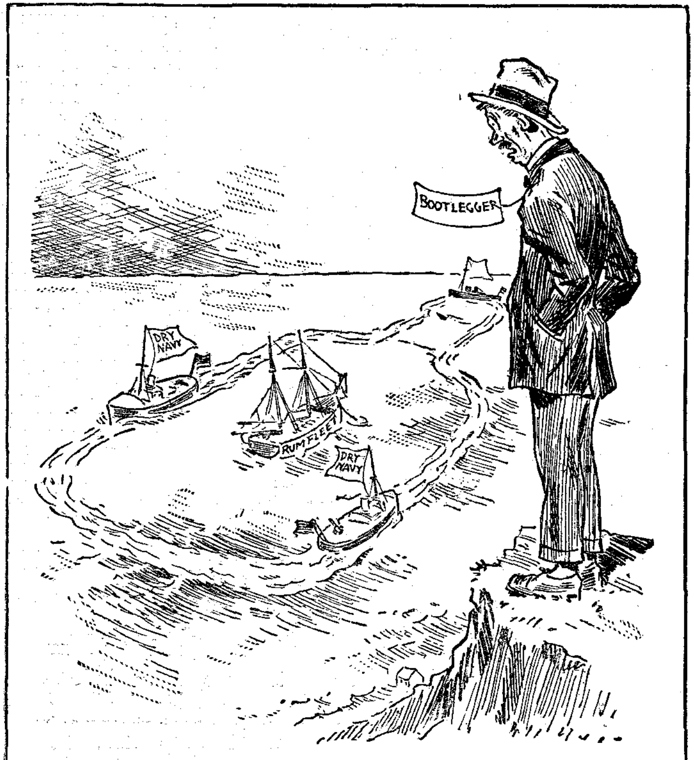


VERDUN AGAIN: "THEY SHALL NOT PASS!"

—Reynolds in the Portland *Oregonian*.

there is popular sentiment in the United States, especially on the Eastern Coast, that is friendly to the rum-runners. Dispatches state that "the shore population of Long Island and New Jersey, out of friendship for the bootleggers who have brought profitable trade to their communities, is furnishing serious obstacles to the success of the Coast Guard's drive against Rum Row." Says the Providence *News:*

> "No good citizen can question the desirability of wiping out Rum Row. Whatever one may feel about Prohibition, one must feel humiliated at the idea of this fleet of boats manned by the scum of several nations making a mockery of Uncle Sam and his laws. But the humiliation of Rum Row floating immune, twenty miles or so off shore, is scarcely less than the humiliation of seeing the Government compelled to concentrate so much energy and ingenuity on its present task. Every shot that is fired against a rum-runner is heard around the world as a plain indication that a law has been enacted which large sections of the country feel that they have no moral or civil obligation to obey, and which even the most respectable citizens do not obey.
>
> "No doubt the battle of Rum Row, in its present phases at least, will be won by the Government forces. Anything else would be intolerable, since the job of winning it has been undertaken. But whoever believes that a clean-up now and again, along either the Atlantic coast or the Canadian border, is going to make Prohibition really effective in communities which do not want it, has a very poor knowledge of human nature."



BOTTLED

—De Mar in the Philadelphia *Record.*

In the opinion of the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger:*

> "Whatever good the dry navy will do in the course of its present crusade, the real crux of the Prohibition enforcement problem must be faced ashore, and in every community where the illegal manufacture and sale of real and imitation whisky has become an enormous and well organized business. Meanwhile, it is asking too much of an ordinarily intelligent man to expect him to believe that 'bootleggers are demoralized and in a panic.' A few rum-runners who operate in the waters now under what you might call martial law are, perhaps, greatly inconvenienced and even worried. But the bootlegging world at large must view the dry navy's activity as something peculiarly favorable and beneficial to a home industry. The moonshiners—and they are legion—have no reason to complain because their competitors are being harassed. No infant industry ever before had itself protected by large flotillas of armed ships engaged in the work of keeping competitors from entering its markets."

## THE PACKERS NEW FREEDOM

A BLOW TO SMALL BUSINESS throughout the country is seen by the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* in the recent suspension of the consent decree by which the "Big Five" meat-packers agreed with the Wilson Administration late in 1919 to divorce themselves from "unrelated" lines of business. At that time the packers vigorously denied the charge that they sought to control the entire food supply of the country, but agreed to "forever dissociate" themselves "from the retail meat business and the wholesale business in groceries, canned fruits, vegetables, and other unrelated lines." Thus, remarks the Newark *News*, they "staved off prosecution under the anti-trust laws."

On the plea of the California Cooperative Canneries that its business was being seriously damaged by the operation of the decree, however, Justice Bailey, of the District of Columbia Supreme Court, recently suspended the operation of the decree. But the Government may appeal, we are told, and the decision of Attorney-General Sargent in this connection, predicts the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, "is likely to be significant of the policy to be pursued by the Coolidge Administration in regard to the whole question of combination and trust dissolution." If the decision of Justice Bailey stands the test of the higher courts, the Newark *News* fears that "all the progress so far made to break down the alleged grip of the packers on the food industry will have to be made all over again." This progress is thus summarized by the Indianapolis *News:*

> "A decade or more ago the so-called Big Five of Chicago—Armour & Co., Swift & Co., Morris & Co., Wilson & Co., and the Cudahy Packing Company—added to their meat-product business groceries, particularly canned goods, and also took over stockyards and entered into railroad ownership. In groceries, both wholesalers and retailers voiced a fear of packer domination of the market. Five years ago, after long negotiation, the Department of Justice announced that the packers had agreed to abandon unrelated lines of trade. That was the now-famous consent decree.
>
> "Progress toward complete compliance with the agreement has been slow. At various times the packers have obtained through court pleas an extension of the time within which they were to dispose of this and that interest. The National Wholesale Grocers' Association and the American Wholesale Grocers' Association alined themselves on the side of the Government to speed the agreed-on dissolution as much as possible. Then the California Cooperative Canneries were permitted to intervene on the side of the packers. More than a year ago they filed a motion to suspend the consent decree, contending that they were turning over annually to Armour & Co. more than half of their output, and that insistence on the terms of the decree would work serious injury to their business. Justice Bailey upheld the canners' plea and suspended the decree."

Several Democratic editors and independent dailies with Democratic leanings incline to the belief that nothing will be done to upset the ruling of Justice Bailey. "The action in suspending the decree is quite in line with the known Republican policy favoring 'big business,'" remarks the Mobile *Register.* It is "generally understood," by the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, that "big business" has little to fear from the Coolidge Administration. Secretary of Commerce Hoover, explains this paper, "has on more than one occasion given the sanction of his department to the trade association—an organization which in the earlier days of anti-trust agitation was beyond the pale."

Meanwhile, what will be the effect of the suspension of the agreement entered into between the Government and the packers five years ago? In the opinion of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch:*

> "The suspension of the decree is not of immediate effect upon the public. The aggrieved party is the smaller business which may suffer from packer competition because of its magnitude and efficiency. The public may even profit, temporarily at least, from this competition. The question is: What will be the eventual development? Will the packers absorb the entire food purveying field? If they do, they will come into conflict with the law.

Drury College Library
Springfield, Missouri

"An interesting political possibility is that 'big business' may lose some of the support, at least, of little business as manifested in the last Presidential campaign. Another interesting point is the possible effect of the decision and its results on the farmers' cooperative movement."

On the other hand, the Philadelphia *Inquirer* maintains that "it is absurd to argue that this decision sounds the doom of many small retailers." Moreover, in this paper's opinion—

"There is a larger issue involved: if five meat companies may be shut out from certain fields, the same principle could be applied to many others. That would lead to the rankest injustice.

"Competition is now so keen that all business to live must enforce the strictest economies, and depend for results upon superior product or superior salesmanship. If the meat-packers can distribute more economically than some others, is it not to the public advantage to foster such cheap distribution? Better and cheaper distribution is the very thing the country demands. It is the essence of the President's policy for improved marketing, especially for farm products. And farm products are what the Big Five in meat handle."

"The packers have had a bad five years," points out the Lincoln (Neb.) *State Journal*. "They were caught by the agricultural deflation, and some of them have had to pass through reorganization. They were subject to about the same mishaps as other business folk. They were not all-powerful. Furthermore, there has been a general change in the attitude of the Government and the public toward 'trusts'; both are now more tolerant of great centralized business organizations." And in the Omaha *Bee*, published in a meat-packing center, we learn the "other side" of the consent-decree question:

"Under the terms of the consent decree, the packers were forbidden to engage in any other than the business of slaughtering and preparing meats for wholesale distribution. When it came to the practical application of the terms of the order, it failed. The stockyards, plants, and other adjuncts of the great business were to be sold. No purchasers could be found courageous enough to take over the huge stockyards business. Similarly, the result as affecting other elements of the industry developed opposite to what was expected.

"In the meantime, the raising and selling of live stock went on much the same. Market prices fluctuated as they always had. So far as the producer of animal food was concerned, the order might as well never have been written. It was an unwise experiment, entered on in good faith, no doubt, but resting on wrong principle.

"Among the first to feel the adverse effects of the order that dissolved the so-called packer trust were the fruit-growers of the Pacific coast. They needed the service of the refrigerator cars, owned and operated by the meat packers. Under the terms of the original order this service was forbidden. As a consequence the fruit-raisers of California found themselves shut out of the market. They could not reach the consumers of the East nearly so well as they did before. They asked relief from the court to the extent that packers be again permitted to enter the carrying trade to the extent of bringing back from the coast cars loaded with fruit.

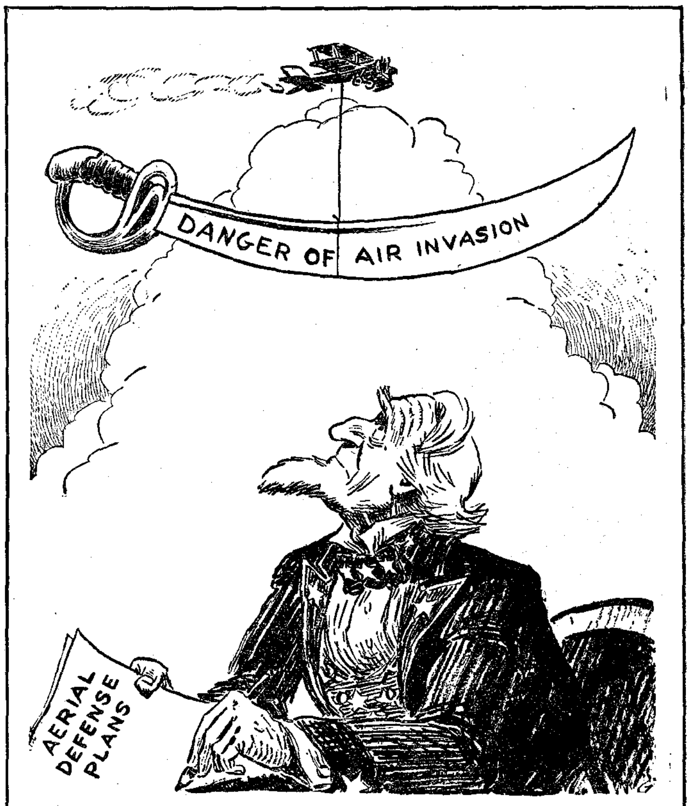
"If the court's action means anything, it is to restore competition in the production and distribution of food. Packers may again go out into the general field, and use their organization in handling other articles than meat. Those who object to the intrusion into what they consider their own exclusive field, will be permitted to enter on meat-packing and distribution if they care to.

"Instead of creating monopoly, the new order will actually foster competition. It recognizes the danger that comes with zoning business. It takes into account the futility of telling those engaged in one line that they must confine their activities to that and none other. Opening the field to all makes way for enterprise, for the element of management. Thus it gives the public a promise of service otherwise denied. Perhaps this may be the road to better prices for producers and lowered cost to consumers. It will simplify distribution by eliminating some of the toll-takers that now line the way between the field and the table.

"What is worth while for the public is the object lesson in the futility of attempting to repress the orderly and natural course of business growth."

## TO PRODUCE OFFICERS WHO CAN FLY

NOBODY IMAGINED, when the service schools at Annapolis and West Point were established, that graduates would be expected to emulate the birds. But such is now the case, for the naval cadets have been ordered to qualify as pilots or observers and similar plans at West Point are contemplated. A thoroughly equipped naval officer of to-day, remarks the Pittsburgh *Gazette Times*, "must range in versatility from birdlike flight to diving into the depths with the leviathan." But "when aviation has reached a point at which a transcontinental air-mail service requiring about twenty-nine hours between San Francisco and New York is not only a dreamed-of possibility, but a tried and tested actuality, it is apparent that the fullest knowledge of service in the air is necessary for those who would command others in the defense of their country," comments the Springfield *Union*. Compulsory training in aviation at West Point and Annapolis will, in the opinion of the Oshkosh *Northwestern*, "give a fresh impetus to aviation in general." While arguments and theories about the air service and the Army and Navy shake the welkin, Secretary of the Navy Wilbur, so the New York *World* thinks, "deserves credit for taking practical steps to make effective our sea forces as they are now organized."



THE SWORD OF UNCLE SAMOCLES
—Gale in the Los Angeles *Times*.

Hereafter, according to the Washington dispatches, graduates of the Annapolis Naval Academy must qualify as sea-plane pilots or aviation observers. Secretary Wilbur's order of May 5 makes aeronautics an integral part of the Academy course, and beginning with the Class of 1926, every graduate will have three month's special instruction in ground and flight work. In a Washington dispatch to the New York *World*, Secretary Wilbur is quoted as saying:

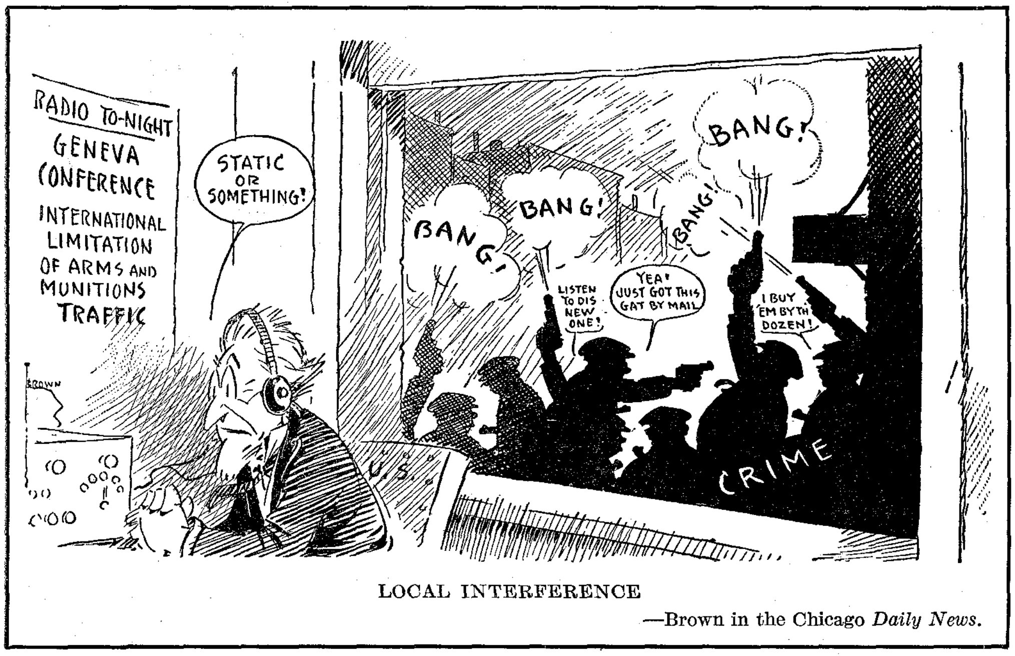
"I want it clearly understood that the aviation instruction given to midshipmen at the Naval Academy under the order recently promulgated will include actual flying. It will not be confined to theoretical instruction and ground-work in aeronautics.

"In the actual flying training the physical factor will be taken into consideration. Some young men will be found physically qualified for training as pilots and others as aerial observers. Still others doubtless will be found to lack certain qualifications necessary for flying-training and service, altho well fitted for duty on vessels."

Rear-Admiral Eberle, Chief of Operations, is thus quoted in the Washington correspondence of the Baltimore *Sun:*

> "Broadly speaking, we intend that the youngsters at Annapolis shall be learning about aviation all through their four-year term.
>
> "It is not contemplated that every Annapolis graduate shall become an aviator; but we intend that he shall be better equipped because of his thorough knowledge of aviation and how air-planes may be effectively operated."

The midshipmen, so the *Sun's* Annapolis correspondent tells us, welcome the flying program with enthusiasm. One is quoted as calling it "one of the biggest things that has happened at the Academy in a long time."


RADIO TO-NIGHT
GENEVA CONFERENCE
INTERNATIONAL LIMITATION OF ARMS AND MUNITIONS TRAFFIC
STATIC OR SOMETHING!
BANG!
BANG!
BANG!
BANG!
LISTEN TO DIS NEW ONE!
YEA! JUST GOT THIS GAT BY MAIL
I BUY 'EM BY TH' DOZEN!
U.S.
CRIME
BROWN

LOCAL INTERFERENCE

—Brown in the Chicago *Daily News.*

And what does Colonel—late Brigadier-General—Mitchell think about it? As quoted in *The Sun,* he regards "the move of the Navy all right so far as it encourages knowledge of aviation and the promotion of the national defense." But he also thinks that "it is a move against an independent air service." Furthermore, he is convinced by his Army experience that not more than a third of the Annapolis midshipmen could qualify as aviators, and he sums up his views in these words:

> "I approve of the theory of adding aviation to the curriculum of the Naval Academy. That it will turn out every year a full class of capable aviators is impossible and, practically, the idea is full of bunk."

The West Point program is less advanced, Washington dispatches merely observing that "President Coolidge's determination to give aviation a more prominent place in Army and Navy activities has resulted in an order to the General Staff to survey the West Point curriculum with a view to wider instruction in flying than is now afforded at the Military Academy."

Secretary Wilbur's order, it may be said, is heartily welcomed by the press. In the opinion of the Washington *Star* it contemplates "changes in naval defense as drastic as those which followed the introduction of steam, of the iron armored vessel, of the submarine—perhaps more drastic than any or all of these." The step taken by the Navy Department, so the Manchester *Union* thinks, "ought to relieve any anxiety that may exist among the enthusiastic upholders of the theory that future battles on land or sea will be determined by the air squadrons, lest the Navy is failing to give the planes and their personnel adequate consideration."

## A PLAN TO PREVENT LITTLE WARS

AT THE VERY TIME when forty-one nations are trying their best at Geneva to find a way to control the traffic in arms, the fierce tribesmen of Morocco, as the New Orleans *Times-Picayune* points out, are battering at the outposts of civilization with modern war equipment which they may have bought from the very people they are fighting—the French. Right here we have a concrete example of the need for a conference of some sort that will prevent the sale of arms to belligerent peoples. Control of the arms traffic, notes the Oshkosh *Northwestern,* "would prevent just such disturbances."

The regulation and control of commerce in munitions of war, we are reminded by the Providence *Journal,* "is one of the oldest and knottiest of problems." That is why the present conference at Geneva, in the opinion of the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot,* "is one of the most significant undertakings of the year in the cause of peace." As this paper goes on to explain:

> "The scope of the conference is sharply limited, it is true. The delegates will not deal directly with the problem of war nor yet with the problem of disarmament. They will concern themselves solely with the task of limiting the international traffic in the implements of war. But because the implements of war often exercise an important influence in deciding the balance between war and peace, the opportunities for promoting peace through the conference are by no means negligible.
>
> "The manufacture of arms is now under control of a few large Powers like the United States, Great Britain and France. The smaller nations are forced to supply their wants by purchase in these countries. If this traffic can be brought under official supervision and permitted only under license, the way will be open to prevent many armed clashes between the smaller nations and many revolutionary outbreaks as well."

The American delegation to the Conference is headed by Representative Theodore E. Burton of Ohio. The other members of the delegation are Hon. Hugh S. Gibson, United States Minister to Switzerland; Rear-Admiral A. T. Long, U. S. N.; Allen W. Dulles, chief of the Near East Division of the Department of State; Brig.-Gen. C. L. H. Ruggles, assistant chief of ordnance of the Army, and a group of technical advisers. Warships, air-planes, submarines, and revolvers are excluded from the list over which control is sought.

The United States, under the Monroe Doctrine, we are told, will reserve to itself the exclusive right to export arms to certain of the Latin republics in this hemisphere, or to withhold them. Said Mr. Burton during the early days of the conference:

> "The people of the United States earnestly desire to give substantial evidence of their sincere interest in aiding in an constructive effort directed toward the maintenance of peace, and it is hoped that such efforts will be promoted by the proper control of the international trade in arms through the suppression of illicit trade in war material.
>
> "In the forthcoming discussions of the draft convention, which has been placed before the conference as a basis for its deliberations, we shall offer certain constructive suggestions. One of the most important of these concerns additional measures to deal with the traffic in poisonous gases with the hope of reducing the barbarity of modern warfare."

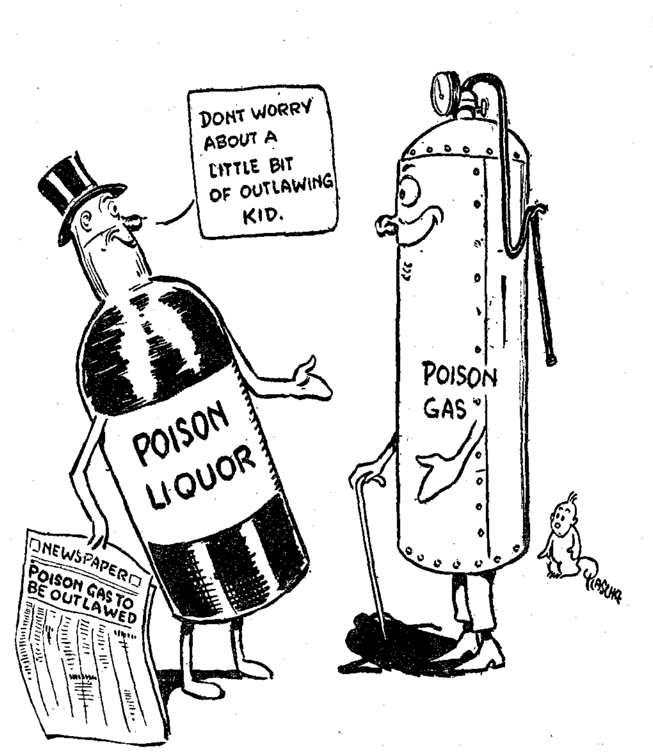
While the suggestion that poison gas be placed under a ban may seem humane to the average man, it is branded as "impracticable" by dozens of American editors. "There are numerous treaties forbidding the use of poison gas," recalls the St. Paul *Dispatch*, "but no nation can ignore the possibility that in another war some belligerent will violate these treaties as Germany violated the Hague Convention in 1915." "Poison gas," agrees the Chicago *Evening Post*, "will be used in war, no matter what laws are adopted; and so will every other destructive means."

Meanwhile, what of the conference itself? In the opinion of the Utica *Press*, "this meeting is really more important than its name would indicate." "It may not be able to prevent big wars," admits the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, "but it may go far toward preventing small ones." True, the smaller nations and those not highly industrialized, observes the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, "realize that under the present program they may be cut off from supplies of war, while the larger nations can prepare for war almost over night." Therefore, as soon as the draft treaty came under discussion, practically all of the small nations stood up and entered their protest. Furthermore, by making up in numbers what they lacked in power, they made themselves heard. But the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* believes that—

> "If there is to be any international agreement for restriction of the traffic, these protests will have to be tactfully disregarded. The armament-producing nations are the only ones that can do the restricting. The others will have to accept the restrictions."

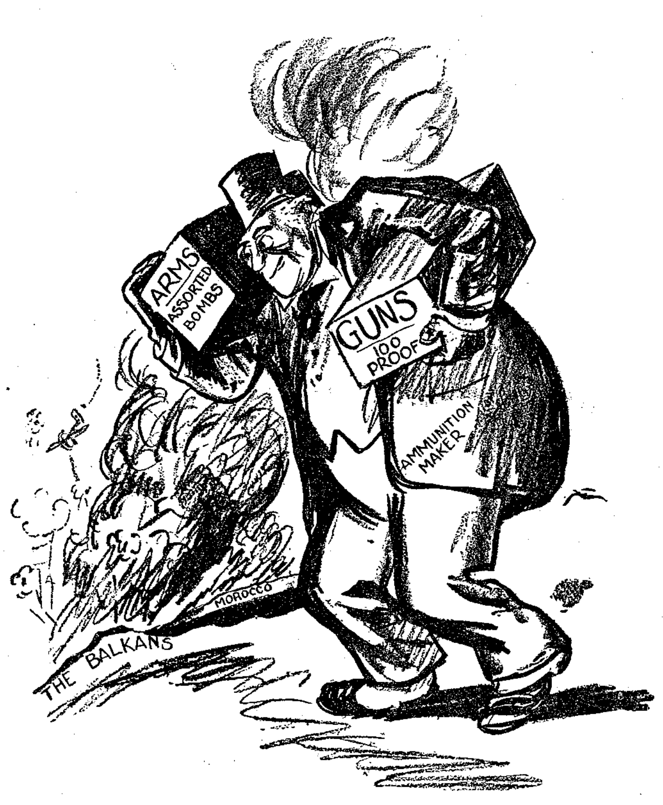
"It is universally recognized that very little progress can be made," agrees the Syracuse *Herald*, "unless there is effective control of arms at the fountain head." One of the most hopeful among American newspapers that this will be achieved seems to be the New York *Times*, which says of the conference:

> "In all such enterprises the most dangerous thing is to expect and attempt too much. Viewed in a just perspective, the situation is full of hope. Except for the war and the League to which it gave birth, we should have had no Washington Arms Conference, no World Court, no protocol, no opium conference, no conference on the traffic in arms. None of them has been a complete and shining success. Yet the progress in our understanding of all such problems has been vast and the actual achievement has been far beyond what any one a brief decade ago would have dared to hope. Only good can come from the present conference, and there is hope that it will prove fully successful."


DONT WORRY ABOUT A LITTLE BIT OF OUTLAWING KID.
NEWSPAPER
POISON GAS TO BE OUTLAWED
POISON LIQUOR
POISON GAS
PLASCHKE

FROM ONE WHO KNOWS

—Plaschke in the Louisville *Times*.



MORE BOOTLEGGING

—Duffy in the Baltimore *Sun*.

But there appears to be as much disagreement among American editors as there is among the representatives of the forty-one nations at Geneva. For instance, Albert W. Fox, writing in the Washington *Post*, sees in the preliminary activities of the delegates "an excuse for not obtaining real results." "No real results are desired or expected by the majority of the delegates," avers this writer, who looks upon the conference as a "sham." As the Chicago *Tribune* observes:

> "It is easy to generalize about the mischief of the arms traffic, but difficult to devise a system of rules which will abate such evils as exist without including restrictions which will embarrass the conscientious and be ignored by governments or peoples which have impelling reasons to do so.
>
> "Meanwhile, tho our impassioned pacifists and anxious doctors of world ills await the conclusions of the Geneva conference, many of us in this country will be wondering when we are going to deal with the illicit arms traffic under our own roof. World disarmament is doubtless a shining goal, but we should like to see a beginning at home with our industrious gunmen."

"Considering the fact that the United States has been the star gun-runner of the world for more than a century," the Brooklyn *Eagle* thinks "it is with very bad grace that we seek to stop an arms traffic that has largely passed into the hands of Japan." Besides, maintains the Tacoma *Ledger:*

> "Deprive warlike nations of cannon and rifles, and they would still fight, even tho armed with bows, spears and slings. It is not the ability to secure arms that causes wars, but rather the will for war.
>
> "When the peoples of the world have become firmly convinced that war does not pay; that it is cruel, wicked and wasteful, then there will be a chance for universal peace. Whenever the statesmanship of the world is devoted to the ironing out of international differences around the council table, rather than upon the battle-field, then there will be an end of war. Limitation of the manufacture and sale of war munitions will never bring peace."

## MORE ECONOMY CALLED IMPOSSIBLE

IT WOULD BE LOVELY if we could keep on reducing Government expenses every year and correspondingly cut taxes so that after a while the expense account would be reduced to zero and the tax burden would vanish. But President Coolidge is being reminded by some newspapers and financial authorities in Congress that there is a limit to this economy business, and that perhaps this limit may be reached sooner than the President realizes. Retrenchment, observes the Seattle *Times*, unhappily can not go on indefinitely and "drastic economies should not be permitted to impair the usefulness of the Government." Some of our congressional statesmen, as the Brooklyn *Eagle* notes, have been "saying outright that budgetary estimates have already gone as low as possible, that no more pruning can be done without grave injury to the necessary functions of Government."

All this, it seems, is apropos of the recent announcement from Washington that President Coolidge hopes to make a cut of $300,000,000 in total Government expenses next year so as to bring the total cost of running the governmental machine for the fiscal year of 1925-26 down to $3,000,000,000, while allowing for a tax-reduction of perhaps 12 per cent. It seems, according to the dispatches, that last December the Budget Bureau estimated that there would be for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1925, a surplus of receipts over expenditures amounting to $67,884,489, and a surplus of $373,743,714 for the following fiscal year. Now Director Lord of the Budget Bureau thinks that this year's surplus will amount to $108,000,000. This surplus is attributed to heavier revenue returns and greater post-office receipts than had been expected. The official estimate of total expenditures for the fiscal year 1925-26 is $3,267,551,378. The Coolidge plan is to economize severely in operating the Government and apply surplus revenues to public debt reduction so as to hold down actual expenditures for 1925-26 to the three-billion-dollar mark and keep it there for the following fiscal year. According to the Washington correspondents, about $240,000,000 of this saving can be brought about through giving the various departments less money to spend and the other $60,000,000 will be gained by a reduction of the interest bill on the national debt.

The President has instituted a definite economy campaign in the Government departments. Director Lord has a plan for organizing Two Per Cent. Clubs—"every Government employee, from Cabinet officers to charwomen, is eligible"—for the purpose of cooperation in cutting down purchases of supplies. Superfluous Government employees are being discharged, a thousand having been dropt in March. Of course, remarks the Washington *Evening Star*, "any continuation of the budget-cutting brings anxiety to the Government force here at the capital":

> "Ever since the close of the war the process of lowering Government costs has been in progress with heavy cuts in the personnel. About 50,000 persons have been dismissed from the departments and bureaus in the six and a half years that have passed since the Armistice.
>
> "These department and bureau curtailments have brought the service, however, down to about a normal condition."

The process of discharging, comments the New York *World*, "can not go on indefinitely; it can not go on indefinitely because Congress, instead of freeing the Departments from burdens of administration, piles more burdens on their shoulders all the time." And *The World* calls attention to two definite obstacles in the way of further retrenchment:

> "(1) There are people who regard themselves as great friends of economy in government who do not hesitate to pile huge expenditures on the Government for the enforcement of such laws as the Volstead Law. (2) There are more people who also regard themselves as great friends of economy in government who do not stop to consider how economy is affected by an endless demand for subsidies, bonuses and Federal aid for State and local projects."

The President's proposed three-billion-dollar budget slash is likely to encounter strong resistance when it is presented to Congress, thinks a Washington correspondent of the New York *Evening Post*, "already the cry is beginning to go up from the Capitol that 'economy has reached the limit.'" Senator Warren, chairman of the Appropriations Committee in the Upper House, is quoted by this writer as saying:

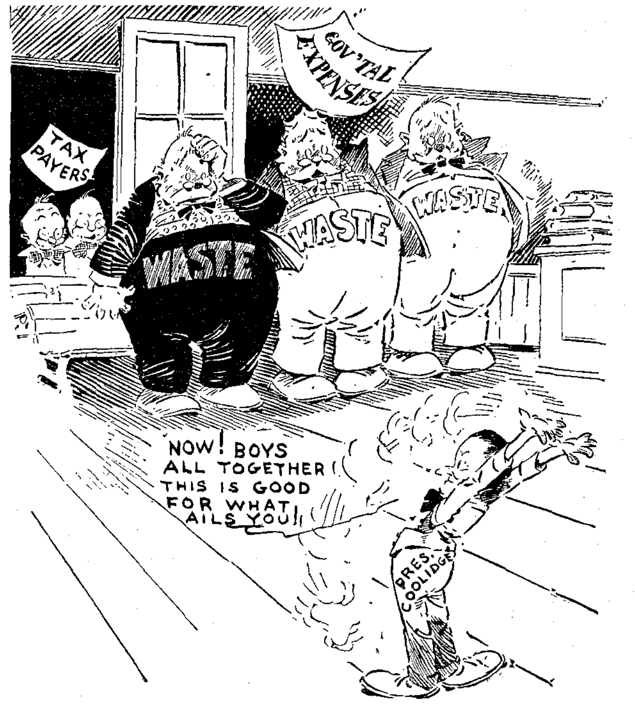
> "I am of the opinion that because of the rapid growth and importance of the nation we probably have reached, or have very nearly reached, the bottom in rate of annual expenditures—at least too much must not be expected along these lines.
>
> "We can not get back to the pre-war rate of expenditures, when billion-dollar appropriations were unheard of. Interest on war debts, the decreased value of the dollar, and the ever-growing extent of the Government's activities all are factors in maintaining costs of Federal administration at close to the present level.
>
> "The appropriations that will be needed for roads may be expected to increase annually. We have gotten far behind in appropriations for public buildings, many of which have been authorized, but for which no funds have been made available.
>
> "Rivers and harbors are demanding increasing funds. Development of the air services of the Army and Navy and other naval construction is going to cost great sums.
>
> "Thus, while I concur heartily in applying the strictest economy to all governmental activities, I also concur in the belief of Mr. Madden that expenditures in government must be expected to keep pace with the growth of the nation and its expanding trade."

The statement by Chairman Madden of the House Appropriations Committee to which Senator Warren refers is quoted as follows in the New York papers:

> "The country is growing in population and in its interests. The business of the nation, both foreign and domestic, is expanding, and with a prosperous future it is not unreasonable to expect that the expenditures of the Government will go normally forward.
>
> "As industry and the individuals in the country prosper, the revenue of the Government should increase and keep pace with the normal increase in expenditures, once we have eliminated by tax-reduction the surplus which it is now believed will eventuate under present tax laws.
>
> "In my judgment the appropriations have practically reached the post-war low-water mark and from this year on we are likely to have increases in them rather than further decreases. The present Congress has placed upon the statute books several new laws which will require increased outlays to carry them into execution."

These statements convince the New York *Evening Post* that "an attack against the budget estimates and the Coolidge economy policy is being prepared," and it proceeds to discuss this budget fight which it believes is brewing:

> "Congress is discovering an unusual solicitude for war-debt interest, decreased dollar values, rivers and harbors, the Army, Navy, and public buildings.
>
> "Behind this solicitude hide the real reasons for the assault upon the budget estimates that will come this winter. Congress does not like the budget. The average Congressman loathes economy. There was never a Congress that was not pork-hungry.
>
> "For a long time Capitol Hill has been on rather short rations of 'pork.' Misguided constituents who want tax-reductions are clamoring also for public buildings, irrigation, reclamation, Federal-aid roads and what not. Federal employees let out in the economy drive are pestering their Congressmen. What with one thing and another, Capitol Hill is about fed up on economy.
>
> "Congress had rather spend money than save it. The Sixty-eighth Congress went to Washington in December, 1923, bent on handing out fat subsidies, grants, bonuses, and big appropriations instead of reducing taxes. It resented the Coolidge-Mellon proposals for reduced levies. At that time Senator Smoot was deploring these as a 'mistake.' When Congress finally yielded it mangled the Mellon plan beyond recognition. Last winter it was the Coolidge landslide of November with its smashing approval of economy that kept the hands of Capitol Hill off the reduced estimates now making a tax cut possible.
>
> "There is pressure for bigger appropriations. Such requests


GOV'TAL EXPENSES
TAX PAYERS
WASTE
WASTE
WASTE
NOW! BOYS ALL TOGETHER! THIS IS GOOD FOR WHAT AILS YOU!
PRES. COOLIDGE

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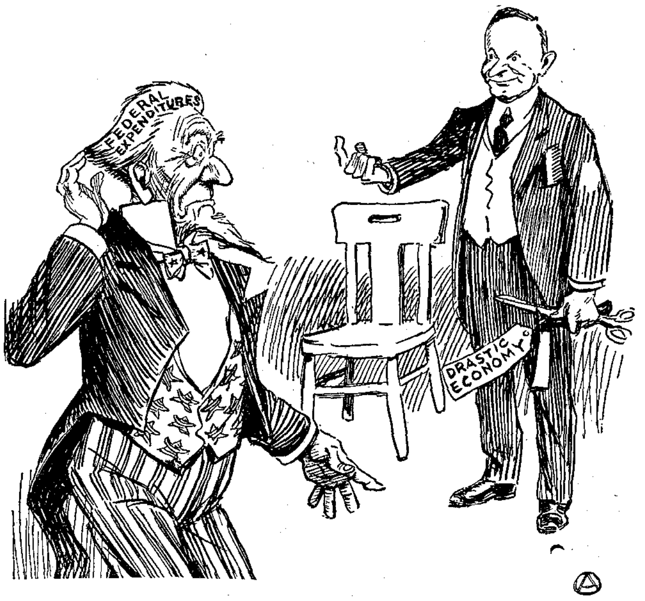
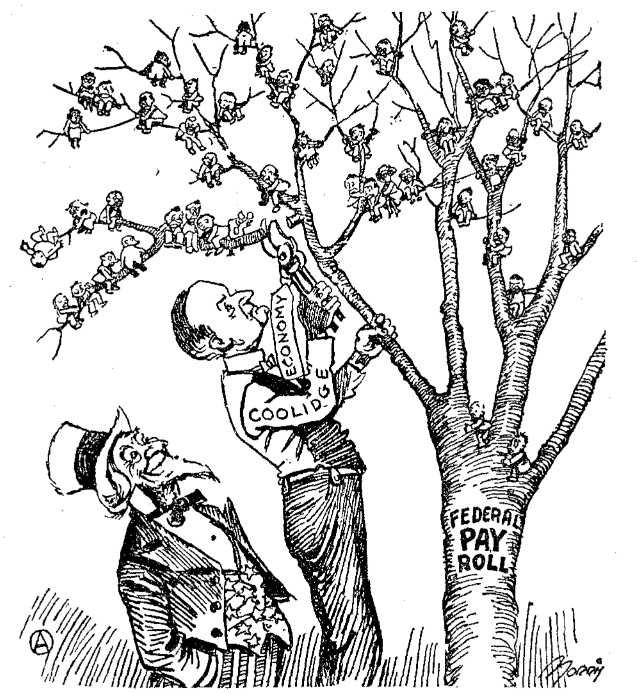
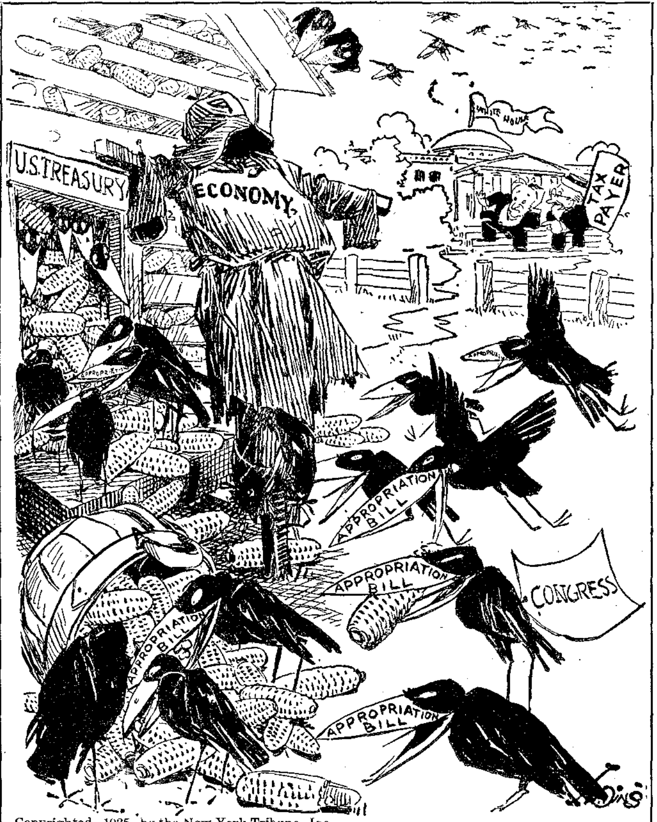
THE CLASS IN WASTE REDUCTION WILL REMAIN IN SESSION ALL SUMMER
—Hanny in the Philadelphia *Inquirer*.


FEDERAL EXPENDITURES
DRASTIC ECONOMY

"AW, GEE, MR. PRESIDENT, YOU BOBBED IT JUST A LITTLE WHILE AGO"
—Morris for the George Matthew Adams Service.


ECONOMY
COOLIDGE
FEDERAL PAY ROLL
Morris

PRUNING THE PAY-ROLL TREE
—Morris in the Helena *Independent*.


U.S.TREASURY
ECONOMY
WHITE HOUSE
TAX PAYER
APPROPRIATION BILL
APPROPRIATION BILL
APPROPRIATION BILL
APPROPRIATION BILL
CONGRESS
DING

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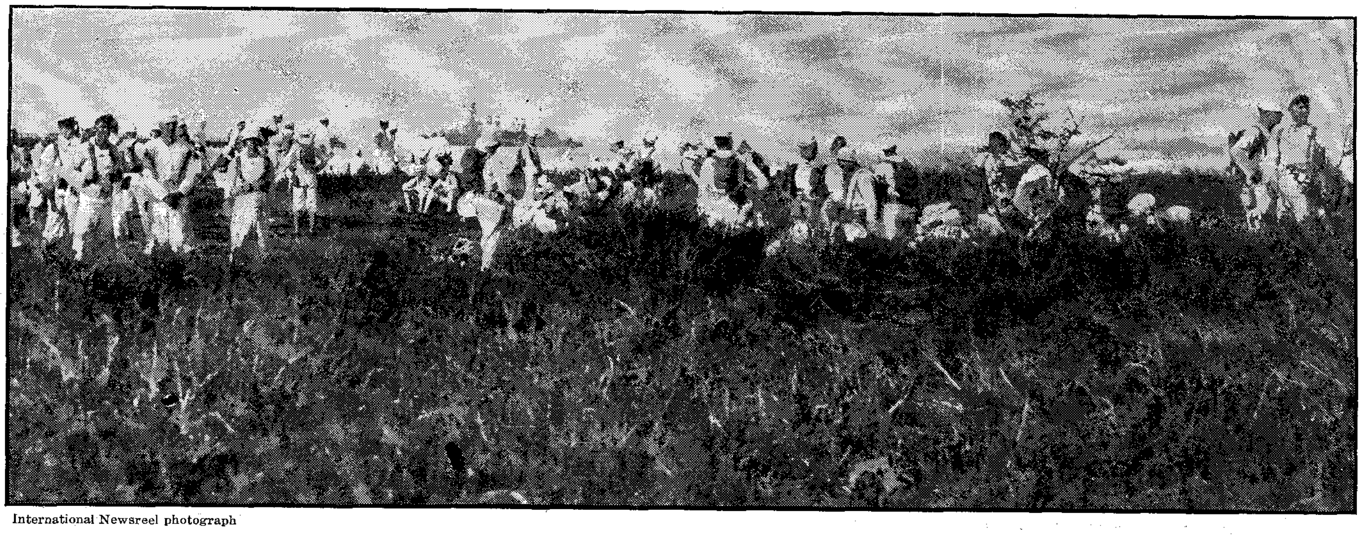
IT TAKES MORE THAN THAT TO SCARE 'EM
—Darling in the New York *Herald Tribune*.

ECONOMICS IN THE COMICS

have been piling up for years. The craving for Federal aid and for Treasury raiding is in the blood. Paternalism, running wild for years, demands more and more from Washington. Pap can not be ladled out for a generation and then stopt without a protest from pampered groups and petted minorities. Congressmen accustomed to splashing national revenues about over their districts are naturally resentful.

"Those spokesmen who predict greater appropriations voice the real wishes of Congress. They speak for its members who crave post offices for the Wayback Junctions and Hickory Corners. They make happy the reclamationists, the dam-builders, the diggers of irrigation ditches and the dredgers of the Goose Creeks and Crooked Harbors. Also they delight those who like to see Federal pay-rolls loaded with employees, so jobs may be had by 'deserving' constituents. They give joy to useless and archaic Federal boards and commissions, where the 'lame duck' finds a happy roosting-place.

"These are the reasons for the fight against the budget and economy, but they do not make the thinking taxpayer happy. The Administration, with an overwhelming public sentiment behind it, believes it will win. It will if that sentiment is marshaled as it was against the Sixty-eighth Congress. If that is not done, the budget estimates may be mauled out of shape, tax reduction junked and a new era of spending may begin."



International Newsreel photograph

"THE MARINES HAVE LANDED AND HAVE THE SITUATION WELL IN HAND"

Might have been used for this picture. As a matter of fact, however, these members of the American naval forces have landed from the "Blue" fleet, on one of the Hawaiian Islands, and are preparing to "take" the positions of the opposing "Black" forces in the Army-Navy war game.

## LESSONS OF THE HAWAIIAN WAR GAME

UNCLE SAM'S STORM DOOR in the Pacific—the Island of Oahu—is now found to be cracked and wobbly, with rusty hinges and a lock that is worse than useless. Such, in brief is the conclusion reached by the Chicago *Tribune*, following the Army-Navy war games, in which more than half the capital ships of the United States Navy participated in a successful effort to "capture" Oahu, in particular, and the Hawaiian Islands in general. The attacking "Blue" fleet proved, on paper, that this flyspeck in the middle of the Pacific, in its present state of defense, can be captured. Consequently, predicts Ashmun Brown, Washington correspondent of the Providence *Journal*, "a vigorous drive may be expected in Congress next December to strengthen both the naval and land defenses of this strategic outpost in the Pacific."

The decision as to who won the war game centering around Oahu, says an Associated Press dispatch from Honolulu, probably never will be made public, altho it is conceded that the Islands were "captured" from the "Black" defenders by the landing of a huge "Blue" force on the north shore. The attack by 127 vessels was stronger than any foreign Power is believed able to make. It was met without special preparation, with the men and the armament that are always on hand. According to an article in *Collier's Weekly* by General Eltinge, former Assistant Chief of Staff and one of the senior umpires:

"The importance of the test can hardly be exaggerated. Oahu has very properly been called the 'Gibraltar of the Pacific,' for unless we hold it, and especially if it should be held by an enemy, the whole Pacific coast would be open to swift and easy attack.

"It is this that makes Oahu—and the present maneuvers—so important. It is as important to us as Gibraltar itself is to Great Britain; more important, because it gives us both defense and trade control.

"There is more than one nation that now or in the future might attack us across the Pacific; a European Power might easily elect to send a fleet through Suez."

The War and Navy Departments also made this joint announcement prior to the opening of "hostilities":

"Apart from the necessity of defense of Hawaii as a part of the territory of the United States, the location of these islands is such that were they held by an enemy they would constitute a threat of formidable dimension against the Pacific coast of the United States. Lying as they do in or near all trade routes across the North Pacific and between the United States and Australasia, an enemy in occupation of the Hawaiian Islands would be favorably placed to intercept effectually all these trade routes.

"If occasion arose to send our fleet to protect the Philippine Islands, it would be necessary for it to refuel at Hawaii, which is directly on the line of advance and 2,100 miles nearer Manila than is San Francisco. There is no secure harbor other than Honolulu and Pearl Harbor in this part of the world which could accommodate any considerable portion of our fleet."

Thus are we brought to realize the importance of Army-Navy maneuvers in the vicinity of the Islands. The experts are likely to be a long time in deciding which side won the recent engagements, points out the Manchester *Union*. In fact, no less an authority than Secretary of the Navy Wilbur is quoted as saying: "It is possible even that no definite decision as to which side won can be reached." But, he goes on:

"Regardless of the outcome, if the United States fleet has shown that it can function smoothly and satisfactorily as a single powerful unit, under one supreme command and under approximate war conditions, the recent maneuvers are justified a hundredfold."

The conclusion reached by Arthur Sears Henning, who reported the maneuvers for the Chicago *Tribune*, is that "the Hawaiian Islands can not be defended from attack by any first-class Power save by the big guns of the American Navy." To quote the New York *World's* correspondent:

"The attacking naval forces found that a naval force can make landings within twenty-five miles of the main Oahu forts with impunity, and that the forts, incidentally, are capable only of defending the harbor and city of Honolulu and Pearl Harbor, with its naval works.

"They found that a sea force, if it be equipped with sufficient aircraft, especially a much larger air force than the defense, can subdue the defending aircraft.

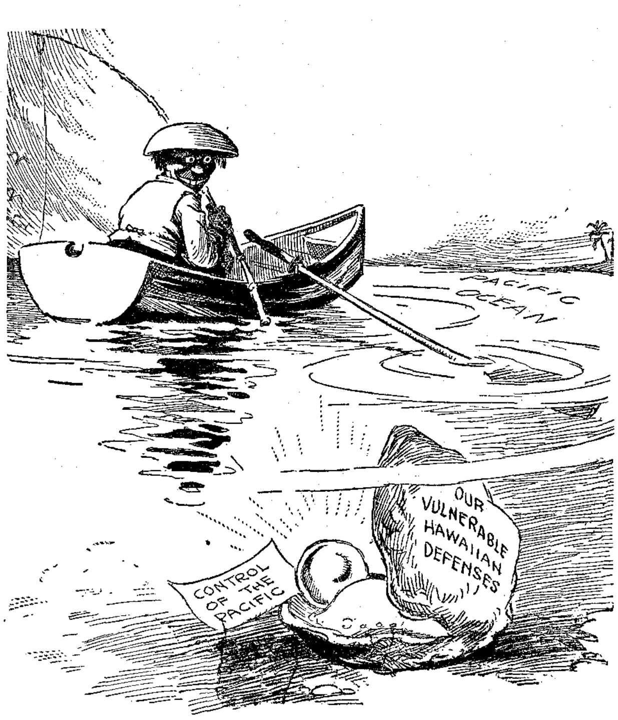
"They discovered that the range of the Oahu forts is ample for all but the very modern dreadnoughts, but that guns of increased range must be mounted in the forts to cope with the later dreadnought ranges.

"The weakness of the defense was exhibited as need for somewhat longer ranged artillery in the forts, a more comprehensive defense system for the other island than Oahu, and also the need for a stronger aerial defense.

"The Navy Department and the War Department are under no illusions as to the state of the island defense and the fleet's ability for transpacific operations. There is no official culpability anywhere, no scandal to be aired—simply a matter of deciding on efficient methods of arms and obtaining them."

Certainly, several editors agree, we understand now, better than we did a month ago, the need of a strong naval base at Oahu. "We have undertaken to center our defenses there, and if they will not stand the strain of actual war, it is the business of Congress to see that they are strengthened," maintains the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, and the New York *Herald Tribune* agrees that our defenses on the Hawaiian Islands "must be brought up to date." One of the weaknesses which, in the opinion of the Chicago *Tribune*, "might easily mean tragedy to this country in the event of war," is the shallow channel of Pearl Harbor, which prevents the larger and more modern battle-ships from coming in and anchoring. According to the New York *Times* correspondent with the fleet:

> "The draft of the capital ships has been increased from twenty-eight to thirty-four feet since the channel was cut through the coral reef from the sea into Pearl Harbor fifteen years ago. The controlling depth is now thirty-two feet. The lone dry dock inside the harbor also has insufficient depth over the sill to admit our larger dreadnoughts if wounded in a sea battle.
>
> "The aviation facilities of Ford Island, inside Pearl Harbor, shared jointly by the Army and Navy, are inadequate. If the harbor were dredged to a sufficient depth to accommodate the whole fleet, sea-planes would not have the necessary water area for hopping off. The Army half of the island aviation base is also crowded, and during the maneuvers the bombing planes were delayed an hour in taking off to oppose the 'Blue' fleet.
>
> "Sixty per cent. of the Army air-planes are obsolete or unserviceable and lacked the cruising radius to pick up the 'Blue' invading fleet far enough at sea to warn the 'Black' commander of its approach.



Reg. U. S. Patent Office. Copyrighted, 1925, by the Chicago *Tribune*

PEARL HARBOR

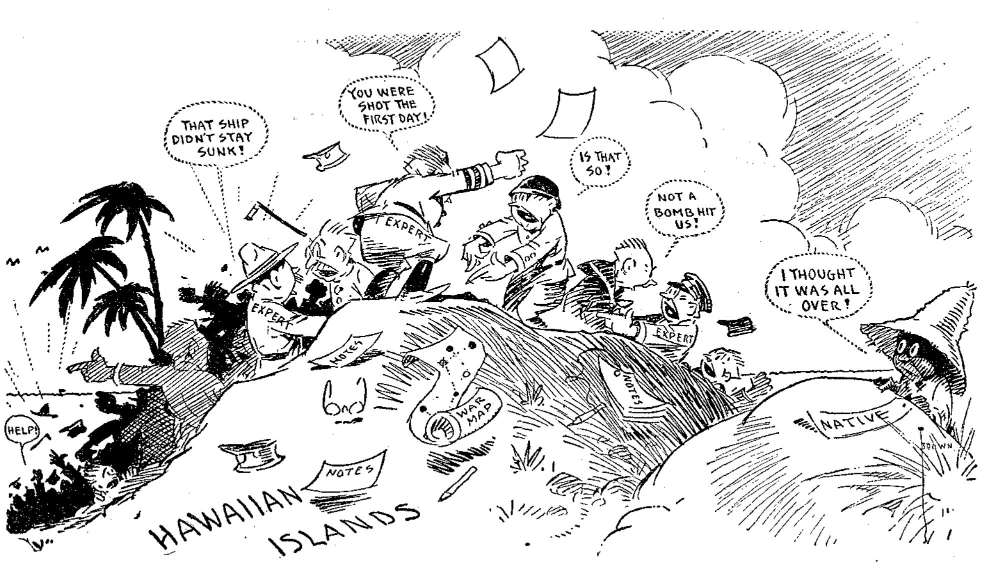
—Orr in the Chicago *Tribune*.

This general agreement that the defenses of the Islands should be strengthened leads the critics of the maneuvers to make some caustic remarks. "Whatever else the Army and Navy may disagree about," observes the Baltimore *Sun*, "there is never any division of opinion on the necessity of more appropriations." To this paper the maneuvers "were like war in general and the World War in particular; they did not settle anything." And *The Evening Sun*, in reply to its question: "Who lost?" says: "There can be but one answer. It was the taxpayer." "The public knows only too well," declares the Brooklyn *Eagle*, "that by the time Congress reassembles, the Navy will be unanimous about something, and that something is going to cost more money."

Whatever the chief umpires may eventually report to Washington, it is the opinion of the Detroit *Free Press* that "the champions of the air-plane and of the battle-ship believe just what they believed in the beginning." There are many discrepancies in the reports of what air-planes accomplished in the maneuvers, and the Milwaukee *Journal* and other papers freely confess that they are disappointed because "the newer weapons of war, the air-plane and the submarine, were not more extensively used." The air-planes, we are told, were used chiefly for scouting and reconnaissance, and Arthur F. Degreve, the Atlanta *Constitution's* correspondent with the fleet, reports that on one occasion "a bombing expedition was sighted circling over the main body of the fleet, but umpires took no notice of the attempt to 'sink' the battle-ships." "No major air battle was attempted," avers the Brooklyn *Eagle*, which points out that the war games at Hawaii were played according to the rules of 1917, rather than those of 1925. "A defending air fleet," agrees the Washington *Post*, "would have played havoc with the battle fleet that attacked Oahu." For the failure to thus employ aircraft the Brooklyn *Eagle*, in an editorial entitled "Old Dogs vs. New Tricks," blames the naval "mossbacks in command."

"So," wearily remarks the New York *World*, "the Army and Navy experts argue at the conclusion of their war games. They would double the various forces and implements of war now on Oahu, add 10,000 soldiers, install several 16-inch guns, dredge Pearl Harbor, build new barracks, and, in short, make the Hawaiian Islands the 'Gibraltar of the Pacific.'" All of which leads *The World* to say:

> "Is it permissible to ask at this point what has become of the Washington Arms Conference Treaties, which Mr. Hughes and every other prominent member of the Harding and Coolidge Administrations told us promised peace with Japan and security for our possessions in the Pacific Ocean? We have every legal right under those treaties to consider Hawaii as part of our coast line and arm it to the teeth, if that seems wise. But if arming to the teeth is necessary, what good were the treaties of 1922?
>
> "If Mr. Coolidge believes in those treaties as sincerely as his frequent praise of them would indicate, now is the moment for a little cold water to be spilled officially on this talk of a new Gibraltar."



NOW THE REAL BATTLE STARTS

—Brown in the Chicago *Daily News*.

# TOPICS IN BRIEF

*(An extension of this department appears weekly on the screen as "Fun from the Press")*

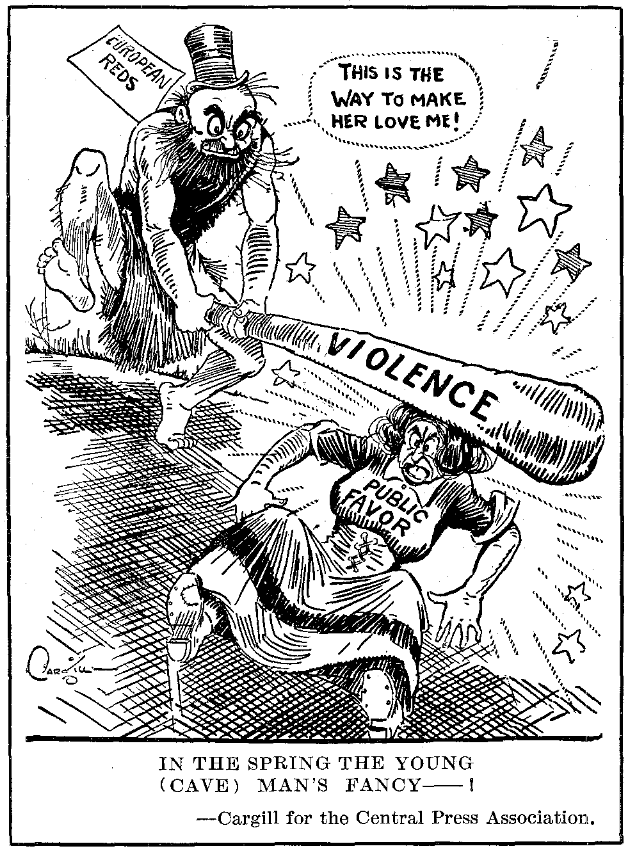
All's fair in love and war and they are alike in other ways.—*Columbia Record.*

Truth is stranger than fiction—and also more decent.—*Minneapolis Journal.*

And when von Hindy says he's for peace, he means he wants France to be peaceful.—*Dallas News.*

Still, it isn't easy to believe in evolution when you observe some sons of some fathers.—*Springfield Sun.*

It is hard to tell whether Mr. Dawes's real desire is to fight the Senate or to fight obscurity.—*Youngstown Vindicator.*



IN THE SPRING THE YOUNG (CAVE) MAN'S FANCY——!

—Cargill for the Central Press Association.

Ideals are funny little things. They won't work unless you do.—*Columbia Record.*

The bock beer sign is no longer a part of spring. Prohibition got its goat.—*Detroit News.*

Investigations of the effects of ethyl gas are better than autopsies.—*New York Evening World.*

What the Democratic party needs is the conversion of a lot of its leaders into followers.—*Toledo Blade.*

The public is not to be told who won the Pacific war game. One guess is, the navy recruiting office.—*Wichita Eagle.*

A real salesman might be defined as one who could sell municipal bonds of Herrin, Illinois.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Mr. Dawes has the right idea about limiting talk in the Senate, but why stop with the Senate?—*Muskogee Phœnix.*

"Will the Farmer Bring Us Prosperity?" inquires the more or less Literary Digest. Perhaps that depends on whether we bring the farmer prosperity.—*Tacoma Ledger.*

If Henry's planes are to become as ubiquitous as flivvers, he can lend existence an esthetic touch by teaching them bird calls.—*Detroit News.*

What we Nordics demand is supremacy and the seven-hour day, while the Yellow Peril is putting in from twelve to sixteen hours.—*Ohio State Journal.*

Ex-Kaiser Wilhelm lectured his family ninety minutes on the meaning of the Hindenburg election. But he hasn't bought his ticket yet.—*Wichita Eagle.*

James W. Gerard is quoted as saying that Hindenburg will "raise hell with the Allies." Well, turn about is fair play.—*New York Herald Tribune.*

When the Ford factories really go in for quantity production of air-planes we suppose we'll have to keep our window screens in all the year round.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

In Chicago in 51 months there have been 442 unsolved murders. But you ought to see how hard some of us work on cross-word puzzles.—*American Lumberman.*

"Is there an American Nation?" asks *The Christian Science Monitor.* Well, the notion that it is a New England side line is wearing off, as you might say.—*Dallas News.*

A syndicate doctor's contribution to an exchange is entitled "The Value of Breathing," and we should think that would be generally conceded without argument.—*Columbus Dispatch.*

One beautiful thing about popular songs is they don't last.—*Columbia Record.*

Maybe it was just natural for horse sense to vanish with the horse.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

Germany returns to the goose-step and France has a recurrence of goose-flesh.—*St. Paul Dispatch.*

Man has one advantage. As the weather grows warmer he can discard something.—*Associated Editors.*

Florida's idea in sending Bryan to the Senate may be to increase its export of citrus fruit.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Philosophy is usually about all a philosopher has.—*Columbia Record.*

As a result of their swing to the right the Germans are in wrong.—*Louisville Times.*

Chicago man gave his wife up to his best friend. Thus ending a beautiful friendship.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

Features of next Congress on which interest is focusing are its wet ayes and dry noes.—*Wall Street Journal.*

The treasury never would have mentioned that $100,000,000 surplus if Congress had been in session.—*Indianapolis Star.*

Girls no doubt have a fondness for nifty clothes, but they are not entirely wrapt up in them.—*Florence (Ala.) Herald.*

The Mayor has the Hearst press behind him, but he has the press in the subway facing him.—*New York Evening World.*

A woman's club leader justifies men in seeking divorce from "delicatessen wives." Wives of this type need not be surprized if the wurst overtakes them.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

No one seems to know what von Hindenburg has up his sleeve, but whatever it is his published portraits look like it.—*Omaha Bee.*

Can't Yale publish something which will offend the police? It is letting Harvard get all the first-page advertising.—*Chicago Evening Post.*

A new fire alarm rings when operated by the smoke of a cigar. We don't know this fire alarm intimately, but we think we know the cigar.—*Punch.*

Rodolfo Goana, Mexico's champion toreador, retires after slaying 1,807 bulls. If we only had a bull slayer like that in this country!—*Tacoma Ledger.*

It is said that novel writing does not pay as well as it did formerly. Possibly that's because novel reading does not pay as well as it did formerly.—*Louisville Times.*

The world is growing better and already at least three American editors have conceded that possibly Germany had a right to elect whom she pleased.—*Ohio State Journal.*

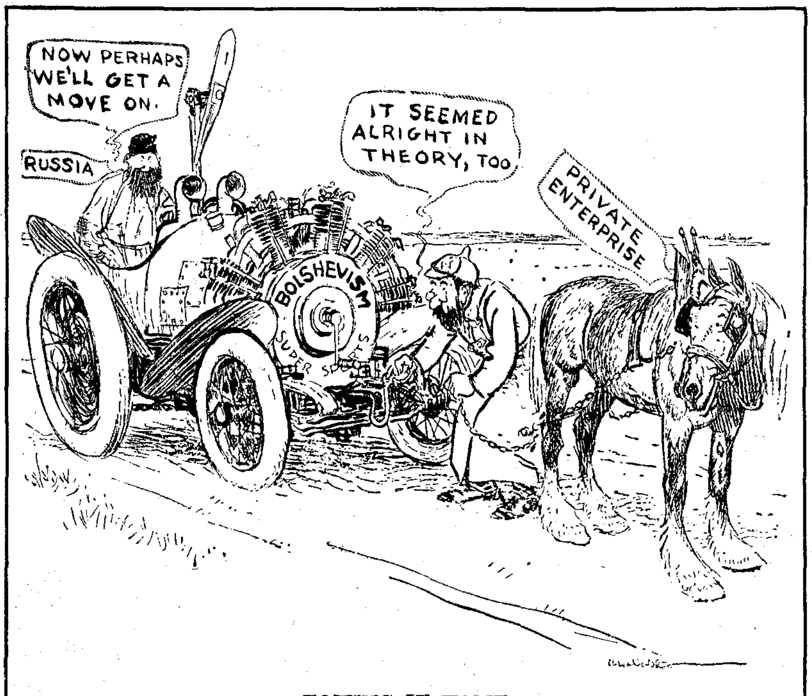
The musical saw, says an ad, is assuming a prominent place among jazz instruments. The saw is especially effective drawn from left to right across a ukulele.—*Detroit News.*

The Spanish painter Zuloaga has sailed for home with the remark that the beauty of American women grows with age. Obviously Mr. Zuloaga plans to call again.—*Columbia Record.*

# FOREIGN - COMMENT

## RUSSIA FLIRTING WITH CAPITAL AGAIN

MONEY TALKS in Russia as in other parts of the world, we are reminded, and the best proof of it is the fact that the Soviet Government has made its third radical change in economic policy through a series of measures for the resuscitation of private capital. In 1917 the Soviet slogan, it is recalled, was "Death to private capital and private enterprise!" But three years later the Communist arbiters of Russia's fate learned to their amazement that in killing private capital they nearly killed the country. So Lenin proclaimed the New Economic Policy, by which peasants were allowed to sell their agricultural products, and business men to buy whatever they liked, and even to run minor industrial enterprises. But the records show that from 1923 on the Soviet Government reverted to the old policy of nationalization, altho under new pretexts. Business men were arrested and tried as "profiteers" and as "speculators," their possessions were nationalized and all private undertakings were assessed with taxes that literally destroyed them. By the middle of 1924 the number of private enterprises had shrunk to a ridiculously small total.


NOW PERHAPS WE'LL GET A MOVE ON.
RUSSIA
IT SEEMED ALRIGHT IN THEORY, TOO
PRIVATE ENTERPRISE
BOLSHEVISM
SUPER SPORTS

TOWING IT HOME

An invention which was not a success.

—*Western Mail* (Cardiff).

Now the third change of policy, it appears, was effected because the Soviet authorities have again been obliged to admit that one can not strike at capital without striking at the very roots of existence of the country. Hence, we are told, the new policy by which taxes on private businesses both in cities and villages will be considerably lightened. Moreover, credit is to be opened to private enterprise by governmental banks and other institutions on fairly favorable conditions, it is said, altho not so favorable as the terms allowed to governmental trusts and cooperative societies. Finally, we learn that the wealthier peasants are now allowed to employ hired labor, a privilege hitherto denied to them, and it is hoped that this will contribute to agricultural improvement. Commenting on these reforms, the official organ of the Central Committee of the Communist party, *Pravda*, observes:

> "We have lost hope of foreign capital coming to help us on a large scale. At the present stage of our economic development, this help can be only miserably insignificant. It is difficult to foretell how things will develop later. So far, however, it can not be denied that the capital imported into Russia to work the concessions granted to foreigners has been infinitesimal, and has had no weight to speak of in the general economic life of the country."

To the same newspaper, one of its editors, G. Krumin, contributes an article in which he recalls the Soviet battle-cry against private capital during recent years, and he confesses that "our main problem" in 1924 was to "comb private capital in the Soviet style," and to submit it to the regulations, "but not to expel it from the country except to a certain extent." Now he confesses that this "leading idea" of "our party" was introduced in "a rather unsatisfactory way," and he continues:

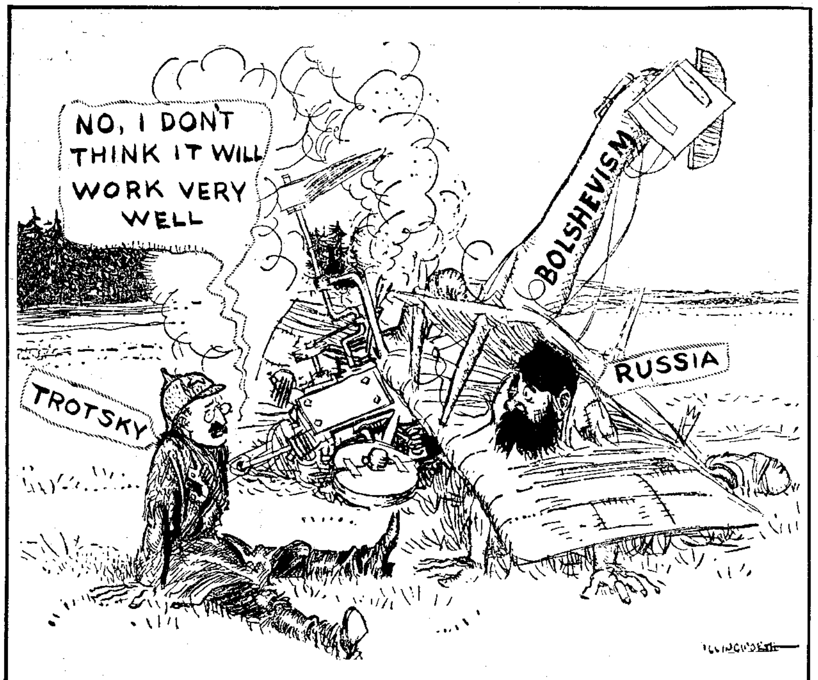
> "Instead of pliant maneuvering, instead of 'combing,' private capital was more than often subjected to a brutal administrative pressure and to administrative excesses aimed, as it were, at its complete assassination. . . . In remote provinces there were even cases when commodities purchased by business men were commandeered by local Soviet authorities to be taken from them without compensation and handed over to cooperative societies. It must be admitted that the withdrawal of private capital amounting to a couple of hundred million gold rubles from the legal commercial market and from the manufacturing trade is no joke. . . . The lack of capital is so evident now that it is undoubtedly time to create conditions under which it will be enabled to work and which will be as profitable as possible to Soviet commerce."

Another editor of *Pravda*, Y. Larin, who is noted as a Soviet economist, says of the agricultural reforms that only now is "*de jure* recognition of the wealthier peasants as Soviet citizens being allowed to take place," and by this fact "two basic principles are strest," namely: "1. A well-to-do peasant is not necessarily an enemy of the Soviets; 2. Consequently he has the right to live in peace and to improve his farm." Adverse critics of the Soviet Government laugh at the profundity of this reasoning and are amused because it took the Communists seven years to realize a truth so obvious and simple.

The Petrograd *Krassnaia Gazeta* publishes a speech made by A. Rykoff, President of the Council of People's Commissaries, which was delivered at the Soviet Congress in that city, in which the Red Premier said that the new economic reforms are not so far-reaching as many would like to think. He conceded that the State organizations and the cooperative societies lack capital to invigorate the commercial life of the country, and he is reported further as follows:

> "Therefore in the course of this year and of the following years, we will need the participation of private capital in order to keep the ever-increasing stock of goods normally circulating in the country. The main problem confronting us is to restore production and to render the commercial turnover as rapid as possible. Our factories must have a market for their goods and our farmers a market for their produce. The participation of private capital in this process is absolutely unavoidable, but there is nothing

new in it. This does not mean that we are conceding to private capital privileges it did not enjoy before, or that we are depriving cooperative societies of some of their privileges in favor of private business men. Just the contrary. We must help the cooperatives in every possible way. We must make it clear to every peasant and every workman that prices are high because the private middleman charges a very high percentage for his services. Thus, if the peasant does not want to pay too much for the goods he buys, he must contribute to the organization of cooperative societies, which will be the only mediating link between him and the nationalized factory. If this is not done the business man will cheat us and accumulate wealth at the expense of the laboring masses. We can not suppress the business man by legislative measures, for this would mean the stoppage of commercial exchange, the stoppage of industry and the paralyzing of agriculture. . . . Such is the essence of our decisions with regard to private trades. We must give business men the possibility to do business, but we must assist the cooperatives and the State enterprises in order that they may compete successfully with the private concerns."


NO, I DON'T THINK IT WILL WORK VERY WELL
BOLSHEVISM
RUSSIA
TROTSKY

THE FINE IDEA THAT WOULDN'T WORK

—*Western Mail* (Cardiff).

An anti-Bolshevik Russian newspaper, the Berlin *Rul*, remarks sarcastically that the Moscow Government is "falling between two stools." It feels that it would be "such a pleasure" to hand over all capitalists to the Cheka, but "it is so difficult to live without these hated creatures." This journal quotes from various Soviet organs accounts of the discussion between representatives of the Soviet Government and private business men, which took place at a meeting of the Council of Labor and Defense in Moscow where the reforms were outlined. In considering these reports it remarks that a prominent Communist member of the Council, Mr. L. Sheinman, said that the Government's enterprises would give place to private capital, provided private capital were willing to occupy that place, and the *Rul* goes on as follows:

"The representatives of private capital listened to the Soviet proposals without enthusiasm. Rather coolly they exprest their readiness to accept them, remarking that for the first time in Soviet Russia the problem of private enterprise was being discust seriously, altho even now this discussion was 'rather unsystematic.' Indeed tho the Soviet wolves tried to disguise themselves in the skins of lambs, their wolfish fangs betrayed them. Thus, Comrade Smygla, a leading Communist, went so far as to promise the business men 'equal rights with the cooperative societies and nationalized capital,' but he understood immediately that this was too much, and added: 'I do not mean, of course, that they will be equal with the cooperatives in the eyes of the State.'"

According to the *Rul* all the other speakers were equally disingenuous and tried "to tempt the business men with heavenly perspectives, tho still reminding them there could be no question of complete equality, and that while administrative pressure on private capital would be alleviated, it would not be removed." We are told further that this did not frighten the capitalists, because "the Soviet fools had admitted too sincerely that in striking at private capital they were bruising themselves," and the *Rul* adds: "If this be so, it can not be doubted which of the two, Capitalists or Communists, are going to win in the end."

A pessimistic view of business prospects in Soviet Russia is exprest to the London *Morning Post* by "a world traveler," who is said to be well known in London business circles, and has spent more than a year in that country. His name is concealed "for the sake of the safety of his colleagues who are only now about to leave Russia." This business man declares there is no chance for foreign capital in Russia until there is a change of government. At present foreign capital is being taxed out of the country, he says, and undertakings that have had every promise of success have simply had to be given up during the last twelve months. As quoted in this London daily, this informant says further:

"It is hopeless to try to do business with the Soviet Government. They are the greatest masters of evasion I have ever come across, when it comes to carrying out agreements and contracts. This is proved by documents I have personally examined. Take the case of an ordinary agreement which states that, say, 30 per cent. taxation shall be paid to the Soviet Government. When it comes to the point a commercial concern finds that the taxation is three or four times as much as stated in the original concession. If the figure is disputed the reply of the Russian Soviet is that the difference between the original and the disputed figure is accounted for by what is euphemistically described as 'assessment,' and there is no redress.

"In the recent agreement made between Japan and Russia the Japanese specified for the right of their small traders to enter the country and commence business. Immediately afterwards everything throughout Siberia was 'municipalized.' All property or land must now be bought through the Government, whose valuation is exorbitant."

It is further stated that foreigners who go to Russia to develop any particular industry find themselves confronted by the Soviet Labor Bureau, which controls all labor. Here again, according to this informant, private enterprise is stultified by the insistence that 50 to 100 per cent. more wages shall be paid to the workmen than are paid by the Soviet for the same work. In addition, it appears, the foreign capitalist has to pay the Soviet Government 23 per cent. on all wages paid, 3 per cent. only being described as taxation, while the remainder is "assessment." We read then:

"The country is rich in natural resources and will grow anything. I would exchange Canada and Australia for Siberia alone. But owing to the system of taxation—confiscation would be more accurate—the peasants are producing less and less, until Russia is now buying grain from abroad.

"The O. G. P. U., which took the place of the Cheka, and was Lenin's pet force, really rules Russia. It is composed of renegades from all parts of the world, and rules the country with the automatic revolver. It does not even confine its activities to Russia alone, for recently some of its members crossed the border and shot 'White' Russians in border villages.

"Better times were promised the peasants if only the British loan was granted to Russia. Immediately the MacDonald Government fell there began an intensive campaign against this country. Every newspaper contained the most scurrilous and ridiculous tirade against England. On all important trains passing through the country there were signs: 'Not a copeck for the British capitalist!' In the schools a map of Great Britain is displayed, underneath which are the words: 'This is the country where we are working like rats under the floor.'"

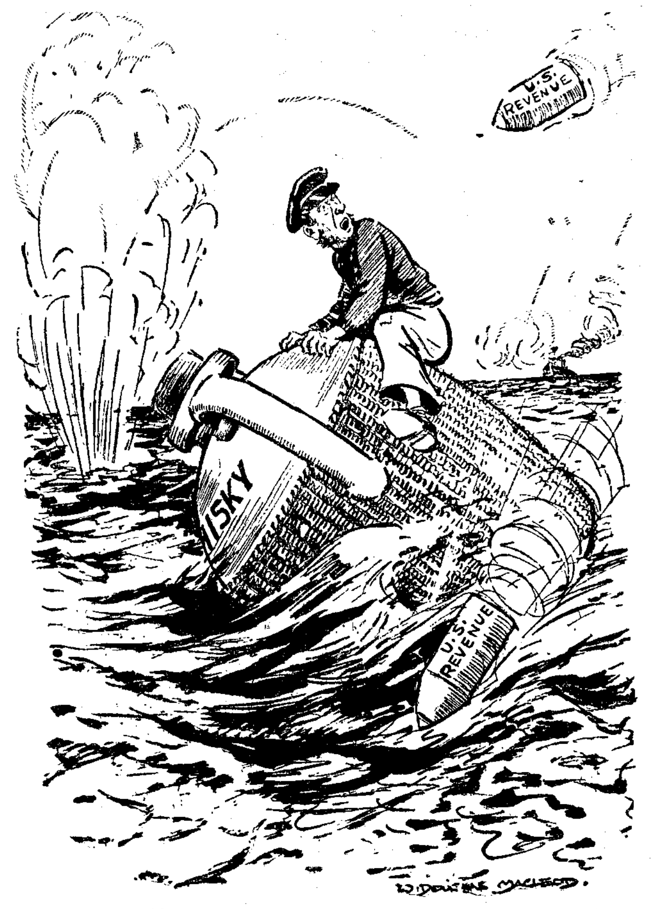
## BRITAIN AND RUM-RUNNING

THE "APPALLING SITUATION," as Sir Broderick Hartwell describes the failure of a rum-running enterprise which he had promoted, does not seem to have caused wide perturbation among English editors. But there is one point on which they clearly express themselves, namely, that not much sympathy is due to persons who lose money in attempting to violate the laws of a friendly nation. It will be recalled that on Sir Broderick's return to England he had to report that the American Customs had succeeded in seizing some 30,000 bottles of liquor whose delivery into the United States he had promoted. As quoted in English newspapers, he said: "I am communicating direct by letter with all my contributors, placing the whole of the facts before them in full. It is very regrettable from our point of view, that the whisky has been seized, but that is the fact, and there is nothing more I can say at present." According to Central News dispatches to these journals, Sir Broderick's return this time marked the seventh of a series of trips he had made in connection with the landing of contraband liquor in the United States. And we read:

> "The Central News learns that virtually all the supporters of this last and only unsuccessful venture in liquor-running to America have been participants in some very handsome profits accruing from previous exploits, and attendant financial risks were fully realized from the outset. It is understood that some 500 shareholders are involved."

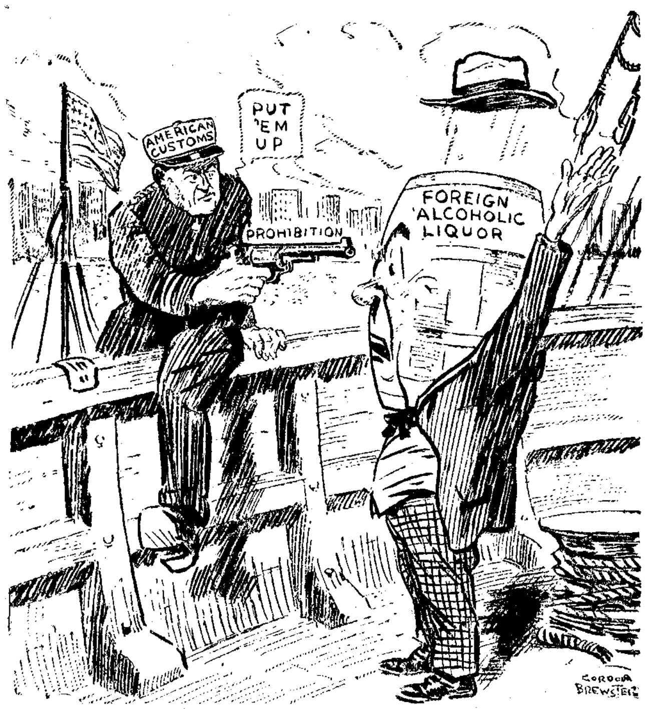
According to the Manchester *Guardian* this misadventure of Sir Broderick's latest shipment will be regarded by most people in England with the "utmost equanimity," and it goes on to say:

> "In this, the seventh, enterprise 30,000 bottles of liquor have been seized by the United States authorities. The few thousands that have been more profitably disposed of only suffice to pay for the chartering of the vessels employed, and altho some of the liquor is still aboard three schooners the report is, 'no funds available unless schooners land goods, which at present impossible, owing intensive campaign.' The best, apparently, that we have to hope for is that the American preventive work should be so good as to make it 'bad business' for Englishmen to put money into the job of organizing the defeat of the laws of a friendly nation. If it does not pay, our generous countrymen would drop it, but nothing except an appeal to their pocket seems likely to put a stop to this disgraceful traffic. No doubt it would have been difficult to make legislation completely effective, but the discovery of means was surely not beyond the wit of man; had we done what we did so successfully toward the end of the war and limited the export of liquor from this country to what it was before American Prohibition came in force, less the amount that normally went to the United States, a great deal of the liquor-running organized from this country would have been impossible. We can but congratulate the American Government on its latest success and wish confusion to its enemies."



HOT TIMES FOR THE SMUGGLER

—*Evening News* (Glasgow).



"SAM'S DRY WAY—THE LIMIT"

·*Weekly Independent* (Dublin).

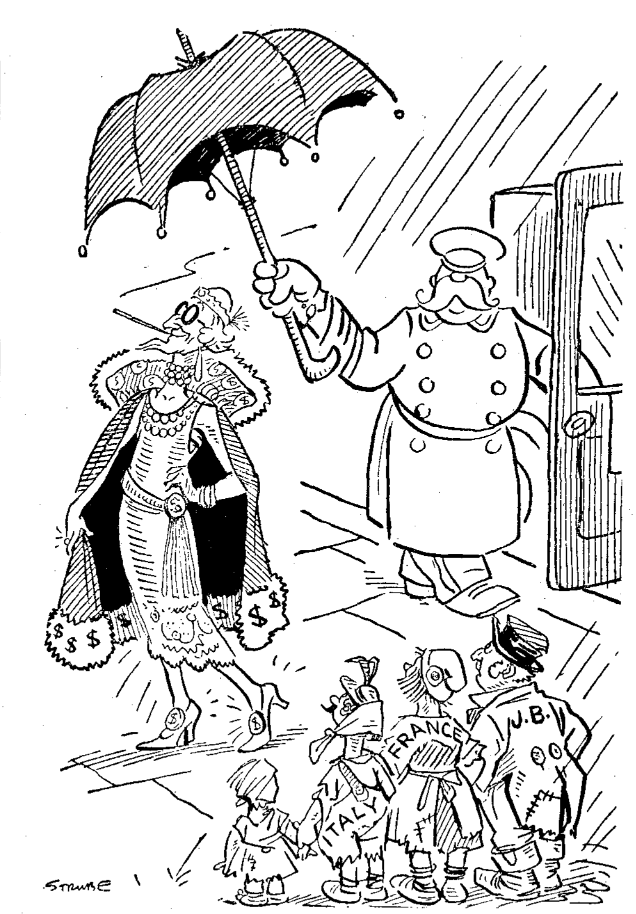
A Philadelphia correspondent of this Manchester daily relates that at a dinner to the Sons of St. George in that city, Sir Esmé Howard, the British Ambassador to the United States, declared that he did not wish to enter into a controversy over the question of liquor-smuggling, but he added:

> "I may say this: There is no decent-minded man, no man with any responsibility in England, who does not deplore the fact that there are evil-minded persons who abuse the British flag in order to violate the laws of this country with regard to this type of smuggling."

Sir Esmé is further quoted as saying that, altho some arrests have been made, which he thought were not quite within the terms of the liquor treaty, the British Government had refrained from protesting in view of the nature of the offenses.

Considerable attention is given to the subject of smuggling in the Canadian press, and the Ottawa *Citizen* asserts that the period of easy money for conspirators against the Prohibition Law of the United States is over. At sea, on land, and in the air Prohibition enforcement agencies are putting the smugglers to rout, according to this daily, which continues:

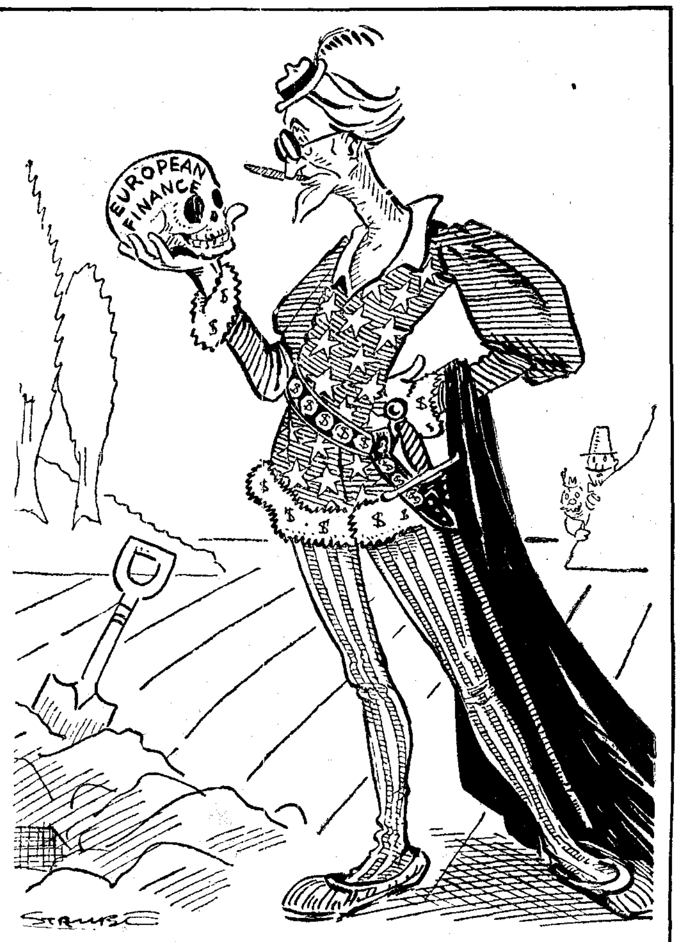
> "The United States simply can not afford to allow the law to be violated at the behest of people with an appetite for alcohol. The very existence of the Republic is dependent upon law observance and impartial law enforcement. President Coolidge has gathered men around him who appreciate the necessity of enforcing the law. It will certainly be against the interests of this Dominion to harbor conspirators or to allow Canadian export warehouses to be used as dens for the smuggling of liquor into the United States."



"THE DOLLAR PRINCESS"

THE CHORUS: "Some class!"

—*Daily Express* (London).



THE AMERICAN HAMLET

"Gee! Poor Yorick, I guess I knew you too well, Bo!"

—*Daily Express* (London).

BRITISH VIEWS OF THE WORLD'S BANKER

## THE "SHYLOCK IDEA" OF UNCLE SAM

THE INJUSTICE OF FOREIGN CRITICS who speak of Uncle Sam as a modern Shylock has been scored by various Americans of prominence, including Senator Borah, Chairman of the Senate Foreign Affairs Committee, and by many of our newspapers. Nevertheless the charge continues to be repeated in distant lands and is heard even as far away as Australia. Thus, the Sydney *Bulletin* concedes that the solicitude of Senator Borah for the good name of his country is laudable, but, it maintains at the same time, his mere declaration that the foreign attitude toward the United States is unjustifiable is "not sufficient to remove the cause of the post-war feeling," which is exprest fretfully by comparing his country with the character that "in the popular mind, stands for all that is ruthless, exacting and vindictive." This weekly goes on to say:

"For the peace of America and Europe, Senator Borah would be better employed in seeking to remove the existing sullen ill-will engendered by America holding so many European countries in bondage, as a result of her belated participation in the fight to sweep back the tide of Prussian aggression. Senator Borah is free to state that the attitude is unjustified, but he must yet awaken to the stern fact that it is inevitable, and can be removed only by an abandonment of all semblance of an adherence to the terms of the bond after the manner of Shakespeare's Jew. If Senator Borah has no misgivings as to the righteous position of his country, vast numbers of true Americans have. Many of them are sorely disturbed in mind over the dominating position in which their country has been placed in consequence of the war—or rather, through her slow entry into it. They are representative of a large section of the people who are uneasy in their conscience, and would hail with delight any solution that would do justice to European countries and retrieve their own from the invidious position in which she is placed, and in which the Borahs would keep her.

"The plain fact is that America 'can not have it both ways.' She can not look for an expression of real friendly sentiments, and at the same time exact her pound of flesh; she can not hold both a place of enviable pride and one of exasperating profit at the expense of her late allies."

The inspiring efforts of Americans and all others who aim at lasting peace in the world, we read then, will be futile if the United States persists in keeping her late allies in "a state of servitude." The staggering tribute to be paid to her, it is alleged, will run, as at present planned, for generations, if not for all time. It is pointed out by this Australian weekly that Britain's yearly contribution, for example, began in 1923 at $160,000,000 and progresses until in 1984 it reaches $175,000,000. Then it is asserted that:

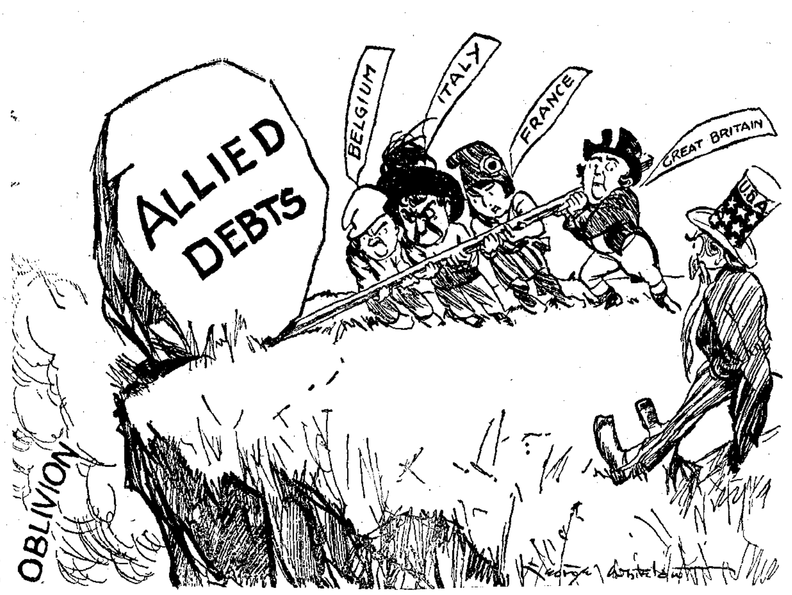
"There can be no real peace and friendliness while toll is exacted in repayment of loans that would never have been needed if the United States had stood side by side with her ultimate Allies from the beginning. The violation of Belgium dated from August 1914, not April 1917.

"The United States, as President Roosevelt and other leading Americans admitted, would not have escaped invasion if the enemy had been victorious in Europe, any more than we in Australia would have done in that event. As early as May, 1915, by the submarining of the *Lusitania*, 100 Americans lost their lives. If there had been no internal division to restrain her, the United States would have joined the Allies as the result of such provocation. But just as Lincoln could not take action for the freeing of the slaves 'until the sentiment of the people was so far advanced toward his own point of view that what he did should find support in it,' so it was with Woodrow Wilson—he had to wait until the repeated wanton acts of the enemy brought the public mind of the United States generally into that state in which it was prepared to accept war. For this delay the Allies were in no sense responsible, but the delay of the United States left them to bear the whole burden of expenditure and human sacrifice. If an account were to be taken of the lives unnecessarily lost and men maimed in consequence of the delay, what would become of the monetary claims of the United States? She should not focus on money alone, but take a glance at the appalling loss of life sustained by the Allies, making her own sacrifices—regrettable enough, God knows—sink into insignificance."

There is a curious hesitation in Britain, we are then told, to state the position plainly; but in the face of the "growth of enmity toward the United States" it is declared to be in the real interests of her people to say openly how the position is viewed abroad, and why there are occasional petulant outbursts of pent-up feeling. This feeling will endure and become intensified through the years, it is averred, "unless the United States has the truth candidly told to her." The sense of fairness in her people, it is claimed, will be served to do justice to her late allies, only by the truth being stated honestly, and we read further:

> "It is necessary merely to give practical effect to the inspiring sentiments uttered in America from time to time. For instance, what can be more encouraging than President Coolidge's utterance in Chicago, that 'it is our wish to live in a world that shall be at peace. But we can no more assure permanent and stable peace without cooperation among the nations than we could assure victory in war without allies amongst them'? In every section of the American people there are many leaders of thought who long to see their country emancipated from its invidious position. One of the foremost bankers of Wall Street agreed that an adjustment of the total costs of the war between the United States and her allies would be equitable, and another who controlled an important branch of the United States finances during the war advocates a cancellation of a portion of the debts of other nations on a definite basis which he lays down. The President would find great support in an effort to bring about those conditions without which it is idle to look for a permanent and stable peace.
>
> "On a certain historic occasion, Woodrow Wilson, it is related, exclaimed, 'Damn logic!' It may be well not to ride logic to death, and we could well afford to approach a settlement in the broad and free way in which business men are accustomed to settle difficulties by a give-and-take policy.
>
> "The first movement toward the establishment of that enduring peace for which the people of all nations so ardently long can be secured only by an equitable settlement of the costs of the war that will entail upon the United States the necessity of vacating her unequal and favored position. When she releases her late allies from the galling position of tributaries, she will be not only consulting the welfare of her late friends in the field, but taking a long step toward occupying that outstanding position in the family of nations that she unquestionably should hold."

In the French press particularly we find complaint of Uncle Sam's attitude on war debts, and, for instance, the Paris *France Militaire* declares that Germany made war on the entire civilized world when she violated neutrality of Belgium. She struck at the United States at the same time she struck at France, it is charged. That it took the Americans three years and considerable direct damage sustained to become aware of this fact is too bad, we read, but France should be the last to suffer the consequences of this delay "because it would be really too much, after having undergone what she did from Germany's heavy hand, to suffer again and to pay because the Americans were too thick-skinned and too deaf."



A BRITISH HINT

JOHN BULL: "Come, Uncle, lend us a hand."

—*John Bull* (London).

# FORMING A LABOR PARTY IN JAPAN

SOCIAL UNREST has marked Japan with its rapid industrial development, it appears, and one result is the effort to form a Labor party modeled on British lines. So we learn from a correspondent of a British labor organ, the London *Daily Herald*, who tells us that such a party will include the members of the Japan Federation of Labor, of the Socialist movement, the Japanese Fabian Society, consisting of a small group of students and professors, the Peasants' Union and, it is predicted, a certain number of Liberal members belonging at present to the Government and Opposition parties. Altho the Labor party of Japan will be shaped on the model of the British Labor party, this informant tells us that it will function in some ways like the Social Democratic party of Germany. We read then:

> "Undoubtedly, the majority of the sympathizers and leaders of the new party will consist of members of the Socialist and Labor movements, who will be forced to support a constitutional party.
>
> "There would seem to be a handicap, from the point of view of franchise.
>
> "As the majority of the Socialists and workers own very little property, they are disfranchised, and consequently have no resource except the strike, which has hitherto been their weapon.
>
> "Most of their leaders, however, will be able to meet the property qualifications, which will put them in a position to champion the cause of Labor in the Diet, but it is difficult to know how much support from the Labor elements they will receive.
>
> "For I am told by most of the Socialist and Labor leaders that evolution from a constitutional point of view is unnecessary to social movements in Japan; moreover, they understand the hypocrisy of constitutionalism, and wish to create their own methods for organizing a new society for the workers."

The Left Wing of the future Labor party, we are told, will be made up of those "opposed to constitutional methods, including a certain number of Japanese Communists and Syndicalists." The Right Wing of the party will be made up of the Moderate Socialists, the Japanese Fabians, who are studying the Socialism of Sidney Webb and the prefaces of Bernard Shaw. Also included, we are informed, will be a certain proportion of Trade Unionists. This writer advises us further that:

> "Among the leaders of the Moderate group, which, for convenience, I have called the Right Wing, are Mr. Suzuki Bunji, the founder and President of the Japan Federation of Labor, and Mr. Kagawa Toyohiko, the Kobe social worker, who helped to organize the workers and peasants of his district.
>
> "The Left Wing will find leadership in such men as Mr. Yamakawa, the Japanese Communist, and Mr. Sakai, the foremost expounder of Marxism in Japan."

Meanwhile we learn from the Tokyo *Chugai Shogyo* that the various political parties already in existence in Japan are deliberating upon an industrial policy and labor regulations for the purpose of stabilizing the nation's life and of relieving the unemployed from economic difficulties. This daily adds that "the primary object of politics is to guarantee the safe living of the people."

# SCIENCE - AND - INVENTION

## WHAT TO DO WHEN THE RATTLER STRIKES

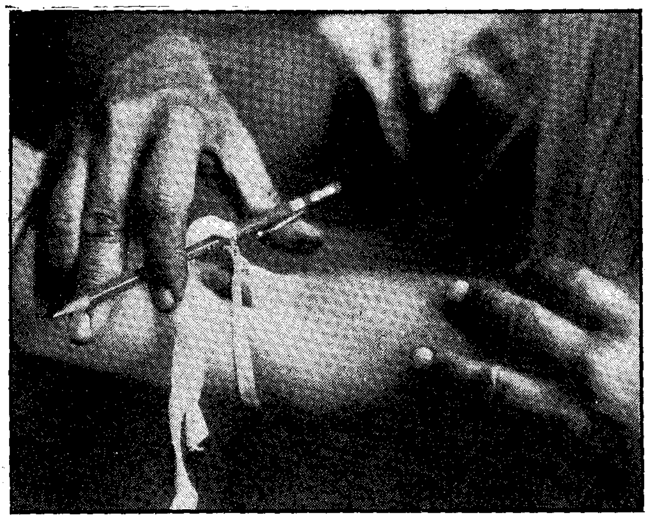
IT IS EXTREMELY UNLIKELY that you will ever be bitten by a snake. It is improbable that you will even see a snake during your vacation tour. Yet venomous reptiles do exist, even in regions long settled, to say nothing of the out-of-the-way resorts open to the tourist; and if you should have the misfortune to be bitten, the peril is so great that your medical kit should provide the simple means of treatment, and you should be prepared by knowing how to make an intelligent application of the treatment. So argues C. P. Fordyce, writing in *Motor Life* (Chicago), and he goes on to give a clear and succinct account of the treatment in question. Similar rules have been published many times, but the directions are worth repeating at least once each season, and the essentials should be memorized by every one who goes touring or camping. Says Mr. Fordyce:

"In treating snake-bite, the rules of procedure are simple and few, only one portion of the method being necessarily drastic (remember it is a case of saving a life, and no measure should be disregarded). The victim must keep calm. Don't hurry or run, for this heats the blood and speeds up the circulation, which rapidly disseminates the poison. If you are going into a snake country, have one of the little 'sna-kits' in your outfit and familiarize yourself with its use. The steps in treating a snake-bite are:

"1. Restrict the circulation of the limb. Keep the venom where it was introduced through the fangs. Apply a constricting band (called a 'tourniquet') around the limb *above* the wound and *between* the wound and the heart; tie this band (consisting of a bandage, necktie, rope or rubber tube) into a loose loop, insert a stick, place a pebble or any object with some thickness under the band and over the artery and twist the loop tightly to stop the flow of blood. This is to remain so for twenty minutes.

"2. Produce bleeding of the wound. The bite is $1/8$ to $1/4$ inch deep. Now, altho drastic, it is absolutely essential to incise or cut into the flesh deeper than the fang puncture, making a cross incision (X) with a razor-blade, a lance or a sharp knife over the fang punctures. Some authorities advise inserting a hot iron or burning brand when *in extremis*, and we have record of complete amputation of a finger or toe with a knife, ax or bullet to get rid of the member loaded with poison and to keep it from entering the general circulation.

"3. Remove the poison. It does no good to try to extract the poison by way of the fang punctures, for they are needle-like and swell shut. Soak the wound in hot water, milk it out, squeeze it—any way to promote the exit of venom-laden blood. If you or another person have no open canker sores in the mouth, you can safely suck the snake-bite wound which has been opened with the lance and then spit out the fluid. It will do no harm if you accidentally swallow some of the fluid.


Photographs by courtesy of *Motor Life* (Chicago)

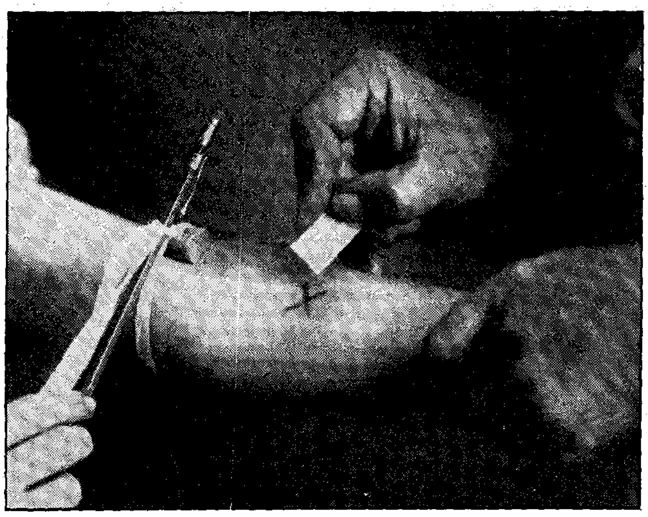
FIRST, STOP THE VENOM AT THE WOUND

This is done by applying a tourniquet, as shown in the illustration. The handiest thing may be used.

"4. Neutralize the poison which remains after efforts have been made to bleed it out by introducing some potassium permanganate in the crystal form, which can be carried in a small, corked vial. Sprinkle the crystals on the wound and rub in well. Stejneger in 'Poison Snakes of North America,' advises the injection with a hypodermic syringe in and around the wound of potassium permanganate solution in the strength of one part to one hundred parts of water, which has been boiled. This is about one grain to six ounces of water, and the one-grain tablets are procurable for the purpose. With the average person, however, who has neither the syringe nor the ability to use it, the use of the crystals directly on the wound is suggested.

"5. Loosen the tourniquet for a few seconds at the end of twenty minutes, and then again tighten. The purpose of loosening it is to restore temporarily the circulation in the limb, otherwise mortification of the limb would result. If upon the second release of the tourniquet no depressing symptoms appear, take it off entirely, but if symptoms appear later, reapply the constriction. The system can handle much poison if it is introduced slowly into the circulation.

"6. Stimulate the patient. A large amount of stimulant is needed by a person bitten by a venomous snake to offset the effects of the poison. The best stimulant is aromatic spirits of ammonia. It is rapid in effect, perfectly safe, and used by the Red Cross and most of the armies of the world. Give a half-teaspoonful in a half-glass of water every half-hour. Begin using it when the patient becomes dizzy or pale, and continue until the pulse is normal. Strong, black coffee is also effective, a half-cupful every hour. If a hypodermic syringe is in your kit, use it instead of the ammonia, a thirtieth of a grain of strychnine sulfate every half-hour. Whisky is ineffective on venom action, and as a stimulant is surpassed by the ammonia. Loading the patient with whisky is a time-honored recommendation, but incorrect—the patient is lucky to get well in spite of its use Moreover, good whisky is—scarce. It 'might' have been used at times as a preventive of snake-bites. It is a good plan to give the patient much milk to drink, for it neutralizes the poison in the stomach and causes vomiting.

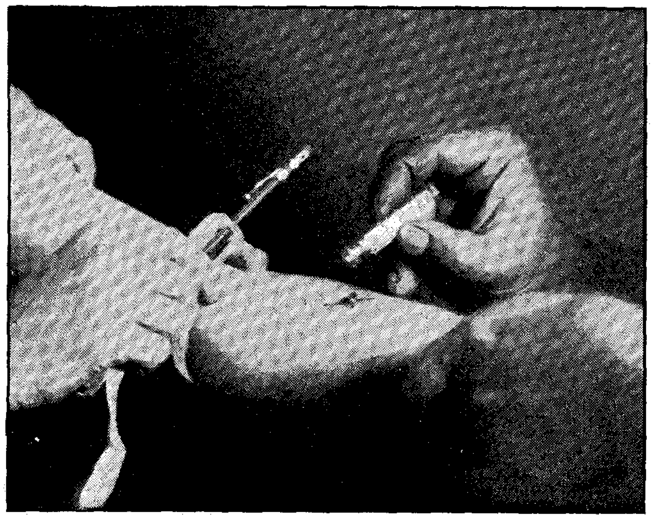

THEN CUT THROUGH THE FANG PUNCTURES

A razor blade, or any sharp instrument, may be used to get free bleeding before the poison reaches the general system.

"An antidote against snake venom has been produced by Calmette of Paris. It is called 'anti-venine,' but is rarely obtain able when most needed. The Moqui Indians of the Southwest evidently have a real antidote against the venom, for during the dances many members of the tribe are bitten, but recover. No one has been able to find out what it is.

"7. Dress the wound antiseptically with gauze or cotton soaked in a strong solution of permanganate of potassium; repeat frequently until healed."

Mr. Fordyce is careful to point out that most reptiles common to the United States are harmless, or even of service to the farmer in destroying small animal life; and that the venomous snakes will usually get out of your way if they can, striking only in self-defense. All poisonous snakes with which you are likely to come in contact have quite similar markings, and belong to the group of so-called "pit" vipers, with a prominent pit back of the nostrils. The head is triangular, with massive muscular development of the jaw; the neck slender, the body relatively thick; and the pupil of the eye is elliptical, instead of round as in non-poisonous snakes. Harmless snakes have teeth "like those of mice," only the venomous ones have the two long needle-like fangs in the upper jaw, which fold back out of the creature's way when the mouth is closed. After stating that there are about seventeen kinds of rattlesnakes in the United States, and ten other venomous species, including copperheads, moccasins, the sonoran coral, and the harlequin, the writer continues:



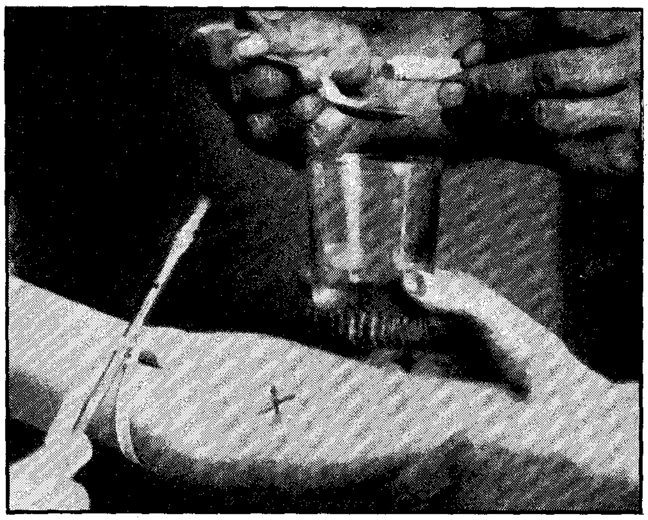
NEUTRALIZE THE SNAKE VENOM

Pouring potassium permanganate crystals into the wound. The crystals should be rubbed in as deeply as possible.

"The venoms of all these snakes act alike, disintegrating the blood and paralyzing the nerves of victims. The lethal power is the snake's defense and their means of procuring food. When a venomous reptile expends its ammunition from the poison sac, striking a victim, hours and even days are necessary to refill it. If you are bitten during this time, your hazard is not great. The bite from a large snake is more dangerous than that from a small one. A cool climate lessens the peril.

"Snakes are sluggish in their movements, and travel only short distances slowly. In striking, the snake must be at least partly coiled, and when at rest it lies in this position; if moving, it takes a little time to coil. It can not strike an object directly above, but at an angle, delivering a scraping blow and producing a scratch-like wound if impeded by clothing. On the bare skin the fangs sink in their full length, producing quite insignificant punctures—in fact, people have been bitten and did not know it until the symptoms developed.

"The location of the wound in snake-bite has a direct bearing on recovery; in general, the danger is less the farther the wound is from the large blood-vessels and nerves; it is least dangerous on the lower limbs, because this part of the body is usually well clothed. Sixty per cent. of snake-bites are on the lower limbs, thirty per cent. are on the arms or hands, and five per cent. on the trunk or face, which are the most vulnerable places. The clothing covering the body is a definite protection against the introduction of snake venom. Ordinary boots and shoes generally give adequate protection. In experiments the venom did not reach a piece of blotting-paper held beneath two thicknesses of flannel cloth. Any type of closely woven soft cloth is resistent. Rubber is practically impenetrable.



AND GIVE A STIMULANT TO THE PATIENT

Aromatic spirits of ammonia, rapid, perfectly safe and used by the Army and the Red Cross, is found to be the best for the purpose.

"Venom has its highest virulence in midsummer and in the extreme South. It is a thin, greenish-yellow fluid with a distinctive odor, and contains two elements—*venom peptone*, which destroys the clotting or fibrin elements of the blood, and *venom globulin*, which paralyzes the victim's nerves having to do with sensation and muscular movements.

"Various estimates as to the percentage of fatalities among snake-bitten persons have been advanced, one investigator placing it as low as twelve per cent. and others much higher. The average case has about half of the symptoms enumerated here, but we shall consider the typical symptoms presented by an extreme case and the treatment.

"After the fangs have punctured the victim's skin and the venom has been deposited, there is a pain locally like a sting or burn which radiates from the wound. Swelling and discoloration soon follow. Immediate first-aid is necessary to keep the poison from spreading.

"If the venom gets into the circulation system and is carried over the body, it acts as a heart accelerator and increases the rate of breathing. Learn to get the normal pulse rate from the wrist and count the movements of the chest in breathing. Within a few minutes to an hour after the first effect on the heart and lungs the heart slows down and nausea, vomiting, and a profuse sweating follow, the patient staggers, and he gradually falls into a stupor. The appearance of nervous shock is one of gravest danger. Within three or four hours paralysis follows. If properly treated the symptoms gradually subside, but the victim suffers a general debility, with skin eruption and ulcers from poisoned blood."

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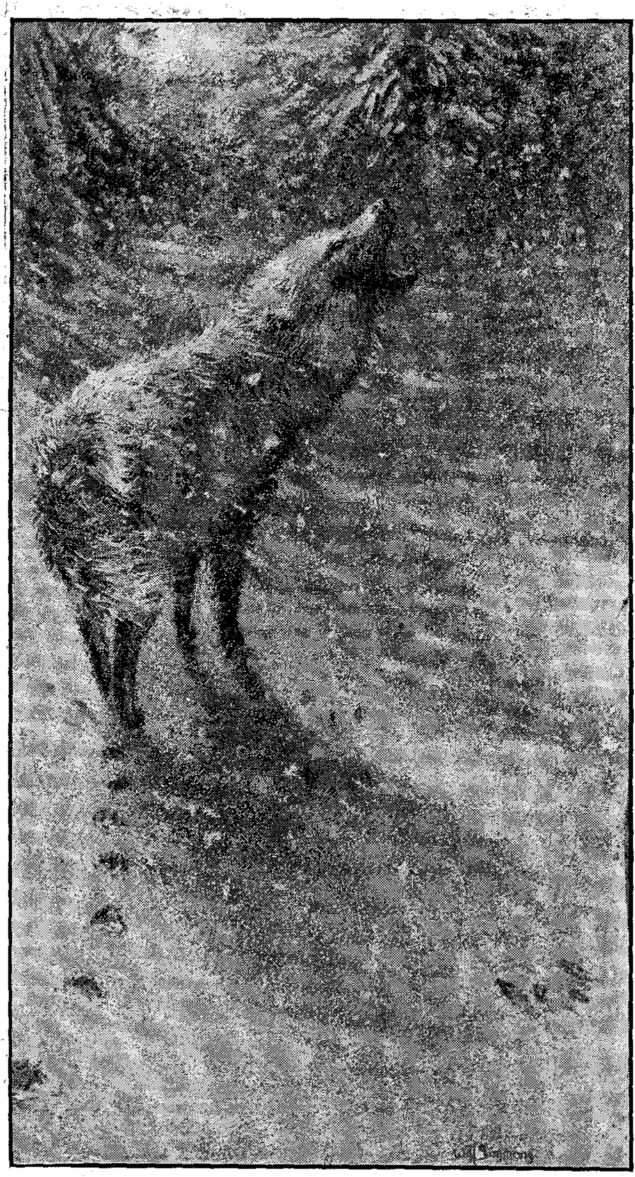
**LIFE FOUND IN OLDEST ROCKS**—Proof that life existed on the earth when the oldest of known rocks were formed, is claimed by Dr. John W. Gruner, of the geology department of the University of Minnesota, we are told in Science Service's *Daily Science News Bulletin* (Washington). He has shown that traces of blue-green algæ, very primitive microscopic plants, are present in rocks of the Archæan age, which have hitherto been thought to be devoid of all fossil remains. In the past, indeed, many geologists believed that most of these rocks were formed by direct cooling of a molten earth, which would, of course, have meant a temperature too high for any life. We read:

"The rocks in which the new life-traces were discovered have in the course of ages been subjected to immense pressure, partial solution, and recrystallization processes, to such an extent that the exact nature of the plant-remains can not be stated with certainty; but botanists at the University have no doubt that they were some kind of algæ."

## SCIENCE AS THE HANDMAIDEN OF ART

ARTISTS ARE APT TO SCOFF AT SCIENCE, we are told by Will Simmons, whose pictures of animals delight the naturalist no less than the connoisseur of etchings. But Mr. Simmons himself is apparently not among the scoffers; for, writing in *The American Magazine of Art* (Washington), he capitalizes Science as the Handmaiden of Art, and declares that there is a lesson the naturalists can teach the artist—"that all in Nature is divine and true, and therefore beautiful; that it is futile to 'improve' on Nature," the artist's function being only to choose the part he may wish to portray. One must not take this too literally, of course; the writer himself is no mere copyist, but rather a creative interpreter of animal life; yet this is what he says about his own indebtedness to the "Handmaiden" to whom he makes obeisance:



Etchings by courtesy of Will Simmons

A TIMBER WOLF AS AN ARTIST SEES HIM

"Between the museum and the open countryside and forests," says Mr. Simmons, "an artist may succeed in painting animals."

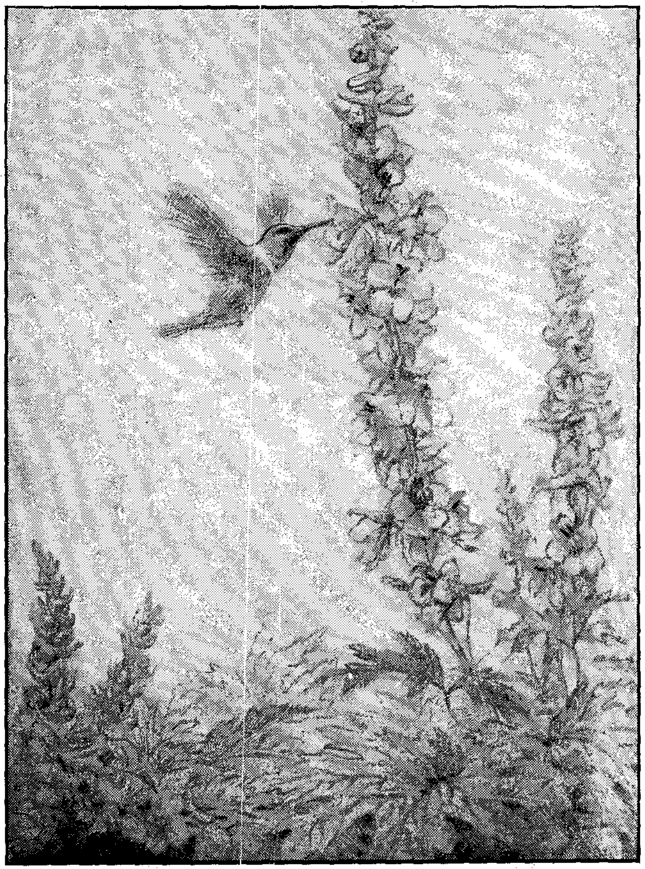
"I used to think that I could do what I pleased with Nature, that if I made technical errors it would matter little compared with what I (Big Injun) had to say—until I found that everything that I could imagine had already been admirably explained in something natural.

"For example, some years ago I had to make some scientific drawings of the heads of newly discovered lizards. These were about an inch long from the tip of the nose to the base of the skull, and I had to count and draw each individual scale, correctly, altho I could not even see those on the eyelid, for example, without a glass. Then I realized that these forms were indeed the same, in tiny miniature, as those of the slopes and buttresses of mountains, reaching up, climbing over one another until they seem to hang suspended from the sky—an effect which I have seen in the Italian Alps. And I learned, too, that these lizards' lines have a beauty that has been moulded by immemorial ages and evolved by the applied art of time.

"Drawing museum specimens, especially skeletons, is like being behind the scenes—of Nature. One can hardly imagine the fascination there is in drawing, not studying merely, the forms of bones, those working models of creation, of following with one's pencil the delicately modelled sculptures which the forces of evolution have designed. One quickly overcomes the normal aversion to these tokens of death and realizes the immense perfection of every curve, of every adaptation of the bone to the life it was made to carry. One begins, too, to be aware of a general plan of form that seems to run the same in all kinds of life, based on the spiral, the 'line of beauty' so often talked about.

"In fact, if we are to believe the naturalists, natural forms to-day have been evolved from much the same old progenitors—in the case of birds and mammals from the lizards of Noah's younger days. So we recognize a sort of family likeness in the forms, which descends out of the old past alike on mice and monkeys, and (whisper it) maybe on men. In any case, it is a great help in drawing them to be able to follow a common structural plan.

"The stuffed things at the museum interest me less; they lose too much in the process of dying and mummifying to be much more than a parody on life, yet some are really excellent, like Akeley's. It is better to consider the museum less as a catacomb than as a temple, for there is always a mystery that hangs, like a veil, between the spectator and the specimen, between the present and the past. . . . And it is good to sit in front of those stuffed forms, in the dim religious light, and let oneself dream, until the specimens grow blurred. Presently they seem to move to acquire a semblance of life again; and if we open the doors of memory, dream deep enough, they will seem to play again the parts of those we have seen in other days outdoors, to reenact



ITS ANATOMY WAS LEARNED INDOORS

And science helped the artist etch this ruby-throated humming-bird.

the comedies of our half-forgotten experience. And then the Muse may be evoked and show us the conception of a picture.

"So between the museum and the open countryside and forests, an artist may succeed in painting animals. He who would paint an eagle will find it hard to get a model to come and pose for him. But at the museum he can find the structural facts, how the big wing-bones shutter up against the sides, and count the feathers. At the zoo he can study his movements and bearing; for even if our sovereign bird does sit bedraggled on his perch, his lime-stained feathers all awry, his fierce eye is out of all keeping still with his surroundings, and his ego is rampant within him under all.

"And, if he is really lucky, some day our artist will see for himself an eagle wheeling over some salmon stream, his snowy head and tail flashing alternately as on moveless wings he soars, higher and higher still, to the zenith. Or he will watch the great bird settling down, making the tapering spruce top bend in low obeisance under him.

"And then, if the Muse is willing, there may be a picture worthy of—the fun of painting it."

## ATHLETICS FOR GIRLS

A MEETING of the State directors of physical education, arranged by the United States Bureau of Education, was held not long ago in New York City. No papers were read, but many problems in physical education were discust informally. A report of the discussions, summarized by Dr. James Frederick Rogers, is given in an official *Bulletin*, from which we learn that the consensus of opinion, as exprest in formal resolutions, favored soccer football, as against rugby, for high-school pupils; approved the participation in athletics by a majority of pupils, with reasonable limitations as to length of season, long trips for competition, and post-season contests; and opposed State, interstate, or intersectional basketball tournaments for girls, tho favoring the extension of athletic sports of the non-personal-contact type for girls, supervised by women teachers or directors. The general subject of athletics for girls was discust by Dr. William Burdick, State director of physical education for Maryland, whose remarks are thus summarized:

"I very strongly believe in a high type of competition between girls, providing you have established in the different communities a tradition regarding the rules of sport among girls and women. I believe that the type of activity should be adjusted to the anatomical, physiological, and emotional life of the girl and should not be merely an imitation of the activities for boys. On that basis I believe that one can have almost any kind of competition between girls, and that it will build up a better social behavior on the part of women.

"Thirteen years ago in Baltimore we decided to have no inter-group competition between girls, because we found that there were no standards for behavior when other girls won. We first attempted to secure a definite idea as to what constitutes good sportsmanship and proper relationships in competitive athletics. When the question came up in regard to high schools, we were all the more sure that that ought to be determined. We definitely stated that basket-ball between girls was not an approved game. We started the young children playing dodge ball. We added each year a game for the girls, such as captain ball and volley ball. Then we invited the girls to come and play for the State championship. After nine years we permitted and encouraged basket-ball between the high schools.

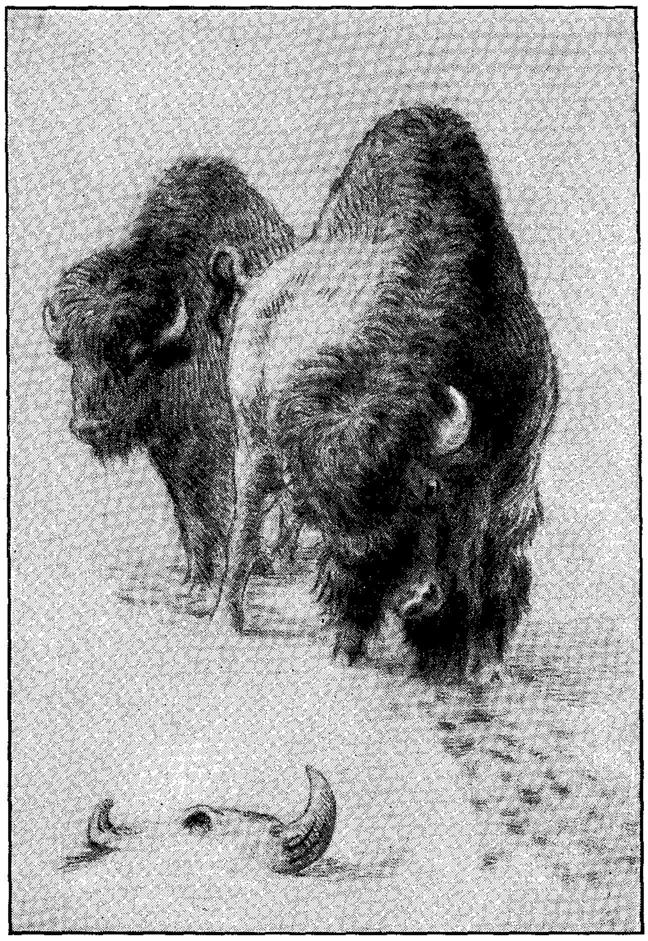
"A question came up last fall as to whether girls wanted track and field athletics. A committee was appointed, and when a local newspaper ran a track and field meet for girls, 75 girls appeared for running and jumping events. Since competition between girls could not be on a height or weight basis, it was decided to have it on the basis of physiological age—under 12, under 14, under 17, and under 21 years of age. Each group had four events—an event in which there was locomotion, an event in which there was throwing, a team game, and a relay race calling for group action. The events were all handled by a group of women.

"Field ball is a very popular game for girls; 73 per cent. of the schools this year were organized for field ball."

## WHERE RAILROAD BILLIONS GO

EVERYWHERE EXCEPT INTO THE POCKETS of stockholders might be the inference from the statistics presented by Mr. P. E. Crowley, President of the New York Central Lines, in an address before the Pittsburgh Traffic Club, as reported in *Railway and Locomotive Engineering* (New York). Said Mr. Crowley:

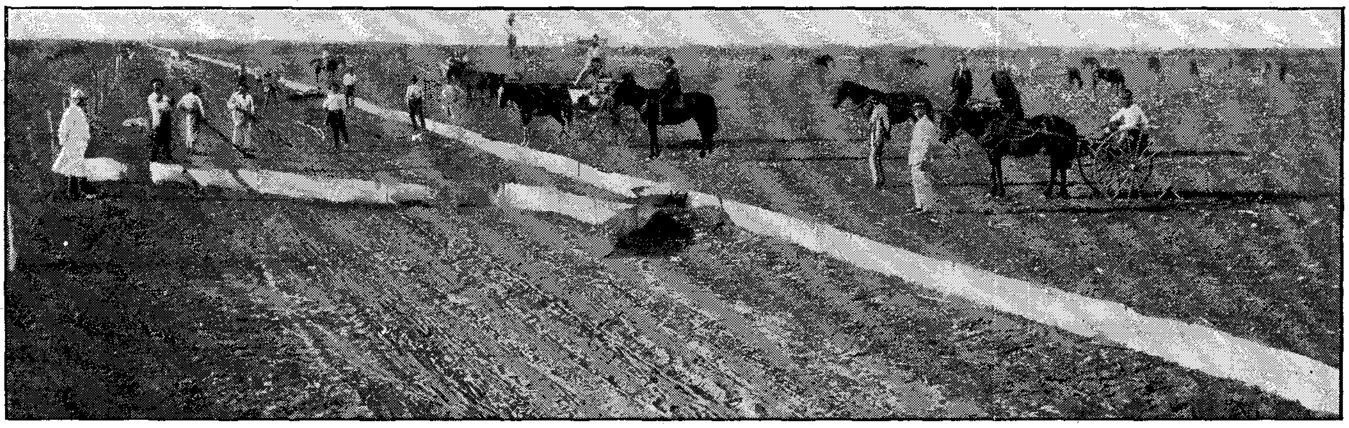
"In studying the division of the railroad dollar let us begin with wages, since they have a first claim upon receipts. Twice a month the great family of railroad employees receive their portion of revenues. In 1916 this portion amounted to substantially 41 per cent. of total operating revenues. In 1923 aggregate compensation of employees called for nearly 48 per cent. of total operating revenues. If you would realize how widespread this distribution is, remember that one person in each 25 gainfully employed is carried on the railroad pay-roll. Of the aggregate amount collected by Class I railroads from the public in 1923 more than three billion dollars was disbursed in semi-monthly instalments on pay-roll account. Some part of this huge sum went into savings banks, building and loan associations, and other forms of investment: but the greater part was at once distributed through the channels of trade. Either through investment or in payment of current living expenses all of it was kept busy. Not a dollar was permitted to idle its time away in an unproductive till.



THESE BISONS, STUDIED IN THE STUFFED FORM,

Are as realistic as tho they had posed for Mr. Simmons on the prairie.

"Having provided for the pay-roll, the railroads have left of the average dollar received a fraction more than 52 cents. From this must be deducted about 8½ cents to pay for locomotive fuel. In 1923 this included $455,000,000 for soft coal. Now, since the railroads consumed 28 per cent. of all soft coal mined, it follows that the equivalent of 28 per cent. of the entire number of bituminous coal miners are as directly dependent upon the railroads for a living as if their names were carried on a railroad pay-roll. The equivalent of 205,000 coal miners with their families look to the railroad as their only visible means of support. Equally dependent upon the railroads for their daily bread are



By courtesy of *The Scientific American* (New York)

A SHEET METAL BARRIER, FIFTY MILES LONG, AND A TRAP INTO WHICH THE LOCUSTS ARE DRIVEN

The locust, or grasshopper, as he is commonly called, is one of man's worst enemies. When he is migrating he leaves utter desolation in his path.

the 219,000 workers required to produce the 30 per cent. of iron and steel consumed by the railroads. These workmen and their families are exclusively supported by money collected from the public in freight charges and passenger fares. In the same way approximately 127,000 men are, in effect, employed and paid by the railroads to produce the 25 per cent. of the national output of lumber which the carriers annually require.

"We must include in the list of those who are exclusively supported by the money received for freight charges and fares the employees of car and locomotive works to the number of 70,000. These workers constitute an important division of the railroad army, altho their names do not appear on the railroad pay-roll, for the quantity of cars and locomotives required is enormous. In the last two years alone the railroads of the United States have purchased locomotives and cars of the aggregate value of $1,195,220,000, or more than one-sixth of the gross receipts of the carriers in 1923, the heaviest traffic year in history.

"If we add together the various classes of workers I have enumerated which are wholly supported by the railroads, tho not actually on the pay-roll, we have an army of 621,000 workers. Multiply this number by 4.3, the average number of persons per family according to the census of 1920 and we have a population of 2,672,000. Add railroad employees and their families calculated on the same basis and we find that about one-tenth of the population is included in these categories which are exclusively supported on the money which the railroads collect from the public. In addition to the few major items already enumerated, the railroads also consume 10 per cent. of all the copper and brass and varying proportions of an astonishingly long list of other articles.

"I have gone into these details to give point and driving force to the great fact that money paid for transportation does not come to rest in a railroad treasury, but continues uninterruptedly on its beneficent mission, carrying its blessing to every farm and factory, to every nook and corner of this broad land. Upon the diminishing remainder of the railroad's dollar the tax-gatherer has fixt his hungry eye. To-day he demands about six cents of every dollar taken in, or a total of $350,000,000 for 1924. In eleven years railroad taxes have increased 160 per cent., while dividends have decreased 10 per cent.

"We have now accounted for 85 cents of the railroad's dollar, leaving 15 cents which appears in statements as 'net railway operating income.' But do not make the mistake of thinking this represents the income of railroad owners. Since approximately 57 per cent. of railway capital is borrowed there is a large sum to be paid in interest. This, with other charges, leaves to the railway owner an average of a little more than four and a half cents of each dollar. This is not sufficient to make railway stocks attractive to capital in competition with other forms of investment. What other industry can survive or has survived on such meagre return?"

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## LOCUST FIGHTING

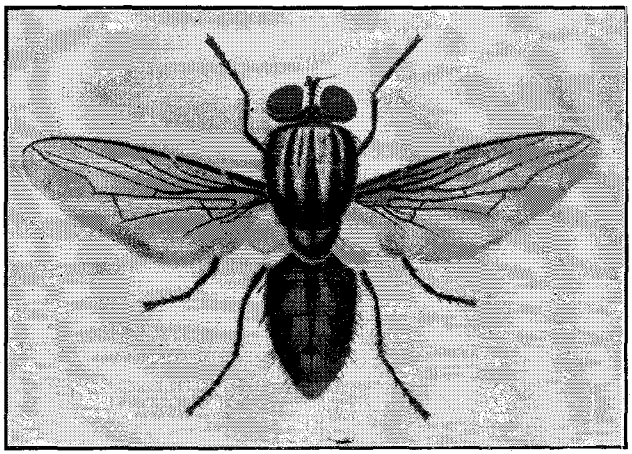
THE FIGHT WITH THE LOCUST, commonly called grasshopper, is described as a battle that man never wins, but never gives up, by a writer in *The Scientific American* (New York). As to the conditions of this warfare, methods of operation, and the signal aid given by an insect ally, we are told:

"Man happens to live in the age of insects. No other branch of the tree of life includes so many species, for if we take the word insects in its commonest sense there are at least three hundred thousand species of them. When man invented agriculture the locust, or grasshopper, became one of his greatest enemies. Like advancing armies these little creatures migrate in swarms that sometimes literally becloud the face of the sun. In their path they leave naught of vegetable life but desolation. Crops, grass, the foliage of trees and all that grows from the soil are eaten and disappear in a day as if the earth had been blasted by a giant torch.

"In the Argentine Republic locusts, or grasshoppers, are so persistent a pest that the Government includes a special department, the Agricultural Protective Department, for coping with their migrations. This department is always organized, for the locust is always existent in the Argentine. The most practicable method of giving battle to the locusts consists of driving them into sunken traps, where they are burned. In this manner no less than 35,000 tons of locusts were destroyed in a single season.

"Recently a natural enemy of the locust was found, a true insect which pursues them on the wing, depositing her eggs within the bodies of the swarming migrants. These eggs hatch into maggots which kill their hosts. When this happens the armies of locusts dwindle into scattered, straggling groups.

"Unfortunately, however, the attacking fly must dwindle with the locusts, for they will lay their eggs in no other place than the bodies of live locusts. Thus the fly is never able to wholly exterminate the locust pests. Perhaps, suggests Mr. Leonard Matters, writing in *The Illustrated London News*, the flies and the locusts will some day disappear together, the last fly killing the last locust and thus depriving its own offspring of its food."



THE LOCUST'S ENEMY

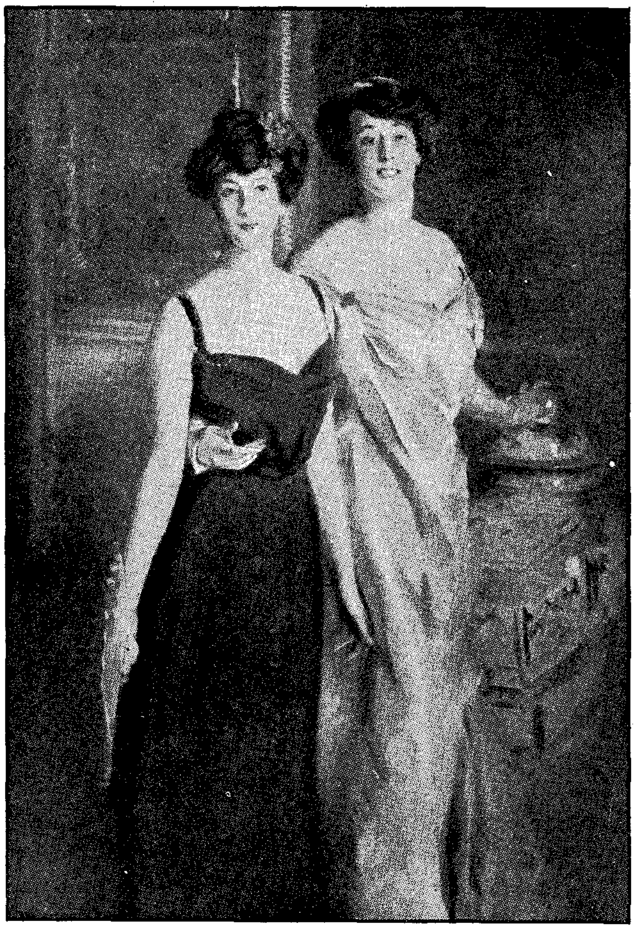
This fly deposits and lays its eggs in the body of the locusts. The eggs hatch into maggots, which kill their host

# LETTERS AND ART

LITERATURE DRAMA MUSIC FINE-ARTS EDUCATION CULTURE

## SARGENT CLAIMED BY BRITISH ART

SARGENT IS THE LAST of our great expatriates. He was perhaps less an American than Whistler or James or Abbey, for he was born abroad and owed nothing of his training to America. So it is natural for the British to claim him as a bright particular star in their firmament of art. Certainly America has paid him no such tribute as that offered by the National Gallery in hanging the Wertheimer group of portraits—the first work of a living artist to enter this mausoleum of exalted names. More than this, America provides nothing like the new wing of the Tate Gallery in London, which Sir Joseph Duveen is building to contain Sargent's paintings. Boston has its murals, but the Sargents there only take their place with others. British estimates published since Sargent's death give him the place of preeminence in a period, but look upon his death as closing an epoch. Some few there are who lean heavily toward the new schools, and regard Sargent with less admiration. Mr. Roger Fry is said to hold the view that Sargent had "not the distinctively artistic vision" but only "the undifferentiated eye of the ordinary man trained to its finest acuteness of vision." The London *Times* is one that takes the view of finality:



ENA AND BETTY WERTHEIMER

One of the Sargent group hung in the National Gallery which contributes to the social history of our time.

"For all his unfailing desire to learn, and his constant freshness of spirit and method, this man of genius was the last supreme figure in a period in the history of English painting which is now past. His harsher critics said of him that he was of his age, not for all time. Admiration is not likely to be denied to his masterpieces at any future moment; but, in spite of the strong individuality of his genius, he belonged to his own age; and the passing of the great painter drives home the truth that the age which he so brilliantly and shrewdly depicted is also past."

Some personal facts are brought out in the *Times* memoir that elucidate Sargent's peculiar point of view and his difference from the later attitude in painting:

"In the biography of the late E. A. Abbey, R.A., by Mr. E. V. Lucas, there is a letter from Abbey, dated September 28, 1885, on his first visit to the Cotswolds, which deserves quotation, not only as giving the genesis of one of Mr. Sargent's most poetical pictures, but also as throwing light upon his tastes, methods of work, and personal characteristics:

"'We are all as busy as bees in Broadway. Sargent has been painting a great big picture in the garden of Barnard's, two little girls in white, lighting Chinese lanterns hung among rose trees and lilies. It is seven feet by five feet, and as the effect only lasts about twenty minutes a day—just after sunset—the picture does not get on very fast. We have lots of music—Sargent plays, and Miss Gertrude Griswold sings to us like an angel. . . . Sargent nearly killed himself at Pangbourne Weir. He dived off the same and struck a spike with his head, cutting a big gash at the top. . . . It was here that he saw the effect of the Chinese lanterns hung among the trees and the bed of lilies.'

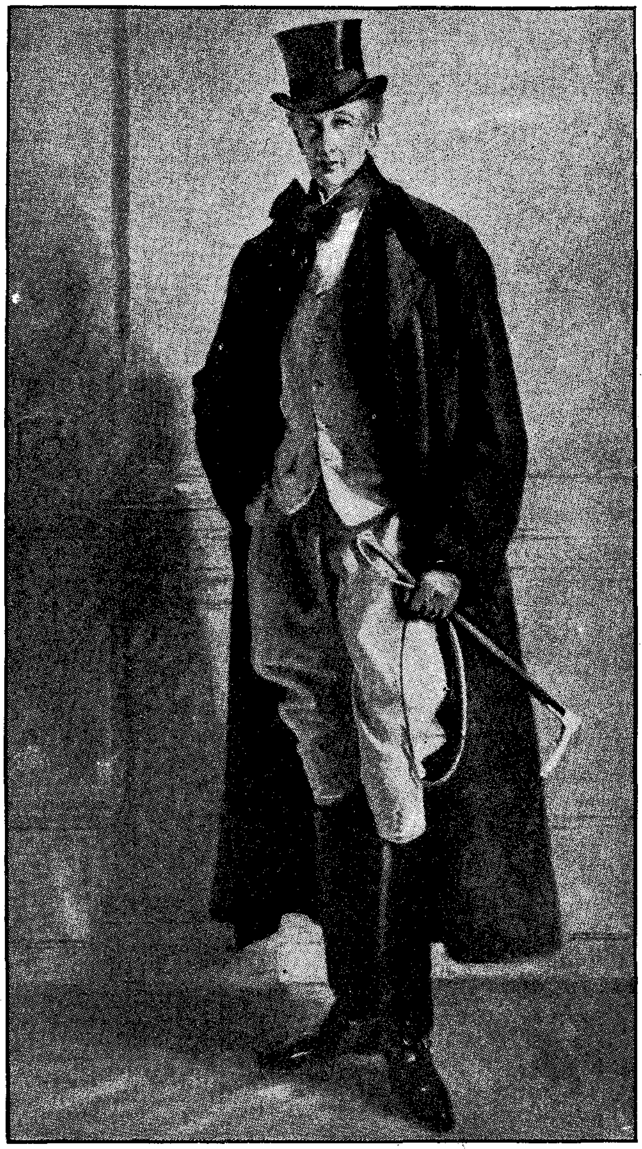
"The picture, 'Carnation, Lily, Lily, Rose,' was bought for the nation out of the Chantrey Bequest Fund in 1887 and placed in the Tate Gallery. Abbey's letter brings out clearly that close dependence upon 'the thing seen' which was at once the strength and the limitation of Mr. Sargent's art. He had acute visual sensibility to the facts and effects of nature, and extraordinary power of recording them in characteristic terms of the medium he was using; but, tho his pictures were generally well composed, he was not remarkably alive to the purely esthetic significance in form and color of what he saw. He composed in facts rather than in forms. In this respect, and allowing for individual genius, he may be said triumphantly to close a period, for it is unlikely that we shall ever again have a great painter on the same lines. Painting has, in a sense, gone deeper, both as regards the facts of nature and the means of their representation, and the thing seen is exchanged for the thing felt by the whole organism, including the unconscious mind. This, however, is not to say that Mr. Sargent was insensible to poetry when it was inherent in the facts or the mood of nature represented, as in the picture named above, or in the human personality, as in the extremely beautiful portrait of his niece, 'Marie Rose,' exhibited in the Academy of 1913."

There is no chance that Sargent, tho he may be said to "date," will ever be forgotten. The London *Evening Standard* points out that "the sitter is to-day only important because he sat":

"So with the wonderful contributions of Mr. Sargent to a future understanding of the age in which he lived. A couple of hundred years hence nobody will trouble more about the personality of the Wertheimers than people now do about that of a Rembrandt Rabbi. But they will understand a great deal more than any learned monograph can tell them concerning the relative position of the Jew of the sixteenth and the Jew of the twentieth century. We are accumulating, in one way or another, a vast amount of material for the judgment of future ages. But old newspaper files, gramophone records, photographs, memoirs, and the rest, will probably fail to give so vivid an idea of the age, of its graces and of its unloveliness, as the long series of portraits which Mr. Sargent has bequeathed to posterity."

Words of the famous critic, the late Sir Claude Phillips, are reprinted in the London *Daily Telegraph:*

"It has been the fashion of late years among the small fry of ultra-modernity to pooh-pooh the lifework of Mr. Sargent, and speak even of his greater achievements with condescension. Let them spend some time in the gallery here devoted to his works, and then think in sadness of the disrespectful nonsense in which they have allowed themselves to indulge. Not, indeed, that even now we would place the consummate portraitist on the topmost pinnacle of art. Take him all in all, he stands alone now among the men of his day; but there are summits (and none knows this better than he) which he can never hope to reach. Having such a master among us, at the height still of his powers, let us nevertheless ungrudgingly acknowledge his value and do him honor."



SARGENT'S "LORD RIBBLESDALE"

"A portrait painter whose popularity was of the order of that of Romney or Reynolds, a veritable wizard in paint," says an English estimate of the creator of this canvas.

The picture which forms this week's cover is a reproduction from a painting made by Sargent in 1915, and represents his preoccupations during the time he sought escape from portrait painting. The sense of reality, alluded to above, is strongly marked in this canvas which hangs in the Metropolitan Museum. In this "Tyrolese Interior" is exprest the moment of devotion before the beginning of the evening meal. Three women and two men, with heads bent, are seated about a table; strong sunlight comes from a window at the right.

## WHY CONRAD DIDN'T WRITE IN FRENCH

WHETHER FRANCE WOULD HAVE LIKED to include Conrad among her writers is not clearly revealed by the French critics who have treated the Polish-English novelist since his death. To Conrad it needn't have been more than a toss-up which medium of expression he might choose, since he appeared to be equally in command of three—English, French and his native Polish. Even after he decided upon English, he was accustomed, we are told by Ford Madox Ford, to formulate his sentences mentally in French and then translate them into English. The question of Conrad's choice is taken up by Pierre Mille in *Les Nouvelles Litteraires* (Paris), who advances some sound and some subtle reasons why French was not adopted as the author's medium in addressing the world. M. Mille is so sure that "chance" did not determine the choice that he declares that "what we call chance is the major part of the elements which determine a choice when one has not been able to discover these elements." That Conrad had an astute business sense is the first implication of M. Mille:

"Conrad, writing in English, was addressing a public of some two hundred million readers. In French he would have had but one-fourth of that number. Most of his novels were sea stories. There does not exist an Englishman who is not interested in the sea, who does not realize that not only the present but his future is connected with the sea. There does not exist an Englishman who has not a relative on a ship or in one of the colonies. All the great cities of England, the United States and Australia border on the water, including London, the greatest port in the world. The French are a land people, Continentals, who follow the literary impulses of Paris, which is no more of a seaport than the moon is a watering place.

"When you write in English '*salingue*' (sailing) no Englishman will fail to understand you. In our own tongue there is no Frenchman who can conceive what that means. If you write a sea story in French, you must take care to exclude all naval terminology. They would only disconcert the reader. You have only to reread Loti to realize how he got around this difficulty. But there is, I suspect, another motive which determined Conrad to express himself in English: it was because he was a Pole."

Pierre Mille here looks wise and convicts you of asking a "foolish question": You ask "What has that to do with the matter?" and he replies, "More than you think!" For—

"There is a novel by Conrad which does not deal with the sea, nor with foreign lands. It is called 'The Secret Agent.' You know it undoubtedly. H. D. Davray made an excellent translation of it into our own language. You recall the plot. It told about an obscure and lazy secret agent who made his living at the expense of an Embassy which can be easily recognized as the Russian Embassy in London. He gave information, second- or third-hand, regarding the doings of the Russian revolutionaries who had emigrated to England. He took his pay and lived in peace. Moreover, the portrayal of this *Verloc* is one of the most true and realistic characterizations that exist. Apparently, the man is only shown from without and not as we others would do, in saying: 'He thought . . . These were his intentions . . .' Such was the grand manner of the Tolstoys, the Dostoievskys, the Tchekovs, with something a little more 'fixt,' a little too 'fixt' in the plan, as it should be for Anglo-Saxons. There remained much more of the Slav in Conrad than one would believe at first sight.

"But the Ambassador is changed. The new Ambassador sends for this spy and tells him: 'You are not earning your pay,' he says in substance, 'what we need here is a good "attempted crime," a well-placed bomb which will strike terror in this nation and force it to take measures for the expulsion of these Russian revolutionaries. For the latter annoy us!' Thus the man becomes an *agent provocateur* in order not to lose his place. Then, as this does not suffice, he himself fabricates an attempted assassination.

"You see the theme: it is the Russian Government in England which is playing with dynamite. Indeed, there must have been cases when this was not a gratuitous calumny.

"But could Conrad have written that way in France, and in French, at that time, namely, twenty years ago? Remember those were the fine days of the Russian alliance. For the first time since 1870 France no longer felt herself isolated from the

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rest of the world. Germany would have to watch not only the banks of the Rhine, but also the banks of the Vistula. And in exchange our woolen stockings were merrily and enthusiastically lightened of fifteen billions. It would not have been wise for us to tell such stories at that time. It is not even certain that a publisher could have been found. And if one had tried, no reviews, no publicity would have been possible. They might have hurt the success of the Russian loans. And there were too many interests in our press and elsewhere who had formed a coalition to make these loans succeed.

"But Conrad was a Pole, and as a Pole he detested Russia. I would dare to say that he knew her better and was closer to the real Russia than we were. Then, as he was forbidden to speak the least evil among us concerning the Bear, it was, on the contrary, something that might have seemed the most agreeable thing to do in the land of the Whale. For the Whale was absolutely convinced that the Bear had no other intention but to make the great tour via Asia in order to fall on her dorsal fin, which is India. . . . Anyhow, since Petersburg has taken the name of Leningrad and the autocracy of a central Soviet replaced that of a Czar, the conviction has not changed much. . . .

"Thus Conrad, the polyglot, who learned French when he was a purser on board French ships; English as 'supercargo' on board English ships, and who was thus able to choose the language in which he was to show his genius; had not only all the reasons which I have mentioned above to induce him to choose English, but still this one: in English he could speak more freely about the things which pleased him."

Conrad becomes for M. Mille a star example of one of his pet beliefs, namely, that an author necessarily holds political opinions whether he thinks he has them or not. And therefore:

"His talent is directed, influenced and conditional upon the conceptions which he has, even unknowingly, of society, his country, of the relations between the various classes making up the nation to which he belongs; by the locality in which he has been educated and whose beliefs and sentiments he continues to accept; unless on the contrary he rises up in arms because of the attitude which he can not help himself from having—all the world has one—on the question of the last ends of man, and of the author, namely the religious problem!

"He belongs to a party even if he thinks he belongs to none. Consciously or unconsciously, he has chosen the side where his intellect and his emotions, above all, his emotions most of the time, believe they can find the most elements, the most material for his work. He has chosen, I tell you, without often being able to account to himself for it, exactly as Conrad chose his language and for similar causes: obscure, but all powerful."

In the same French paper we find another contribution to the subject of Conrad's polyglottism from the French translator of Conrad's book, M. Jean Aubry. Thus:

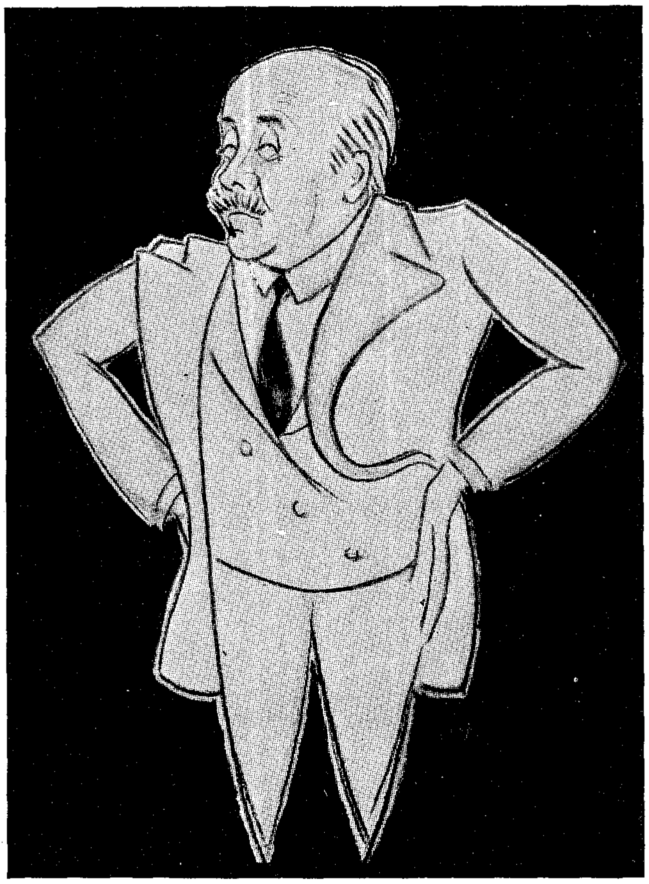
"Not one of those who knew Joseph Conrad but could bear witness that he could have written in the French language had he so wished. His conversation alone revealed a profound knowledge of our writers and their tongue. He spoke French without the least effort. Having practically no occasion to speak Polish—his native language—French became a kind of second mother tongue to him. He made use of it naturally and unconsciously. . . . Nevertheless Joseph Conrad's own testimony on this subject can be found in the volume of his 'Memoirs,' which has just been translated into French. . . .

"'The impression prevails'—says he—'that I made a choice between two languages,—the French and the English,—both of which were strange to me. This impression is inaccurate. . . . f I had found myself faced with necessity of making a choice between the two languages,—altho I knew French fairly well and ho this language had been familiar to me from my childhood,— would have felt apprehensive at having to express myself in so perfectly a crystallized language. . . . The truth is that the aculty for writing in English is as natural to me as any other ptitude that I may have possest since birth.

"'I have the strange and profound conviction that it always ormed an inherent part of me. The English language for me was never a question of choice nor of adoption. The simple idea of a choice never occurred to me. And as for an adoption! Oh, well, there was certainly an adoption, but 'twas who was adopted by the genius of the language. . . . It would be as difficult to explain it as to attempt to explain love at first sight.'"

## MAX AGAIN STIRRING THE BROTH

MAX BEERBOHM'S EXHIBITIONS of caricatures, one of the annual spring events in London, threaten to rival the Royal Academy in importance, says the *Westminster Gazette* (London). Certainly no one who is anybody fails to go to his show, ostensibly, of course, to see who is the subject of his ironical attentions; but really, it is whispered, to see if one isn't oneself made forever famous by being included among the "victims." It is a pity the copyright restrictions forbid us reproducing any of these drawings, tho the British press appear to be free from these prohibitions. We can, however, reproduce the literary side exprest in his "legends," wherein Mr. Beerbohm's genius shines even brighter than with his pencil. "Those who may have thought that the rapier is the only weapon in Mr. Max Beerbohm's armory," says *The Daily Chronicle* (London), "will be a little shocked, perhaps, when they see his new caricatures. He also wields a bludgeon, and he has brought it down hard on the heads of his enemies." In mentioning these enemies—"industrial civilization, social strivers and humbug"—*The Daily Chronicle* informs us that America has entered the list of the "bludgeoned." We read:


A CARICATURIST'S CARICATURE

Kapp of the London *Graphic* thus pays his compliments to Max Beerbohm, whose latest caricatures are now exciting London.

"Let it be understood at once that there are no individuals in that category. Against his personal victims 'Max' still uses only the rapier, and even tho that instrument is sharp-pointed, he takes care that it only tickles their ribs and never pierces their skins. His antipathies, as illustrated here, are industrial civilization, social strivers and humbug.

"'Civilization and the Industrial System' is the most mordant, deep-biting caricature that has been conceived anywhere since the great days when the German satirists of *Simplicissimus* went out fully armed against the Hohenzollerns, the junkers and the militarists.

"'The Industrial System' is symbolized by a monstrous, bestial figure; Civilization by a white-robed, sad-faced woman.

They are standing within a cell, beyond whose barred window is a bleak vision of factory chimneys and shrouded skies. 'The Industrial System' is saying:—

"'No, my dear, you may've ceased to love me; but you took me for better or wuss in younger and happier days, and there'll be no getting away for you from me, ever.'

"'Max' is equally merciless toward another of his antipathies, as embodied in the social strivers. 'The Prince of New York (1924)' is a daring and bitter onslaught against the 'Society Set' of Long Island. The Prince is standing, helpless and affrighted, in the grip of two lavishly bejeweled women (others of equally vivid vulgarity are grouped around), and this is the letterpress below:—

"'Mrs. Garfield I. Placker (shrilly): "Prince, you were right thro' that Great War: you know what a life-and-death struggle is; and all I ask is that you'll win me mine for the Social Leadership. Lunch with me and Mr. Placker tomorrow."

"'Mrs. Schanamaker Dobbs (raucously): "Don't you heed that plebeian, Prince. You've read your C. Darwin, and know what's meant by Survival of the Fittest. I'm the fittest. Snatch a kiss right here in the eyes of all, and that'll settle the survival."'

"Toward the politicians among his individual victims, 'Max' is this time no more than mildly satirical. We see Mr. Baldwin musing in an armchair 'Back at Chequers (1924),' and saying to himself:—

"'Vision!—that's what's wanted nowadays: Vision! I must try and see if I can't—well, see something!'

"The Premier also figures in a series of caricatures, 'The Old and Young Self.' Young Master Baldwin is looking at elderly Mr. Baldwin and saying:—

"'Prime Minister! You? Good Lord!!'

"Other victims in this series include Mr. H. G. Wells, Lord Balfour, Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, Lord Oxford and, of course, Mr. Bernard Shaw. What old 'G. B. S.' is saying to young 'G. B. S.' is as follows:—

"'Strange! You strike me as frivolous, irreligious and pert; full of a ludicrous faith in mankind and in the efficacy of political propaganda; squalidly needy in circumstances, and abominably ill-drest. And I used to think you quite perfect!'"

In fact, this of "G. B. S." is only one of a distinguished series in which "he confronts our modern celebrities with their earlier selves." We take up the tale in *The Westminster Gazette:*

"Here is the youthful Arthur Balfour, frail and delicate and exhausted, stretched at interminable length on a sofa, while a huge, white-haired statesman in baggy tennis flannels, holding a racket, peers down at him through pince-nez; and the young self murmurs faintly.

"'Who are you? You look rather like Uncle Salisbury, shaved. And what is that curious thing you're holding? And won't you catch cold with so little on? But don't answer: I don't really care. And don't let me talk: I don't fancy I've long to live; and I want to devote the time to thinking—not that I suppose my thought to be of much value, but—oh, do, please go away.'

"Lord Balfour has always fascinated Max. So has Mr. George Moore—who sits, well-groomed and rather overripe, a composition in drooping curves, while the young scraggy-bearded George asks him deferentially have there been any painters since Manet, any composers since Wagner, any novelists since Balzac. The old Moore has found no painters or composers, but there has been one novelist!

"Mr. Kipling, crowned with laurels, and sitting heavily in a large arm-chair, looks vaguely at the eager young Rudyard in a topi, who rushes in to tell him 'the latest' about *Mrs. Hauksbee.* Mr. Wells, grown sleek and self-complacent, evades the reproachful question of the young sentimental-eyed H. G., 'Did you ever manage to articulate the bones of that microglamaphoid lizard?' by retorting:

"'I don't think you know very much about the past, do you? It's all perfectly beastly, believe me. But the future's going to be all perfectly splendid . . . after a bit. And I must say I find the present very jolly.'

"Fatter and more blatantly prosperous than all the rest is Mr. Arnold Bennett, who greets the perky young journalist from the Five Towns with a paternal 'All gone according to plan, you see'; only to be snubbed with '*My* plan, you know.'

"Mr. Bernard Shaw, of course, appears again—no longer Mephistophelian and red-bearded, but portly and, like Mr. Cunninghame Graham, suggestive of a literary Father Christmas. Mr. A. B. Walkley watches with stern disapproval his 'apotheosis,' in which this genial Gulliver luxuriously inhales the incense of his Lilliputian worshipers."

# RUSSIAN LITERATURE IN EXILE

THE ONLY RUSSIAN WRITER who has gained in prestige during the seven years of revolution is Ivan Bunin, says the English writer, Stephen Graham. Before the war Mr. Graham lived much in Russia and was one of the enthusiastic upholders of the Russian people in the early days of the Entente. He never seemed to entertain the dark views of czarism held by some western writers, and he reveals in his article in the London *Times* how these views were spread in England. Bunin, we are told, is now living in Paris, and repudiates Bolshevist Russia, which would be glad to welcome him. He was not a popular writer, being ranked in that class known as a "writer's writer." Two of his books in English are "The Village" and "The Gentleman from San Francisco." Mr. Graham gives an intimate view:

"When I called on him in Paris recently I found an American trying to discover whether he had any sensational matter which he could take to New York and publish. But Bunin, while *reasonably ambitious to see more of his work in English, reminded* him carefully that he only wrote for the few. 'You will never see people reading my books in railway carriages,' said he.

"Bunin belongs to a somewhat radical tradition in literature. Revolutionary Russia would have been glad to possess him, and, I suppose, had the revolution been decent and democratic, Bunin would never have fled from it. But Bolshevist Russia has no more uncompromising opponent in the world of literature and art than he. His resistance has gained him the reputation of being bitter. But that is a mistake. He is a gentle, sympathetic man with an engaging, sing-song voice. He talks of Russia with humor, with a lively wit, and smiles and coaxes to gain you to his opinion.

"Artsibashef, whom I met in Warsaw last autumn, is more the embittered type. He had all the bourgeois world at his feet in 1917. But Bunin never had literary glory, and is nearer fame now than then. His attitude toward the Bolshevists, therefore, has no bias derived merely from loss of readers.

"Bunin is a bright-faced, slightly built man of middle years; he looks as if he had lived with the moujiks a good deal, and has a reflection of the non-working peasant type, the village *feldsche* perhaps. He left Russia in 1918, while it was still not difficult to get away, passing through the German lines to Odessa. Thence he made his way to Paris, where he has been living for some years He has no intention of returning until there is a change of régime

"'Practically the whole balance of Russian artistic and cultura life is now abroad,' said he. 'Of those writers who have remaine behind, the most substantial are those who made their name before the war. There is Anna Akhmatova, and she belong more to us than to them. Alexey Tolstoy left us, and he truly is a man of talent, tho of weak character. Most of the young Bolshevist writers go in for the ultra-natural style—neo-realism *they call it. It is a brutal product of the time, horrible and foul* Pilniak, for instance; he was among us before the Revolution I knew him. He stayed with the Bolshevists, went with the time. He goes in for this ultra-naturalism—looks on famine bloodshed, typhus, bestiality, describes the most distressing an dreadful scenes on the Volga in the famine area.'"

Telling Bunin that, by report, "the drama makes progres under Lunacharsky," brought forth a skeptical rejoinder:

"'What sort of progress? Not one single play has come out o Russia since the Revolution. The Theater of Art carries on wit its old repertoire, edited and censored by the Bolshevist Those in power have no taste for drama, do not understan anything that is really worth while. You find the Chekist instructing the Theater of Art to do them a version of *La Fille* *Madame Angot.* Is there anything new in that?'

"'What do you think of the excuse commonly given by writer in Soviet Russia, that they feel they must remain in the country if they are to continue writing?' I asked.

"'That's a fine old-fashioned excuse,' said Bunin. 'D Alexey Tolstoy need to go and look at Russia again in order t refresh his memory? Do I need to go and look at the Russia peasant again to know what he is like and what is in him? O can write as well in exile as at home. Think of Victor Hugo, of Ovid, or, again, of our great Turgenief wandering over Wester Europe nearly all his creative life!'

"Bunin's latest work, a collection of stories and poem published in Berlin, is entitled 'The Rose of Jericho.'"

# RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

## THE SLOW DEATH OF THE CLERGYMAN'S SPIRIT

THE MINISTER IS EVERYBODY'S TARGET, but, to be as generous with him as we are supposed to be with the devil and give him his due, he has cause to be different from the average man, to fall, sometimes, into a state of unconscious hypocrisy. Few outside the parsonage doors, however, realize the terrible strain involved in being all things to all men, in exhibiting joy and sympathy within the same half-hour, in emptying the reservoir of emotions and still trying to drain out something for a wedding, a funeral or a birth. One, who describes himself as "a descendant from a long line of clergymen," and lets it go at that, gives us some insight into what the ministry does to the man who enters it, in an article in *The Century Magazine*. He ponders the question whether we do not blame the minister for the things that are due to the function rather than to the man, whether the ministry has not some indelible marks from which few of the calling escape. To begin with, this anonymous clergyman tells us that the minister is spiritually taxed beyond mercy. To quote:

"He is compelled by the nature of his function to share in the joys and the sorrows of his parishioners. He must go from a wedding to a funeral not only the same day, but sometimes in the same hour. He is expected to perform the most sacred and the most sensitive office at each of these highly charged moments. Theoretically, at least, he must participate emotionally in the thing he does; he must not only have the appropriate word, but the appropriate emotion, the proper intonation of the voice, the proper look on his face, the proper gesture. He must actually appear sorry at the funeral and joyful at the wedding, and actually to appear that, he must be so. That, however, is a drain upon the emotions which few men can sustain.

"One would have to be an emotional genius to share spontaneously the feelings of the folk to whom one is ministering. Most people are not gifted that way. The function, therefore, tends to become a formal matter. Inevitably and despite the minister's sincerity, it becomes a thing of the surface, a manifest or manifested thing, a facial matter. The cartoonist who draws the expressionless long face, with its absence of lines, only exaggerates; but the exaggeration bespeaks the fact that lies at the bottom."

Probably only second in importance to the emotional drain upon the minister; says the writer, is the significant fact that he is expected to preach a doctrine of perfectibility that is mainly negative, an elaboration of a long series of don'ts. He becomes the standard for all that is perfect. "Really, he is a kind of scapegoat for the man in the pew. The parishioner achieves goodness, forgiveness, morality, salvation at the hands of the minister, but largely through the apparent life and teachings of the minister. It is a kind of vicarious salvation, vicarious morality, vicarious perfectibility." The minister becomes self-conscious, and finally has to pretend, involuntarily, that he possesses all the virtues he is assumed to have. Also to be considered, says the writer, is the fact that the minister is every man's friend. He is every man's man. He must be at the beck and call of every one, and "people have no mercy." He must always smile, always be gentle, no matter how he feels. He is looked up to as an authority on all things. "He must pass judgment upon everything, and do it with a degree of authoritativeness that is bad for the minister because the demands that are made upon him are so variegated that no one man could speak with authority or even helpfulness on all of them." This, we are told, is particularly noticeable in the addresses the minister has to make. In addition to his regular duties,

"Every social function of importance in the town makes a demand upon the minister. He is the one person who has *to be heard from.* He is expected to be clever, entertaining, informing, inspiring, and above all authoritative. Every public subject is his subject. Every matter of great concern is his concern first of all. He must possess both wisdom and knowledge and be profound and incisive beyond other men. But the point at issue is more than that. He is so busy talking that he has not the time to learn the things he is talking about. Superficiality is inevitable. Even more deadly, however, than this is the simple fact that he must depend upon words and sound for his effectiveness, and the only thing one can do under such conditions is to be superficial, general, and touching; that is, sentimental. By being sentimental, I mean he must appeal to those things about which the community's sentiment is closely knit. That makes him platitudinous. Having to say so much, he can say only very little, and that a repetition of things said before. I am far from enumerating all of these things and chronicling them as failings of the minister. I am simply indicating the fact that if the minister were much greater than he generally is, much more learned, much more full of energy, much more aggressive, he could not do all of the things or half of the things that he has to do, and do them effectively, sincerely, and usefully. He is drained, overtaxed, and overstrained. He is sacrificed to the community, and is its scapegoat.

"All of these factors tend to conspire to give the minister an unreal perspective upon life. He is so much driven in upon himself, he is compelled to draw upon his own resources to so great a degree, that he turns his eyes, so to speak, upon himself, and seeks for inspiration from some internal fountain. He becomes both subjective and isolated. It drives him to exaggerating the significance of inspiration, contemplation, self-analysis, calling upon his own spiritual resources, and tends by that much to make him withdraw from the world, and the farther he withdraws, the more dogmatic and simple become his judgments of it. In a sense he becomes saintly, leaves the conflict, and retreats to an even and unruffled spiritual state of being which is comprest into a formula—and then he passes judgment upon a world of which he knows little. It is natural that just because he knows so little he behaves as if he knew so much. It is this fact that gives the minister the general reputation of being unpractical and unreal in his judgment of the world about him."

This, says the writer, "is the price a man must pay for the profession of ministering to the sins of the community." Those who escape "are those who have lent themselves to the newer movements in the church for positive social service."

### GOD, LET ME GIVE—

By Mary Carolyn Davies

God, let me be a giver, and not one
  Who only takes and takes unceasingly.
God let me give, so that not just my own,
  But others' lives as well, may richer be.

Let me give out whatever I may hold
  Of what material things life may be heaping,
Let me give raiment, shelter, food, or gold,
  If these are, through Thy bounty, in my keeping.

But greater than such fleeting treasures, may
  I give my faith and hope and cheerfulness,
Belief and dreams and joy and laughter gay
  Some lonely soul to bless.

—*The Christian Guardian* (Toronto).

## THE DILEMMA OF THE RUSSIAN CHURCH

IN THE DEATH OF PATRIARCH TIKHON the already split and disunited Russian Church is confronted with a new and very serious crisis, in the opinion of most Russian editors commenting on the new situation. It must be remembered, we are told, that since 1922 there have been virtually two churches in Russia, the old orthodox church, which was headed by the Patriarch and to which belong a great majority of the believers, and the reformed, or "Living Church," which enjoys a certain support by the Soviet authorities and which is still numerically weak. What will be the relations between these two churches now that Patriarch Tikhon is dead? Will a new Patriarch be elected? Can there be free elections of a Patriarch in Russia at the present time? Such are the main questions asked and discust in the Russian press since the death of Tikhon. It must be noted, however, that the Soviet papers published in Petrograd and Moscow have so far refrained from adding any editorial comment to the matter-of-fact descriptions of the funeral ceremonies in Moscow. On the other hand, the anti-Bolshevist papers published outside of Russia devote much attention to the situation in which the Orthodox Church now finds itself. According to Professor Miliukoff's *Posliednia Novosti* (Paris),

> "After the death of the Patriarch the supreme spiritual authority must pass, in keeping with the canonical laws of the Russian Greek-Catholic Church, to the Holy Synod and to the Supreme Council, which hitherto have assisted the Patriarch in the discharge of his duties. Since the Patriarch's substitute, Metropolitan Agafangel, is at the present time in exile at Yakutsk . . . these two institutions must elect another 'keeper of the Patriarchal Throne,' for the Church can not remain without a supreme leader. Furthermore, within three months from the Patriarch's death an extraordinary conclave must be convened to elect a new Patriarch.
>
> "Such are the rules. Will it be possible to act in keeping with them under the existing conditions when the Church is being persecuted and interfered with? It suffices to recall how complicated must be the composition of the conclave in order to understand that it is doubtful whether it will be convened as long as the Soviet Government is in the saddle. A new misfortune, greater than all preceding ones, has befallen the Russian Church.
>
> "Weakened and disorganized, the Church must prepare itself to withstand a new attack from within as well as from without. What are the new reprisals that are going to be decreed against it by the Soviet Government? What attack will be launched against it by the 'Living Church,' with its 'Red Synod?' The misfortune is that the Patriarchal Throne and the personality of the Patriarch have hitherto held together and bound to one another the elements that may now be expected to drift apart in a free play of mutual enmities and jealousies."

Numerous dangers are visioned by the moderate-liberal *Rul* (Berlin). "That which the Russian believers have feared most of all and of which they tried neither to speak nor even to think," says this paper, "has at last happened: Patriarch Tikhon has died." The "Living Church," predicts this paper, will try to profit by the absence of a spiritual leader in order to win over to its side the flocks that hitherto have followed submissively Patriarch Tikhon, and the Soviet Government will also do its best to bring about disorganization in the ranks of the old Church. Moreover, we are told, the Soviet leaders will undoubtedly attempt again to introduce a "foreign hand," to be supported by them; that is to say, they will try to bring in the Ecumenic Patriarch of Constantinople, who has recently been expelled from Constantinople by the Turks. The *Rul* reminds us that a precedent for this took place not long ago, and it says:

> "Constantine, the Patriarch of Constantinople, can, on the basis of the canonical law, neither remove nor appoint, nor even sanction the election of the all-Russian Patriarch. The twenty-eighth clause of the decisions of the conclave of Halcedon, on which the Patriarch of Constantinople wants apparently to base his attempts to interfere with the affairs of the Russian Church, gives him only the right of 'Primatus Honoris,' but not of 'Primatus Jurisdictionis' in these affairs. All the attempts of his predecessor, Patriarch Gregory VII, to influence Russian ecclesiastical affairs, with the assistance of the Soviet Government, resulted in complete failure."

The only way to keep the Church from disorganization, thinks this paper, is to elect as soon as possible an authoritative "keeper of the Patriarchal Throne" who will be able to lead the Church to the convocation of a conclave "which alone can give to the country a worthy successor of the late Patriarch."

## A NEW SORT OF REVIVAL IN DES MOINES

DES MOINES WAS RECENTLY TREATED to a religious revival vastly different from the old-fashioned sawdust trail variety. It is said to have taken the people off their collective feet and to be still the talk of the town, in church and laymen's organizations. McAlister Coleman gives us a thumbnail sketch of it in *The Survey*. The idea of Religious Emphasis Week—for that was what the revival really was—was not superimposed on Des Moines from the outside. It grew out of conferences between business and professional men who had heard Sherwood Eddy of the International Y. M. C. A. talk and who wanted to hear more of the "radical" gospel he preached. A committee invited Mr. Eddy to come and to bring other like-minded speakers with him. He brought Dean Grahame of the Oberlin School of Theology, Alva Taylor of the Disciples of Christ from Indianapolis, Rev. Henry Crane from Malden, Massachusetts; George Haynes, a magnetic Negro speaker, secretary of the Commission on Race Relations of the Federal Council of Churches; Rev. Reinhold Niebur from Detroit and Rev. A. Ray Petty of the Judson Memorial Church of New York—"all modern men," says Mr. Coleman, "with intimate knowledge of the world around them, with something to say and the courage to say it." It is estimated, says the writer, that while some 6,000 people attended the opening meeting, 26,000 people heard the closing speeches and many were turned away. Considering that the population of Des Moines is about 175,000, it was really what the local papers called it, "a remarkable outpouring." Says Mr. Coleman:

> "It was the 'whole gospel of Christ' that the speakers strest. They told Des Moines that nowadays 'personal salvation' is not enough. Brotherhood and more brotherhood was the burden of their message. They talked of international brotherhood. Eddy who had just returned from a trip around the world told of the misery he had seen because of the lack of brotherhood. The brilliant Niebur, fresh from his first-hand study of European conditions, gave a thoughtful analysis of nationalism and the hatreds it breeds. Haynes plead eloquently for his dark-skinned people.
>
> "They talked of capital and labor. William Hapgood, of the Columbia Conserve Company of Indianapolis, was in town and they held his plant up as a model of true industrial democracy. Alva Taylor, who had had his baptism of fire in connection with his work on the Interchurch steel strike report, outlined the steps that are being taken towards better understanding between employer and employee, and the downright Petty, fresh from his tenements south of Washington Square, said right out in meeting that he did not believe that Christ would have much use for the open shop or the American Plan and prayed God to 'give us more radicals, more men who can think for themselves and who are not afraid of the voice of the mob.' Considering that Des Moines had been busy making it hot for those heretics who had dared to espouse the La Follette cause this was mighty plain speaking. The liberal Des Moines *Register*, with some evident delight, recorded these remarks in seven-column head-lines. But Petty was neither hanged nor mobbed. So many folks came to hear him tell about labor conditions in sweated industries the night following his attack on the open shop that the ushers had to shut the doors on the disappointed noses of late comers.
>
> "'Why for crying out loud!' exclaimed an editor of a farm paper who had stood four-square for La Follette through all the storms of the late campaign; 'if I said one-half of what these

fellows are saying, they would have ridden me out of town on a rail.'

"The legislature, consisting mostly of farmers fearful of *anything Congress might do*, was *considering* the Child Labor Amendment and considering it suspiciously. Eddy talked to them for an hour and pointed out what he believed the attitude of a Christian toward the amendment would be. Petty made an eloquent appeal for ratification at a jammed mass-meeting of women. Child labor gave all the speakers an opportunity to outline their entire social gospel.

"Perhaps the most interesting of all the meetings were those held at noon-day in the Capitol Theater. An hour before the first reel of the latest Western film began, stenographers, bookkeepers, filing clerks and bosses who filled the big place from pit to top balcony stood up and sang 'Onward, Christian Soldiers' together while the big organ thundered away. And then Dean Grahame walked quietly out before the footlights and talked plain common decency for forty-five minutes. I have rarely seen audiences so affected, and I have watched Billy Sunday and plenty of other chair-busters at work."

What did all this come to? Here are a few facts. After the speakers had left, writes Mr. Coleman, the local committee hired the largest auditorium available and there held a meeting of 4,000 persons, turning away about 2,000. This meeting, we are told, was solely for the business of carrying on.

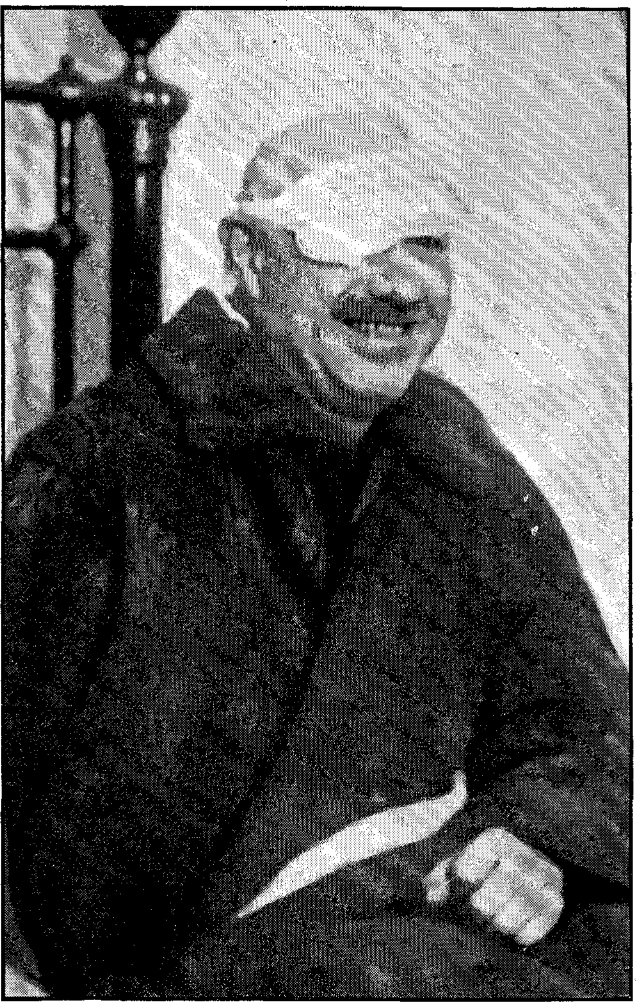
"At it, commissions were formed on human relations, race relations, international relations, evangelism, both community and personal; high school and college life, industrial relations and worship. Some 3,000 persons signed cards pledging themselves to carry on the work. Representatives of almost every organization in Des Moines were in the audience. Councilman Mitchell pledged the Council to back the work of the various commissions set up at this meeting. These commissions will meet regularly, conduct researches and investigations in their several fields and report back to the main body, which in turn will make its findings known to the community.

"But it is difficult to catch the spirit of the thing in terms of figures and commissions. I have a letter from a publisher who was in the forefront of the movement saying, 'This morning it would seem that Des Moines has been stirred as no city in the country has ever been stirred before and intends to make Christianity—and by that I mean the plain simple teachings of Jesus without any doctrinal frills—a part of its everyday life.'

"The church has so often stood above the battle for social right in these later years, so often failed those who are working for a better world, that any one may be pardoned some skepticism as to the worth of all this. I do not intend to convey to the reader any belief that Des Moines from now on has 'got religion.' The latest papers from that interesting town are as full as ever of raids on bootleggers, men slaying their brothers with axes and Chamber of Commerce speeches, hatreds and jealousies and petty bickerings. The significance of Religious Emphasis Week is not to be found in the police blotters. The fact remains that the social implications of the teachings of Jesus have been poured wholesale into an American community and that it has listened eagerly. The results will, I believe, be somehow good."

## PROHIBITION HELPING MISSIONS

MOHAMMEDANS AND BUDDHISTS could never reconcile America's missionary ambitions with her extensive liquor traffic, but Prohibition and the Volstead Law, says William E. ("Pussyfoot") Johnson, now give them reason to believe that American ideals are something worth imitating. The world evangelist of Prohibition, who spent last summer in the Balkans and expects to return there in June, has been making a State-wide tour of New York in the interests of law enforcement. In an address at Schenectady, which is quoted in *The Christian Science Monitor*, he reminds his hearers that there are approximately 600,000,000 people in the world, entirely outside of Christianity, whose religion has been teaching total abstinence for at least 1,200 years. These people include the Hindus, Sikhs, Jains, Buddhists and Moslems. And, says Mr. Johnson:



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NON-CHRISTIANS CLAMOR FOR PROHIBITION

Says William E. ("Pussyfoot") Johnson. This photograph shows him in a hospital six years ago, when he lost an eye from an injury inflicted by a London student mob.

"When America went dry, these people were stirred to their depths because they saw that America, the greatest Christian nation on earth, had not only accepted the Oriental teachings as to drink, but had actually written them into her laws. So there began all over the Orient all sorts of organizations, seeking to extend the Christian teachings on Prohibition.

"Already in India more than 300 Prohibition organizations have been formed, nearly all non-Christian in character, but our own Christian missionaries have had an important part in the formation of nearly every one of them. Every newspaper in India, owned or controlled by an Indian, is clamoring for Prohibition.

"There are approximately 1,000 Moslem newspapers in the world, every one of which is a dry paper. There is not a wet Moslem newspaper on earth. There is not a wet Hindu newspaper on earth. There is not a wet Buddhist newspaper on earth.

"When one stops to consider the vast power behind these newspapers and activities, one gets a glimpse into the influence of these forces. Behind these 1,000 Moslem newspapers are 250,000,000 Moslems. Behind these hundreds of Hindu newspapers are 212,000,000 Hindus. Behind long strings of Buddhist newspapers are 100,000,000 Buddhists. All of these hundreds of millions of people for 1,000 years have been taught that the drink habit is wrong, and all of these forces are now coming to the support of our Christian proposal for world-wide Prohibition.

"I believe *this marks the beginning of the end*. I believe that these great forces of the East and the West, working together under the Cross and under the Crescent, constitute a power that can not long be withstood. In every country on earth, with the exception of Portugal, Spain and Greece, the drink traffic has its back to the wall fighting for its life.

"Human slavery existed on this earth for 4,000 years, but the conscience of the world eventually became aroused and, under the leadership of the British flag, human slavery was wiped out.

"Just so the drink traffic, a still greater wrong, has existed on this earth for 4,000 years. But the conscience of the world is becoming aroused, and, under the leadership of our America, it has got to come to an end."

# CURRENT ▾ POETRY

*Unsolicited contributions to this department can not be returned.*

MR. MILNE'S "When We Were Very Young" has had such a success that every one will be looking out for more of the same kind, and here in the London *Daily News* is probably an earnest of the next volume.

### OUR EASTER EGG

By A. A. Milne

Berryman and Baxter,
Prettyboy and Penn,
And old Farmer Middleton
Are five big men . . .
And all of them were after
The Little Black Hen.

She ran quickly,
They ran fast;
Baxter was first, and
Berryman was last.
I sat and watched
By the old plum-tree . . .
She squawked through the hedge
And she came to me.

The Little Black Hen
Said "Oh, it's you!"
I said "Thank you,
How do you do?
And please will you tell me,
Little Black Hen,
What did they want,
Those five big men?"

The Little Black Hen
She said to me:
"They want me to lay them
An egg for tea.
If they were Emperors,
If they were Kings,
I'm much too busy
To lay them things."

"*I'm* not a King.
And I haven't a crown;
I climb up trees,
And I tumble down;
I can shut one eye,
I can count to ten,
So lay me an egg, please,
Little Black Hen."

The Little Black Hen said,
"What will you pay,
If I lay you an egg
For Easter Day?"

"I'll give you a Please
And a How-do-you-do,
I'll show you the Bear
Who lives in the Zoo,
I'll show you the nettle-place
On my leg,
If you'll lay me a great big
Eastery egg."

The Little Black Hen
Said "I don't care
For a How-do-you-do
Or a Big-brown-bear.
But I'll lay you a *'normous*
Eastery egg.
If you'll show me the nettle-place
On your leg."

I showed her the place
Where I had my sting:
She touched it gently
With one black wing.
"Nettles don't hurt,
If you count to ten.
And now for the egg,"
Said the Little Black Hen.

When I wake up
On Easter Day,
I shall see my egg
She's promised to lay,
If I were Emperors,
If I were Kings,
It couldn't be fuller
Of wonderful things.

Berryman and Baxter,
Prettyboy and Penn,
And old Farmer Middleton
Are five big men
All of them are wanting
An egg for their tea.
But the Little Black Hen is much too busy
The Little Black Hen is *much* too busy.
The Little Black Hen is MUCH too busy . . .
*She's laying my egg for me!*

IF you read this aloud, you will get its rhythm, and perhaps an added pang in its tragedy. From *The Double Dealer* (New Orleans):

### JENNY WAS A JEWEL

By Bravig Imbs

Jenny was a jewel, there were none to deny it
She lived with her father and her father would stand by it;
He said she was a jewel and he loved her very much,
They both loved each other very very much.
(And the grasses blow in the wind.)

Jenny was a neat one, ev'ryone opined so
She kept up her cottage and the cottage floor would shine so;
She baked and she brewed and she loved to very much,
She really loved to housekeep very very much.
(And the grasses blow in the wind.)

Jenny was an odd one but people didn't mind her
She never had a lover and it seemed no man would find her,
She bustled and she hustled and she never left the house,
Except to market mornings she never left the house.
(And the grasses blow in the wind.)

Jenny was a good girl, ev'ry one had said so
But when she heard them say this she tossed her little head so,
She played and she laughed with the children 'round the house,
Except to play with children she never left the house.
(And the grasses blow in the wind.)

Jenny was so happy, no one could have missed it
And Jenny touched her cheek as though someone had kissed it,
For she had met a sailor when she was buying fish,
She never talked to sailors except when buying fish.
(And the grasses blow in the wind.)

Jenny had a sweetheart and rumours told about it
But the sailor was a bad man so her friends could not but doubt it,
Yet Jenny's eyes sparkled when she was buying fish
And the sailor's eyes glistened when he sold her fish.
(And the grasses blow in the wind.)

Jenny was a daft girl and this was the reason
The sailor went to sea when it was whaling season,
And she waited and she watched but he never came back,
She strained her eyes in watching but he never came back.
(And the grasses blow in the wind.)

Jenny was a jewel, though many would deny it,
But her father was a wise man and he stood by it;
For Jenny left one night and never came back,
Went to the sea-side and never came back.
(And the grasses blow in the wind.)

SOME time ago there was a vogue for old Chinese poetry, and we reproduced some of the translated specimens. Their reception by our readers was not unanimously cordial. Here we are giving three poems of Kwei Chen, a native of Hunan province, who is now studying at the University of Nebraska. We quote from *The Chinese Student's Monthly* (Ann Arbor, Michigan). The first of these also appeared in the February *Century:*

### MY CHINA

POEMS

By Kwei Chen

O my China!
Never yet have I really met thee!
Never yet have I known thy heart!
Yet I am ever conscious of thy existence—
I, thy poor son, in a house that gives no welcome,
Where thy name is a byword, a byword and a taunt . . . .

O my China!
Mine ears have heard,
Mine eyes have witnessed
These things:
Thy sons and daughters despised, cheated, beaten, murdered
Because thy blood is their blood!

O my China!
My sincere, tolerant, good-natured China,
What praises dost thou not deserve!
But thy sons and daughters—
There is left them not even tears.

### MADMEN AND CHILDREN

There are the madmen and children:
The madmen are my teachers;
The children are my friends.
I follow the madmen,
But I walk with the children
Into the land of light.

### THE FOOL

'What did you do, you fool?"
The missionary professor
Smites the door-keeper on the cheek
And growls at him.
He thinks the missionaries have done their work
In such a successful way
That every Chinese may follow the words of Christ.

But, alas, the door-keeper fails
To turn to him the other cheek
After the one has been smitten.

THE humanitarian spirit may be somewhat less and somewhat greater than humor in different readers, and they will judge accordingly. This is only a grasshopper, but is so well humanized as to seem something more. It is in *The Villager* (Katonah).

### TO A LAME GRASSHOPPER

By Leigh Mitchell Hodges

I wonder how you lost that slender leg?
Did some invading host dispute your field,
Or love of some green lady make you yield
In suitors' combat that impelling peg?
You take a sidewise leap through lack of it,
Yet in your low, cool grasses seem content,
As though its loss were but an incident
In life. I wonder what is back of it?
And do your vaulting comrades oft console
As you limp on, or poise for slanting flight;
And does it halt the merry tune you troll,
Or vex your slumber of a summer night?
And tell me, have you never come a cropper
By reason of that absent limb, Grasshopper?

# Everybody needs soup!

Do you really know what soup is and does? It's more than a delicious and attractive food. It keeps your appetite keen and active. It helps you enjoy your whole meal. It's splendid for your digestion.

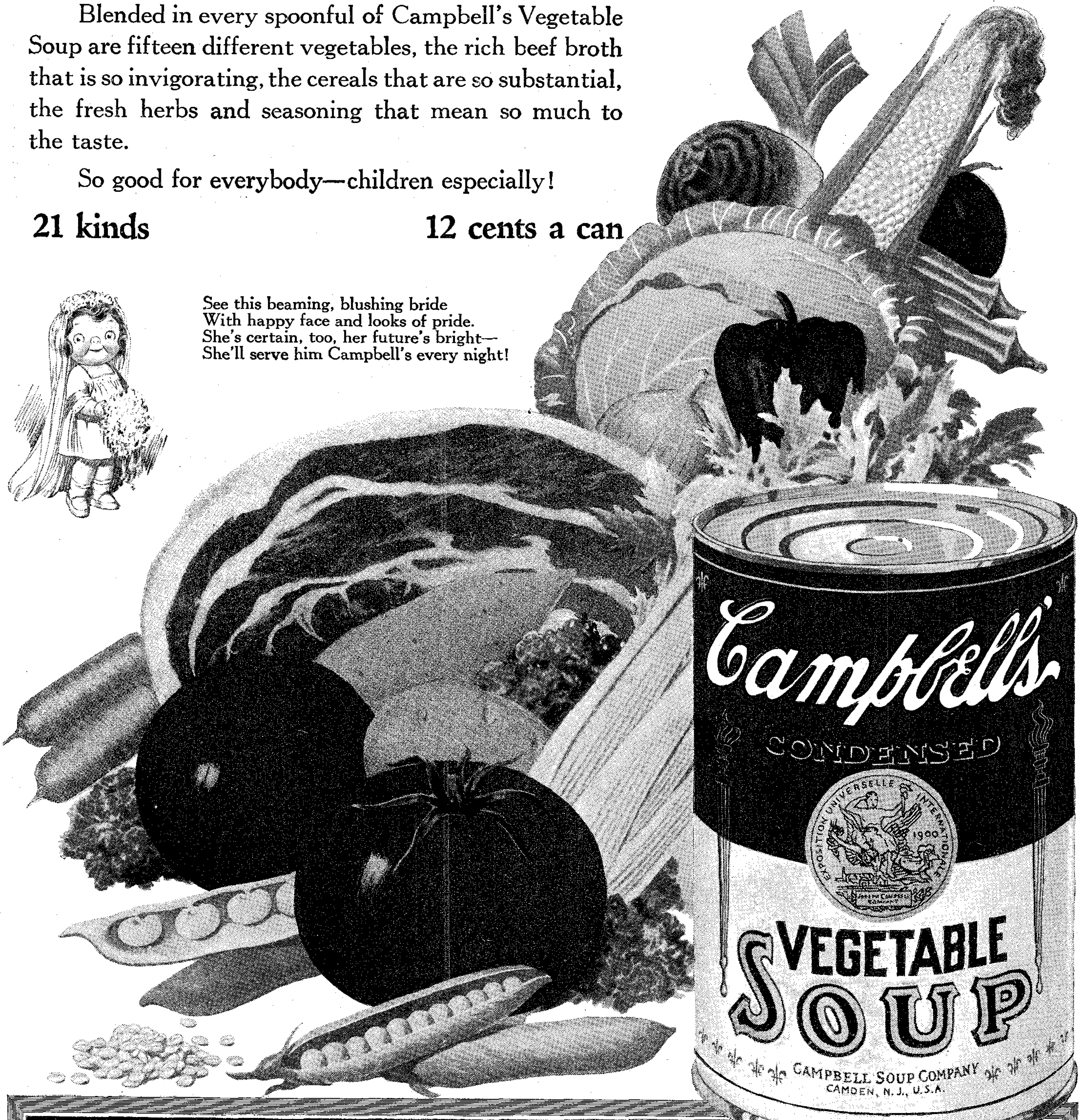
Eat soup every day and see how much more eager you are for your meals!

Blended in every spoonful of Campbell's Vegetable Soup are fifteen different vegetables, the rich beef broth that is so invigorating, the cereals that are so substantial, the fresh herbs and seasoning that mean so much to the taste.

So good for everybody—children especially!

**21 kinds** **12 cents a can**

See this beaming, blushing bride
With happy face and looks of pride.
She's certain, too, her future's bright—
She'll serve him Campbell's every night!


Campbell's
CONDENSED
EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE INTERNATIONALE 1900
VEGETABLE SOUP
CAMPBELL SOUP COMPANY
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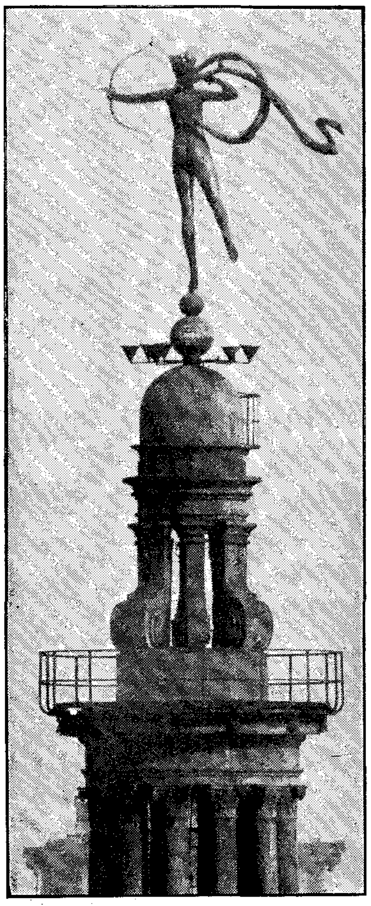
**Campbell's Soups**

LUNCHEON DINNER SUPPER

# PERSONAL • GLIMPSES

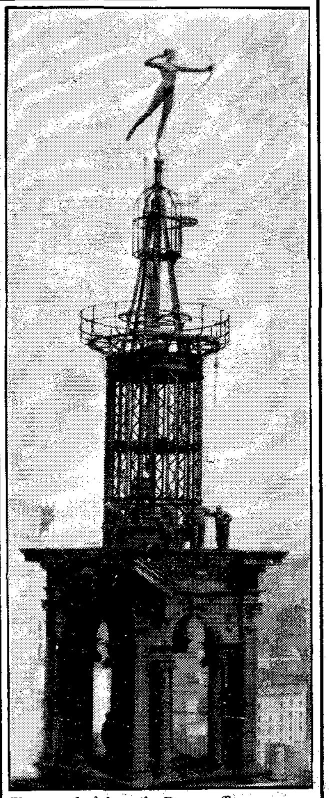
## VANISHING GLORIES OF MADISON SQUARE GARDEN

When a bronze goddess descended from the pinnacle of a skeletonized tower in New York the other day, the event marked the end of an era, we are told. There "will be no more Gardens." Tho a new amusement palace on the West Side will inherit the name of the edifice now being demolished, it will harbor no such "unique and staggering combinations of circuses, prize-fights, horse shows, political rallies, balls, revival meetings, theatrical and musical productions, social events, six-day bicycle races, riots, rejoicings, and despairs." The passing of Madison Square Garden signalizes the passing of a phase in our national development, and the New York *Herald Tribune* observes, "We are keeping things separate now. It is the engaging quality of the Garden's history that it never kept anything separate—it was the whole wild jumble of our adolescent stage—and what passes with it is not a building but a state of mind." However, the Garden's demise brings expressions of universal regret, and *The Herald Tribune* remarks, "There is probably no other nation in the world which could lament a thirty-year-old building as an ancient relic of a forgotten age, or which could regard the graceful adaptation of a totally alien architectural style as a peculiar gem of this domestic architectural scene." In the same newspaper, Mr. Morris Gilbert writes:



THE GODDESS AS A WEATHER-VANE

With the flying draperies that she afterwards discarded.



Photographed from the DIGEST office

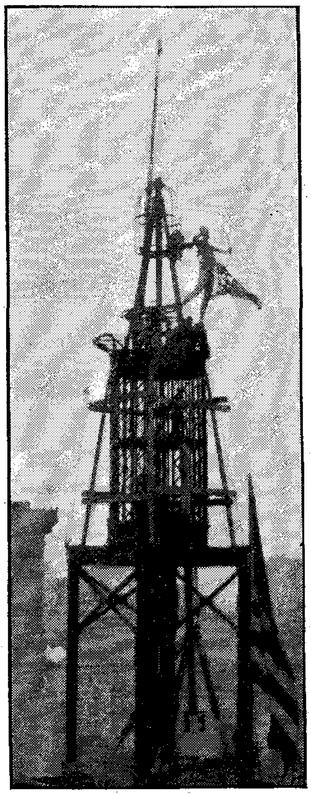
JUST BEFORE THE DESCENT

The workmen are making ready to cut away Diana's perch with the acetylene torch.

> New York destroys its own. Squeezed in the vise of its two rivers, rising not from a kindly loam but from granite, it has no place for physical memories. There will be no Coliseum, no Parthenon, no Hotel de Cluny when New York is old, to tell the people of things past, nor any green symmetrical mound in the shape of embodied history where vines will cling and children play.
>
> New York does not mellow. When that stage approaches, in a habit or a fashion or a house, New York blows it up. New York does not say, "Here is the old Hoffman House, or Niblo's Garden, or the Brevoort Mansion, or the old reservoir." It says, "Here is where it used to be."
>
> So, with full precedent and rather more than fair warning, Madison Square Garden passes. Wreckers will lay their hands on it next Wednesday, and in a few weeks the slightly fantastic and alarming edifice, which within its four Moorish walls has packed a generation-full of bewildering, florid incident, will vanish. It will not crumble into dust—it will merely disappear. Having housed America's harlequinade of life for thirty-five years, it will cease to exist.
>
> Even vanished, nothing can magic away the Garden's vitality. Through a teeming three decades and a half—a period when New York grew from a provincial prodigy to a world metropolis—the Garden has been a dazzling focus of the city life. It has been infinite in its variety, capable of greeting a Presidential nominee one night and Barnum's "What-is-it?" the next. When it was new its size was Brobdignagian. It has ever maintained its aspects of beauty and garishness. It has had a rich share in great enterprises. It has made fortunes for men who served it, and lost fortunes for others. It has taken the life of more than one man, and its portals have been open to a mortal parade so diverse, bizarre and arresting that the mind boggles at its contemplation. It is a psychic reservoir of the nation, thirty-five years deep.

As Mr. Gilbert goes on to say, the Madison Square Garden that is now being demolished is the second amusement and assembly hall on the same site, for—

> It was preceded by Gilmore's Garden, Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore having been the Sousa of his day, and his band a standard source of entertainment for New York. Gilmore converted the train shed of the New York & Harlem Railroad, on that site, to his purpose, and the building was used for many years by P. T. Barnum for his "Greatest Show on Earth."
>
> Barnum and Gilmore were both interested in the plans for the new Garden, on which work was begun in 1889, but its chief purpose was to house the annual horse show, then the most striking social function of the New York season. The directors of the enterprise were all horsemen or men interested in the social aspects of the show.
>
> It was at the Horse Show that beaux and belles met in rivalry as in the medieval tournaments of love. There Berry Wall and A. Louis Onativia competed flamboyantly, the acknowledged best-drest men of the day.
>
> In the socially turbulent November of 1895, just before the wedding in St. Thomas's Church of Consuelo Vanderbilt and the Duke of Marlborough, the exquisites of the city welcomed the couple to the Horse Show nightly.
>
> Rivalry extended to the



Photographed from the DIGEST office

DOWN COMES THE STATUE

To be crated and stored until the tower is reerected, probably on University Heights.

DONALD GARDNER

THE MAN who buys a V-63 Cadillac is influenced above all else by consideration of its known quality.

He buys the V-63 because he wants the most thoroughly reliable and the smoothest performing eight-cylinder automobile; because he wants the absolute security and marvelous control provided by built-in Cadillac Four-Wheel Brakes; because he wants Cadillac beauty, comfort and distinction.

He buys the V-63 to have and enjoy all of the advantages of Cadillac ownership—greatest of which is the assurance that he can continue to drive the car year after year and receive the same flawless, dependable, economical service. He knows of no other automobile that is so thoroughly proved, that offers the same certainty of satisfaction and that can be so completely relied upon as the Cadillac.

In buying it, he buys assured quality—he fulfills his desire to own the best.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY
DETROIT, MICHIGAN
*Division of General Motors Corporation*

*The human desire*
*to own the best suggests*
*the* CADILLAC

V63

STANDARD OF THE WORLD

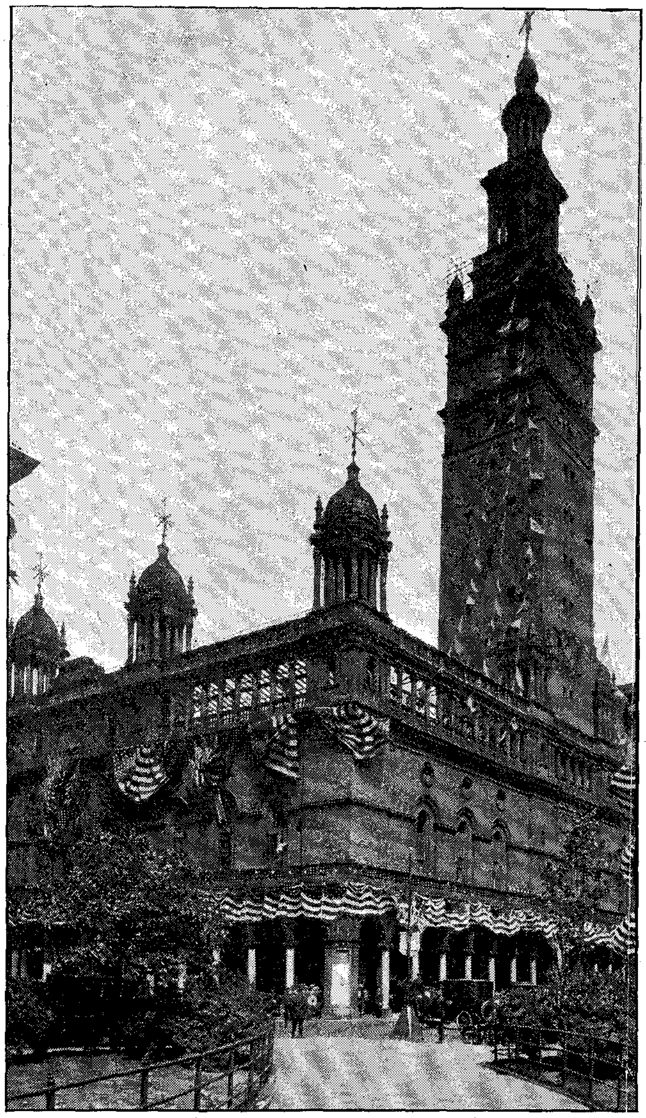
> **tanbark.** Foxhall Keene and Jimmy Kernochan, horsemen both, shared between them most of the honors for riding jumpers. There was no limit then to the height a jumper might be urged to take, and prowess mingled with considerable daring in the event.

The "most spectacular feature of the annual Horse Show," thinks Mr. Gilbert, was the luncheon always held on the Sunday before the opening of the show:

> It was held in the southwest corner room of the Garden where the "strange" people of the circus lately have been congregating. It was the event of the year.
>
> The luncheons were battles of waistcoats. They were grand waistcoats. In 1893 Charles Pike Swayer, after laying aside his top hat, nonchalantly unbuttoned his frock coat (which was *de rigueur*) and revealed a double-breasted waistcoat of lavender suède with heavy white cord pipings. At the same time a guest with vision displayed a waistcoat made of a checked horse blanket, and it was the next year that Charles A. McCully, an eminent trotting man, won lasting adulation when he appeared in a waistcoat made of the skin of an unborn calf, dappled red and white.

The new Garden was finished in 1890, and Mr. Gilbert reminds us that—

> It was the architectural work of McKim, Mead & White, and its chief feature, the campanile, was designed by Stanford White, the third member of the firm. It is customary to describe the Stanford White tower as modeled on the Giralda Tower in Seville.
>
> The Garden contained a great auditorium, with four balconies; a theater, a concert hall and ballroom, a roof garden and a restaurant. For the opening of the main hall a great gesture was planned.
>
> Edouard Strauss, a relative of "the Waltz King," composer of "The Blue Danube" and other memorable ditties, and his orchestra were imported from Vienna for the occasion, and on June 16, 1890, the Garden was opened while 17,000 persons crusht their way inside. Herr Strauss closed his program with "The Blue Danube."
>
> In spite of this auspicious start, the Garden did not succeed financially. On September 28 of the same year the theater was opened. The comedy "Dr. Bill," imported from London, with Wilton Lackaye in the leading rôle, was presented. But the lot of the theater was equally precarious, and it soon passed into the control of Hoyt and Thomas, who presented there the great Hoyt success, "A Trip to Chinatown." In 1896 we find the theater in charge of Charles Frohman.
>
> Meanwhile, on May 30, 1892, the roof garden was opened. Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore conducted his band there, and among the singers on the bill was Campanini. Women fainted in the crush, but refreshments were served.
>
> The main Garden early took on its quality of chameleon There John L. Sullivan appeared. His battle with the English fighter, Charlie Mitchell, memorable because the little Englishman knocked the Boston Strong Boy down in the first round and was annihilated in the third, occurred in the old Garden in the '80s.
>
> Corbett, Fitzsimmons, Kid McCoy, and other notable fighters sparred in the new Garden. The fight between McCoy and Corbett, which is the only event held by many authorities against "Gentleman Jim" in a long career, took place there. Some sporting men say the fight was fixt and that McCoy "took a flop" for a prearranged split in the receipts. They say the blow which ostensibly knocked out McCoy landed gently on his left glove, and they say that a quarrel between the wives of the two principals over the division of the gate led to the actual disclosures of the frame-up. All this Corbett denies hotly.
>
> It was in the Garden in the '90s that a woman was first recorded as a witness to a prize-fight. This was Molly Reardon, the handsome proprietor of a theatrical hotel in West Forty-second Street. Fitzsimmons was one of the principals of the match, and because of the fastidious code of the sportsmen of the day, Molly Reardon was forced to disguise herself in men's clothes and crash the gate, surrounded by a cohort of male conspirators. Miss Reardon's reactions to the scene of carnage are not reported, but Fitzsimmons's are in regard to her presence there.

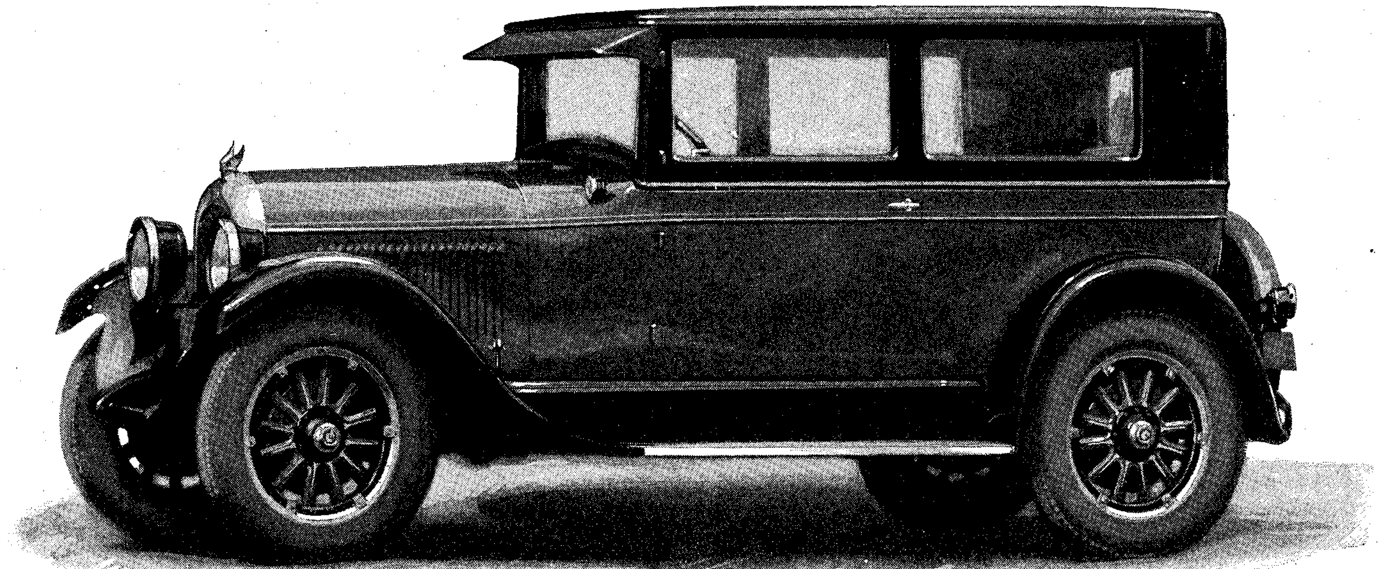


"ALABAMA—TWENTY-FOUR FOR UNDERWOOD"

The Garden as it looked during the 1924 Democratic Convention, when every cheer came up through an open skylight to thrill the editors of the LITERARY DIGEST in the top story of their building across the way.

Countless other events were sandwiched in between the fights and horse shows. For instance—

> There was the Westminster Kennel Show and the Cat Show, which was held in the concert hall one July in the middle '90s.
>
> There, on May 10, 12 and on the afternoon of May 14, Adelina Patti made what was actually her farewell American appearance for a decade and one year. Assisted by a full orchestra and a chorus of 1,000 the diva charmed many thousands more, singing as a final encore, "Home, Sweet Home." Patti did not return to the United States until 1903, full of years and adulation.
>
> Soon after Patti's farewell the Garden amphitheater housed another huge throng—called the biggest ever welcomed to that place—when Sisserretta Jones, "The Black Patti," entranced her hearers. It is recorded that "The Black Patti" rendered "Suwanee River" as her final encore and that all present were moved to tears.
>
> No account of the Garden would suffice without mention of two annual social events held there, both unique in New York's life, but in very different modes than, for example, the Horse Show. These were the French Ball and the Arion Ball, spacious costume functions attended by all New York with special regard to the Tenderloin.
>
> The theatrical, sporting, gambling, high and half worlds of New York mingled at those events. Such spangled figures as George Kessler, famous wine agent; noted gamblers, such as Honest John Kelly, and retainers of Canfield's; Broadway characters, such as the well-loved attorneys Bill Howe and Abe Hummel, and Diamond Jim Brady were there. The name of Maggie Rush must be set down, a dazzling and adored beauty of the period. The ball would begin soon after midnight and continue beyond the dawn, at which time the gaudy rout would move on to Martin's restaurant, near by, or to Jack's for breakfast and a continuance of the revel.
>
> Dan O'Leary and Barney McCoy walked in the Garden. Six days they walked, in one of the most peculiar forms of sporting competition yet evolved. The early six-day bicycle races drew their thousands, and during them gang fights used to start, with partizans, according to the report, fusillading one another across the track.
>
> The venders of beer, cigars, peanuts, and programs during those races guarded their tills with shotguns more than once. Harry Stevens, now reputed to be worth millions and purveyor extraordinary to the New York sporting world to-day, began his fortunes in the Garden selling programs. With courage and acumen he hired the hall in the '90s and held "The Irish Fair"



# Chrysler Announces a New and Beautiful Coach

$1545

**CHRYSLER SIX**

*Chrysler dealers throughout the country are now displaying the new Chrysler Coach.*

IN THIS NEW COACH, Chrysler gains another peak in its far-reaching development.

To this day, Chrysler performance and quality remain unequaled, and the new Coach body matches and complements that performance and quality.

In beauty, in appointments and trim, and in the convenience which the practical motorist insists upon, this new Coach is as far ahead of present-day conceptions as Chrysler results are ahead of previous ideals.

The Chrysler-designed body is by Fisher, richly upholstered in an exclusive and beautiful pastel blue and gray plush.

In its accessibility and roominess, the Chrysler Coach marks a new trend—through the use of extraordinarily wide and convenient doors.

The basis of its beauty is the characteristic dynamic symmetry which is successfully expressed only in Chrysler design.

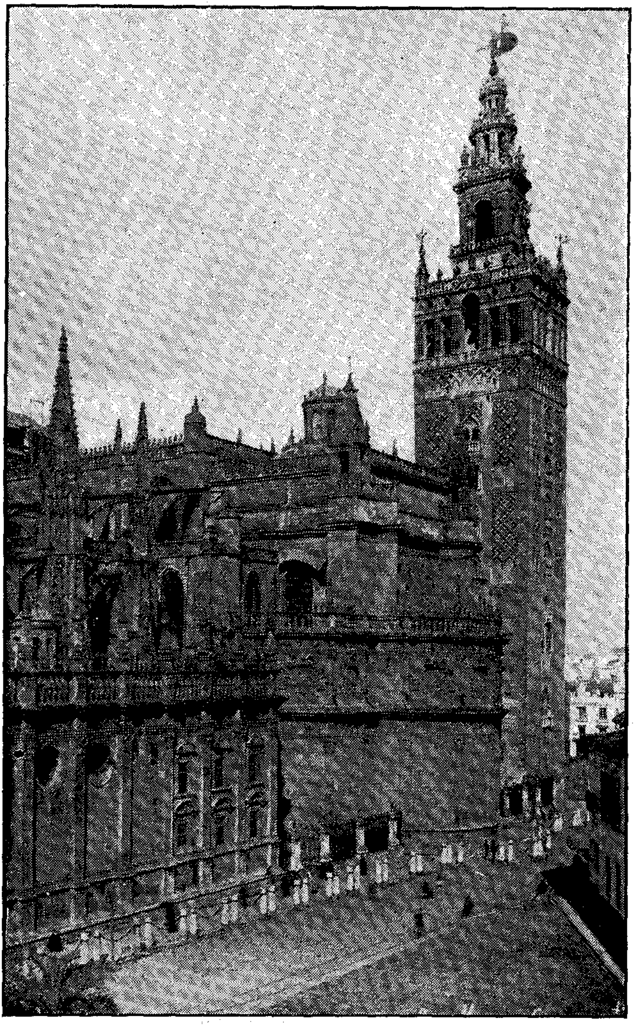
The result is the long, low, sweeping lines—the pleasing general effect—which today mean Chrysler wherever they are seen.

But, over and above new and smart Coach design, the Chrysler Six chassis offers outstanding performance, the finest of materials, the same high engineering and manufacturing ideals which have always characterized the Chrysler—*on a basis of economy heretofore unknown in a fine motor car.*

there. "The Irish Fair," scoffed at by showmen, ran a month, and left Stevens with a sizable surplus of funds.

As Mr. Gilbert remarks, the list of sporting events is an interminable one:

Wrestlers Muldoon, Gotch, Hackenschmidt, the Terrible Turk, and George Bothner competed there. So did Dorando and Johnny Hayes, distance runners. Shows were innumerable: the Sportsman's Show, the Motor Boat Show, Business Shows, the Auto Show, Chicken Shows, the Buffalo Bill Wild West Show, and rodeos in hasty rotation.



STANFORD WHITE'S INSPIRATION

The Tower of Madison Square Garden was more or less a copy of the famous Giralda tower in Seville, Spain.

Nineteen hundred six was a vivid year at Madison Square Garden. It was then that John Alexander Dowie, the prophet of Zion City, led a host of followers here to convert the Modern Babylon. The conversion did not occur. It is termed "one of the most pathetic and comic sights the Garden has ever witnessed. . . . Most people saw merely an eccentric, petulant, and corpulent old man with a waning following, baited each day and night by an ill-mannered mob." It was in the summer of the same year that the death of Stanford White occurred on the Garden Roof during a performance of "Mam'zelle Champagne," at the hands of Harry Thaw, and precipitated one of the legal sensations of the age.

Into an astounded and nervous New York, a portent dropt like a meteor in the summer of 1896. This was the young Bryan, craggy-browed, black-haired, bronze-voiced, who a fortnight earlier had mesmerized the National Democratic Convention in Chicago into offering him the Presidential nomination. He was then thirty-six years old, and he drove into New York, "the enemy's country," with vibrant, lithe audacity to be offered and to accept the official nomination of his party in Madison Square Garden.

It mattered nothing to Bryan then that New York Democrats, spurning his Free Silver Issue, had named two Democrats, Palmer and Buckner, to run on an independent gold platform. In ten minutes the endowed orator had won his hostile audience, as he won every audience he ever addrest until his debacle on the same rostrum during the ill-starred convention of 1924.

In 1900 again Bryan invaded New York and spoke at the Garden. Eye-witnesses report the crowd that waited under the Madison Avenue arcade that afternoon while Bryan's train was bringing him to the city. In the crowd, shoulder to shoulder, stood William Randolph Hearst and Boss Richard Croker, his face with its Egyptian ebony beard inscrutable. The two were waiting on a distasteful errand of enforced hospitality.

Throughout its career the Garden "has been the arena of political issues," and—

Virtually every Presidential candidate has campaigned in it. A riot took place there during a Wilson demonstration in 1916. There Elihu Root in the early war days stirred a huge crowd with an appeal to the United States to join the Allied forces. There radicals, pacifists, communists, have struggled to be heard, have been arrested, have had their say. The climax of the Garden's political history came last year when the steaming Democratic Convention lagged on and on interminably in presage of defeat. Some say the Garden never recovered.

One yearly function has always been preeminent. This is the circus. And with the circus and the Garden, new and old, the name of P. T. Barnum stands out in high relief.

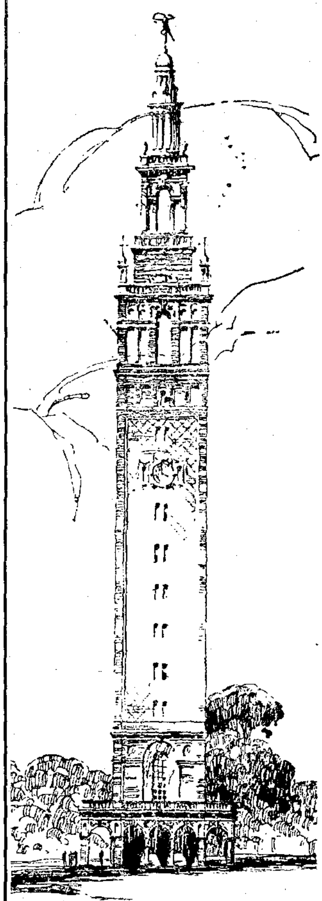
Other shows came and went—Forepaugh's and Sells's, for instance, whose largest elephant, Dick, was destroyed in the Garden basement in 1900. They chained Dick, who had developed symptoms of *musth*—elephant madness—by his four legs to the ground. They slipt a noose of heavy rope around his neck and ran it through a block and fall fastened to the base of a pillar twenty feet away. Forty men heaved on the rope and Dick bowed slowly head first toward the floor. He didn't squeal. Suddenly a chain on a rear leg snapt and Dick pitched on his head. His neck was broken.

There were great names in the circuses, still recalled. Annie Oakley is not forgotten. A series of famous "leapers," who turned flips from springboards over the backs of half a dozen elephants, were featured a dozen years or more ago. Diabolo did his leap of death, and Charles Kilpatrick, the one-legged bicyclist, used to leap a twenty-foot gap after scorching down a six-inch incline.

It is fitting that the last blare of gaudy music, the last soaring eye-catching spectacle to show in Madison Square Garden before the wreckers set to work is the Ringling-Barnum show. Perhaps a ghostly calliope will start the adding machines jigging some time in the handsome new office building, and sheets of mortuary records will flutter like pennons in a fantom vendor's hands. If that happens P. T. Barnum will understand and chuckle as Jumbo totes him in a golden howdah round the celestial amphitheater.

The Garden "has been a little of everybody's life for thirty years," and the New York *World* observes, "That is why New York will miss it, greet it affectionately as it goes." The loss of the tower is regretted more than anything else, and the Providence *Bulletin* remarks:

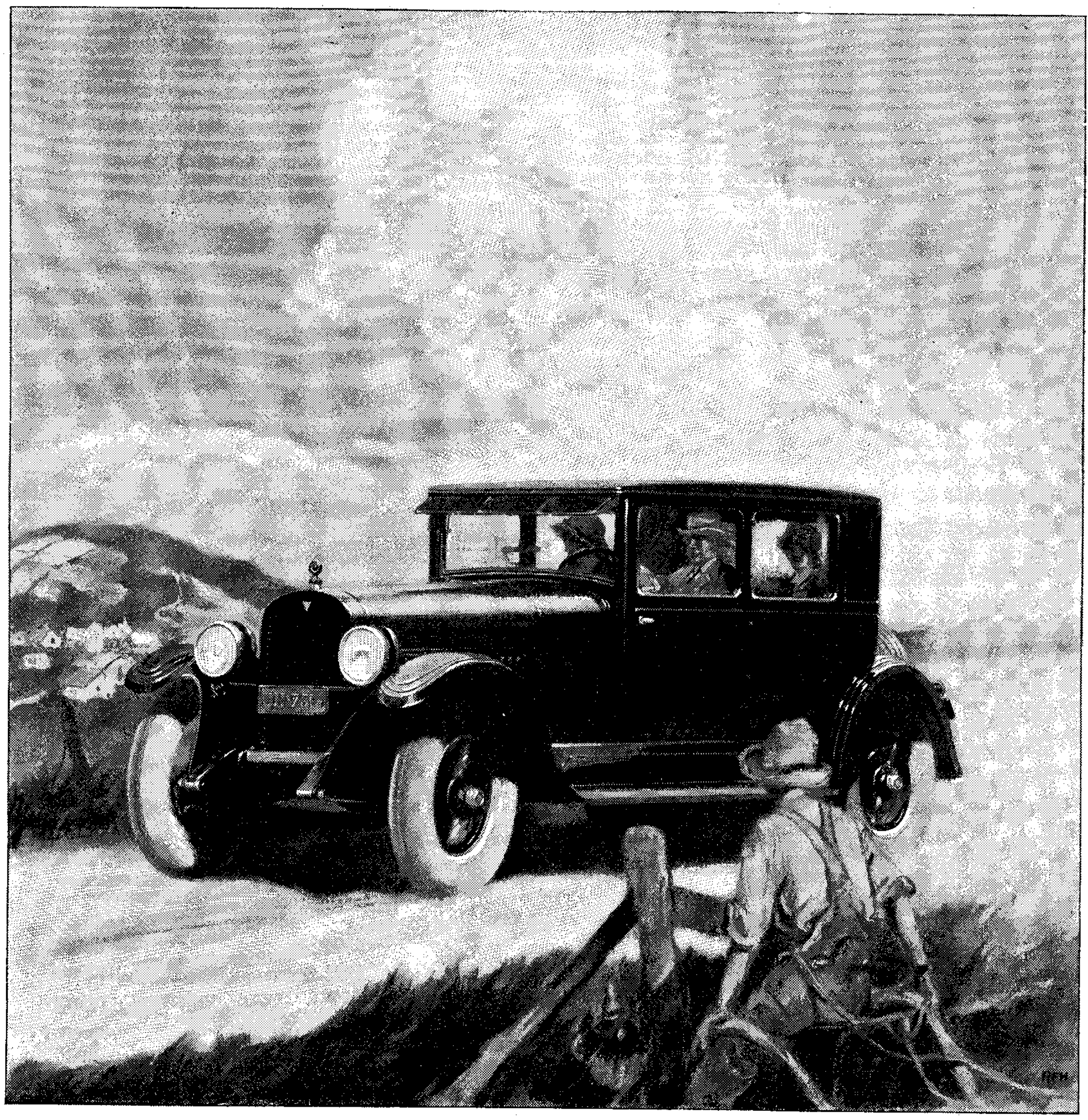
There has been a widespread protest against the scrapping of this architectural beauty, and it is gratifying to note that a movement is under way to preserve it. It is said that there have been fifty-six different proposals for disposing of Diana. If the $65,000 necessary for reerecting the tower can be raised, Diana will continue to look down from the same footing on which she has been so lightly poised all these years. New York University wants the tower and the statue and is likely to get them. It is only a question of the required funds.



From the New York *World*

TO BE RECONSTRUCTED THUS

How the tower will look when set up anew on University Heights.



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## *New Price for* HUDSON COACH *(Was $1345)*

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HUDSON SUPER-SIX SEDAN

*5-Passenger* $1695 (*Was $1795*)—*7-Passenger* $1795 (*Was $1895*)

*All Prices Freight and Tax Extra*

# ALIAS "DING"

VEHEMENTLY DENYING THE ACCUSATION that he is an artist, and protesting that he uses pictures only because they enable the reader to grasp his ideas more easily, Jay N. Darling is in effect a teacher who "has made the dry subject of economics an interesting one—almost merry," we are told. Moreover, he "is of a size and build that would gladden the heart of the boss of a threshing crew, and looks like a hundred and sixty acres of corn." When the New York *Tribune* engaged him as its cartoonist, he tried living in New York, but soon "returned to the old homestead in Iowa," explaining, "If I am to keep the right perspective, I'll have to go back to the country; I'll lose my view-point if I stay here." That it is a view-point valued by multitudes of people is apparent from the interest shown in him during the illness that recently came near ending his life. Darling became "copy," and among the numerous tributes to him in the press we find an article written for *The Nation's Business*, by Henry Schott, who observes:

"THE YOU-AND-I CITIZEN IS A WORKMAN AND A SAVER"

Says Jay N. Darling, who asks, "How are you going to plant radicalism among people like that in a land like this?"

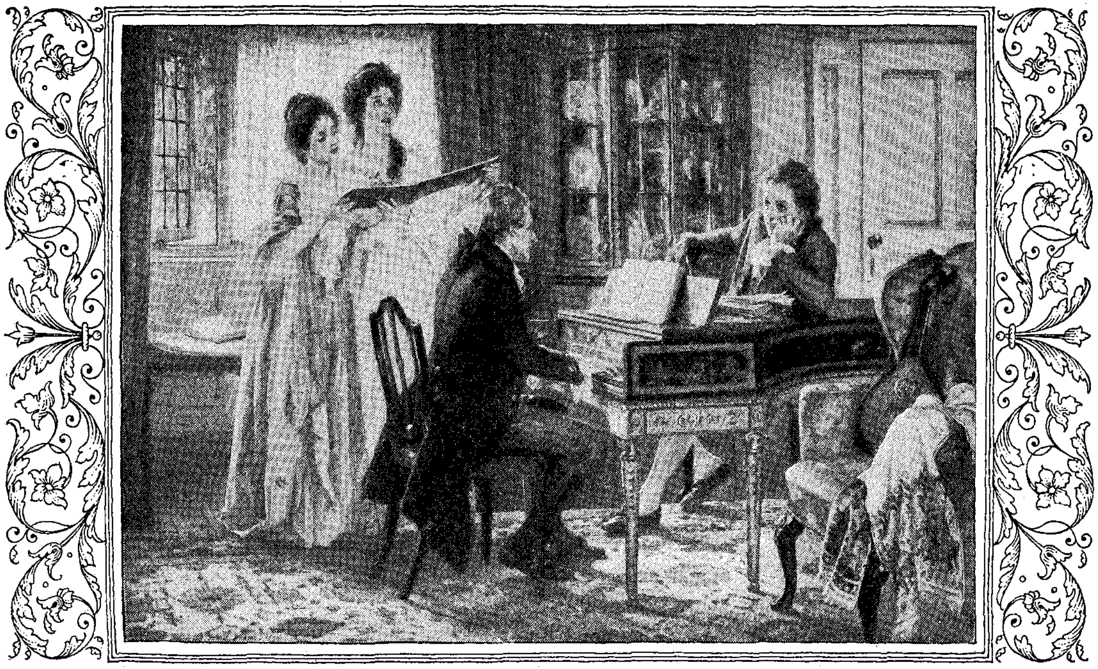
> Cartoonists we have had with us from the days of Thomas Nast—cartoonists with power. It was Nast who did most to overthrow the Tweed ring. The Boss said he could overcome all of the attacks if some one could only buy off that picture man. Darling is as effective in his way as were Nast and his followers, but his way is different.
>
> The old-timers used bludgeons, battle-axes, to carry over their point.
>
> Rarely does a Darling cartoon show venom, or even ill temper. This man makes humor, mild ridicule, the smile and the laugh his weapons. Another difference—he bases his arguments on sound, common-sense economics, where the older generations built on party platforms with minor regard for fact or principle.

Mr. Schott interviewed Darling the other day, and his account of the talk runs thus:

> "Good nature in my cartoons, you think," said Darling. "I hadn't thought of them in that way. What I try to be is fair, honest. If I can't treat a subject honestly, I drop it. You can't fool the public even part of the time these days and getting mad at it only drives away your audience; so what else is there to do but be good-natured—and reasonable?
>
> "In the early days of my newspaper experience I was deep in politics—young and bitter, I could hate by the hour; enjoyed it. My boss was George D. Perkins, the Sioux City editor who was of the type of Henry Watterson, Samuel Bowles and William R. Nelson. His creed was his city, his State and Americanism—citizenship—nothing else mattered. When he became a candidate for Governor, Albert B. Cummins, now Senator, was his opponent. Cummins won and how I loathed him for it and for the many things he had brought against Perkins.
>
> "Shortly afterward I was offered a place on the Des Moines *Register* and I took it on condition that I should never be asked to campaign against my old patron saint, George D. Perkins. No, sir! And as I grew a little older and quit spending so much time in hating people, I found that Governor Cummins was quite as sincere and honest and upstanding in his beliefs as Mr. Perkins had been. And I had used all the invective, hatred and bitterness I could summon to try to prove him an economic faker and a financial pirate.
>
> "Since then I have tried to convince by reason and not by bad temper. I avoid showing temper—when I fail I always have cause for regret. I have always found that when temper steps in reason walks out the other door and I lose the support of the reader—meaning votes.
>
> "I have always been a student of economics but never intended to draw pictures about it until I found that it was a subject on which the public mind was most befuddled. The people have not a very good understanding of common-sense economics, but they will respond if the truth is placed before them in a digestible state. Once in a while an attempt is made to fool them, but it succeeds rarely—almost never. Tell them the truth simply without trying to force it down their throats and they will give you a fair hearing.
>
> "Out in my home the farming industry had suffered a blow that would have sent commercial institutions in the same relative condition to the sheriff. Some one had to be blamed and the railroads were elected chief goat. Soak the railroads, was the song that got the encores. The roads were then doing their best to keep their heads above water and I tried to show that none of us would profit in pushing them under.
>
> "The most effective argument I offered—a cartoon is a diagram of an idea—was that of a farm wagon that had lost a wheel, but that to take a drive wheel off the locomotive to mend the farm wagon would not help agriculture in the long run. That meant two industries broken down. I think it carried over an economic fact that would not require a Ph.D. to understand."

Mr. Darling "thinks we too often confuse economics with oratory" and that most orators mistake themselves for economists:

> "They are honest in it—believe they are right. Their own voices convince them," he said. "Take Mr. Bryan, for instance. From his first days in public life he believed himself an authority on economics and made countless speeches on the subject; but he never earnestly studied economics and figures meant little to him. In reality he is a student of morals—a pulpit orator who wanted to teach economics. Honest, but an emotionalist.
>
> "Many a man has gone into public life because he won an oratorical contest, devoting the rest of his days toward improving his delivery. As the story goes, he has a splendid broadcasting station, but lacks a receiving device. He's like the Toonerville radio station that needed material for a broadcasting program and so filled out with a phonograph."
>
> I brought up the subject of radicalism in America.
>
> "The American, every-day, you-and-I citizen is a workman and a saver," Ding replied. "He wants to get ahead and wants his boys and girls to keep on going ahead. And they do, the great majority of them. Look over the men you know in the big jobs. How many of them made their own way? Almost all of them.
>
> "Here's Herbert Hoover, the foremost economist of the generation, and successful in business; he worked his way through school. And there are no end of others like him. This country was made for them—here's one place where the simple and the pure in heart surely inherit the earth. The American workman—the you-and-I class—has become an investor.
>
> "Where are you going to plant radicalism among people like that in a land like this? A very small group of loud-lunged orators can give a great impression of multitude.
>
> "Oh, I don't see everything through rose-colored glasses, not



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# Are friends drawn to your home by the music that is there ?

The picture, "Sheridan at the Linleys'," painted by Margaret Dicksee, shows Richard Brinsley Sheridan, author of *The School for Scandal,* at the home of Thomas Linley, the English composer. There, music bade him welcome, and there it was that he met Linley's eldest daughter, Elizabeth Anne, a singer, who later became his wife.

* * *

A HOME in which there is no music is like a room where a fire is laid and never lighted. It lacks the welcoming glow, the cheering warmth that holds old friends and attracts new ones.

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Every phrase, every emotional shading, will be just as the artist interpreted it. For the almost human Ampico catches even that indefinable something called the artist's soul.

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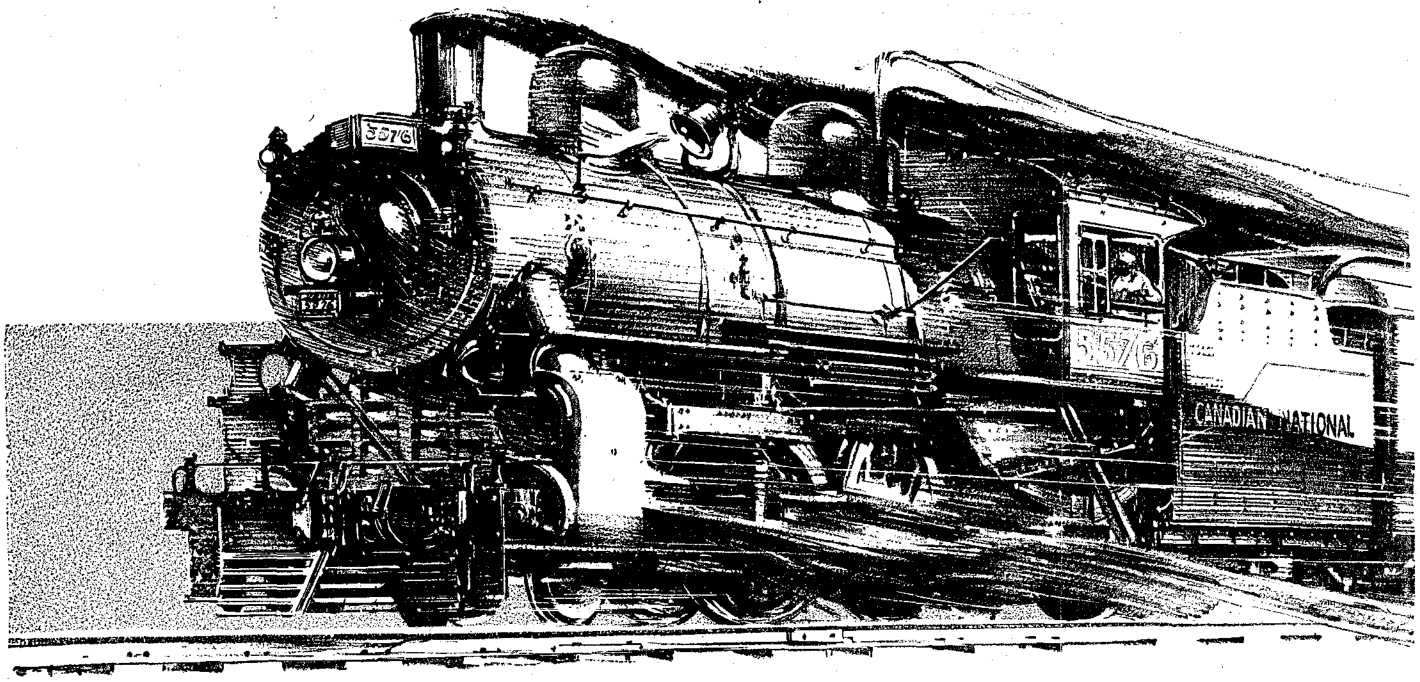
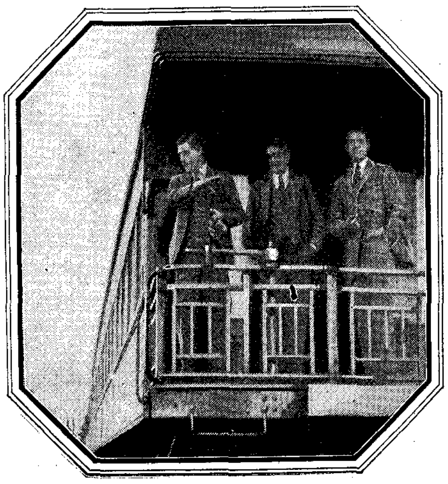


# The Prince of Wales Special on the Canadian National Railway

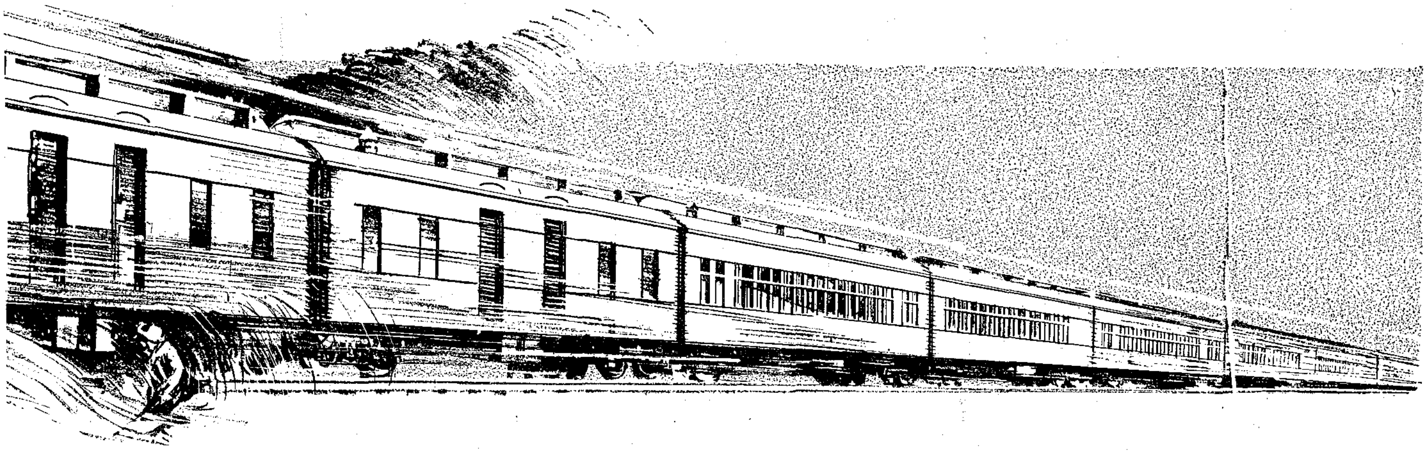
It is interesting to know that the famous special train prepared for the Prince of Wales' trip across Canada's Wonder-land was finished throughout with Sherwin-Williams paints, varnishes and enamels.

Great interest attaches to the Prince of Wales' trip, not alone because of himself, but because of that army of travelers who enjoy, no less than he, the beautifully finished traveling equipment which carries them through a notable section of the American continent.

For who does not look forward to the famous wonders of the Triangle Tour—to its snow capped peaks and mighty rivers—its mystic Skeena—its 600 miles through sheltered seas of the "Inside Passage"—its stupendous canyons and towering Mt. Robson—its Jasper National Park in Alpine Canada!



PRINCE RUPERT
JASPER NATIONAL PARK
The Triangle Tour
MOUNT ROBSON
VANCOUVER



## SHERWIN-WILLIAMS
## HOUSEHOLD
# PAINTING GUIDE

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|---|---|---|---|---|
| AUTOMOBILES..... | S-W Auto Enamel | S-W Auto Enamel Clear | | S-W Auto Enamel |
| AUTOMOBILE TOPS AND SEATS......... | S-W Auto Top and S-W Auto Seat Dressing | | | |
| BRICK .............. | SWP House Paint<br>S-W Concrete Wall Finish | | | Old Dutch Enamel |
| CEILINGS, Interior... | Flat-Tone | Scar-Not Varnish | S-W Handcraft Stain<br>Floorlac | Enameloid |
| Exterior.. | SWP House Paint | Rexpar Varnish | S-W Oil Stain | Old Dutch Enamel |
| CONCRETE ......... | S-W Concrete Wall Finish | | | |
| DOORS, Interior ..... | SWP House Paint | Scar-Not Varnish<br>Velvet Finish No. 1044 | Floorlac<br>S-W Handcraft Stain | Enameloid |
| Exterior...... | SWP House Paint | Rexpar Varnish | S-W Oil Stain | Old Dutch Enamel |
| FENCES ............. | SWP House Paint<br>Metalastic<br>S-W Roof and Bridge Paint | | S-W Preservative Shingle Stain | |
| FLOORS, Interior (wood)..... | S-W Inside Floor Paint | Mar-Not Varnish | Floorlac | S-W Inside Floor Paint |
| Concrete.... | S-W Concrete Floor Finish | | | S-W Concrete Floor Finish |
| Porch ...... | S-W Porch and Deck Paint | | | |
| FURNITURE, Indoors | Enameloid | Scar-Not Varnish | Floorlac | Old Dutch Enamel<br>Enameloid |
| Porch | Enameloid | Rexpar Varnish | S-W Oil Stain | |
| HOUSE OR GARAGE Exterior........ | SWP House Paint | Rexpar Varnish | S-W Preservative Shingle Stain | Old Dutch Enamel |
| LINOLEUM ......... | S-W Inside Floor Paint | Mar-Not Varnish | | S-W Inside Floor Paint |
| RADIATORS ........ | Flat-Tone<br>S-W Aluminum or Gold Paint | | | Enameloid |
| ROOFS, Shingle......<br>Metal .......<br>Composition . | S-W Roof and Bridge Paint<br>Metalastic<br>Ebonol | | S-W Preservative Shingle Stain | |
| SCREENS ........... | S-W Screen Enamel | | | S-W Screen Enamel |
| TOYS ................ | S-W Family Paint | Rexpar Varnish | Floorlac | Enameloid |
| WALLS, Interior (Plaster or Wallboard) | Flat-Tone<br>SWP House Paint | | | Old Dutch Enamel<br>Enameloid |
| WICKER............ | Enameloid | Rexpar Varnish | Floorlac | Old Dutch Enamel |
| WOODWORK Interior ...... ...... | SWP House Paint<br>Flat-Tone | Scar-Not Varnish<br>Velvet Finish No. 1044 | S-W Handcraft Stain<br>S-W Oil Stain<br>Floorlac | Old Dutch Enamel<br>Enameloid |

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## *Mistakes in Painting*

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COVER THE EARTH

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"And I don't subscribe to the idea so often proposed that we have a poor lot of officials, city, State or national. Our old Uncle Sam strikes me as trying to do his best for his children—often puzzled and not quite sure of his next step, but making an earnest effort. All of our public men are doing just that and some of them fail."

Neither does he subscribe to the idea that the farmer is "asking the Government to take him under its wing," tho, as he believes:

"The farmer does want legislation that will help him to help himself and they'd better give it to him before he forms himself into a political division. Let the law-makers and business men think that over. To control his own market is the answer to the farmer's troubles and the Government makes a mistake when it does not concentrate on assisting him toward that end in every way possible. He may lose his patience if put off too long, and then look out!

"Sooner or later these various groups will discover that prosperity in one group is not possible without a like prosperity in the others; then we will all get along better."

Darling denies vehemently that he can draw, insisting that he is not an artist. The only reason he uses pictures rather than words to express his ideas, he says, is that it is easier for the reader. When he draws Mr. Coolidge, he expresses Mr. Coolidge as he knows him, an earnest, modest, hard-working man, who knows he has a big job and means to attend to it. Not a spectacular note in him; even when he swings on the budget with a forty-pound maul he acts promptly and effectively, but without any preliminary words, grand gestures, or statuary posing. It's a chore that must be gotten out of the way and he does it. In Mr. Coolidge's expression Darling depicts the New England mind—willing to listen and open to conviction—but with a definite opinion already established. Like the Aberdeen trader, "Everything being equal, I'll give my brother the preference, but not one cent for the privilege."

"It's easy to be cheerful in commenting upon social and economic conditions in a country like this," said Mr. Darling. "About 99 per cent. of the people are decent, clean, God-fearing people whose ambition is to be good citizens and who want to have and deserve the respect and friendship of their neighbors. For their families no sacrifice is too great, and I often wonder whether the children don't accept it too much as a matter of course.

"There is no fundamental difference between the business man, the farmer and the workman. All average about the same in origin and in their hopes and ideals. Perhaps the American's great desire to get ahead sometimes tends to develop a selfishness, the I-have-troubles-of-my-own spirit. Which, in my opinion, is neither good economics nor good morals."

When Darling was fighting his way back to health, the Omaha *Bee* published an editorial in which his characteristic qualities are thus summed up:

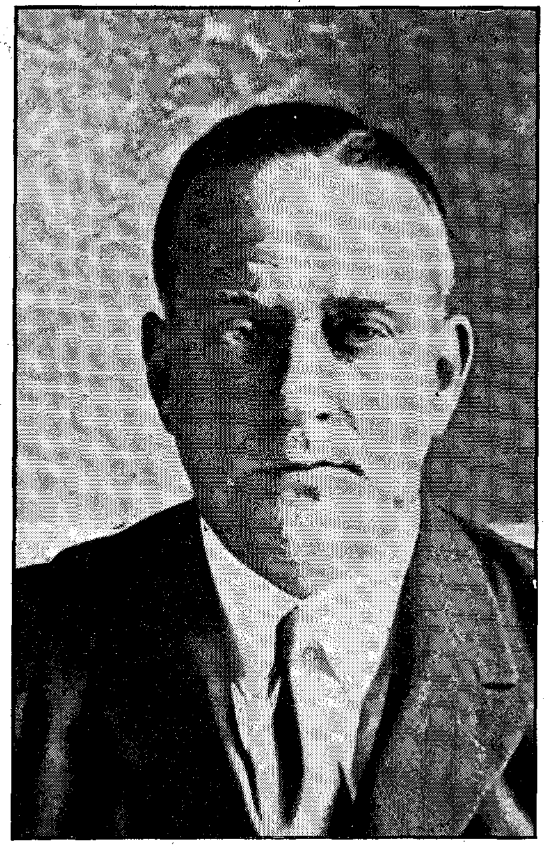
"Ding" has been first of all a personal cartoonist. With a few bold strokes he has imaged the man who makes America, the man who composes that great class known as "the peepul."

The gift of satire is his, but he has used it wisely and gently, mixing with it a generous quantity of his inimitable humor. It is not too much to say that many who have never met the man, J. N. Darling, have learned to love the man "Ding." With them we express the hope that the time is not far distant when he can again take up the magic pen which has endeared him to so many Americans.

## "MEET LOGAN!"

THE CHAMPION UNOFFICIAL SITTER-IN at international conferences, Col. James ("Jimmy") A. Logan, is "a walking history of war and post-war conditions," we are told, for "all our relations with Europe are under his hat," and "no one knows better the world's famous and near-famous than he." He has just completed "a ten-year job in the thick of the cross-word puzzle of the nations." As Frederick Palmer reminds us in *Collier's*,

Through the French Premierships of Viviani, Clemenceau, Briand and Poincaré to Herriot; through the British Premierships of Asquith, Lloyd George, Baldwin, MacDonald to Baldwin again; and through all the fluctuations of European politics and home politics Logan has smiled his way. Dealing with foreign Tory or Radical his part was clear. He knew where the Soviets got off and the German Republicans got on. His foreign policy has continuity; it's wrapt up in his personality.



"ALL OUR RELATIONS WITH EUROPE ARE UNDER HIS HAT"

Col. James A. Logan, who "has just completed a ten-year job in the cross-word puzzle of the nations."

"Meet Logan!" was the word to the eminent Senator who went to Europe to study conditions, or the eminent banker who had in mind floating a European loan in America.

"Ask Logan," was the advice to the heads of American commissions who went abroad. He was always accessible as the Who's Who and What's What of the baffling European situation. Under the ambassadorships of Page, Davis and Harvey to Kellogg in England and under Sharp and Wallace to Herrick in France, Logan was acting his own ambassadorial part, whose fascinating stretch was completed when he and Ambassador Kellogg signed the reparations agreement.

Why all this should have happened to "Jimmy" Logan, Mr. Palmer goes on to explain:

A student of Haverford College, who enlisted as a private in the Spanish War, he won a captaincy before the Philippine rebellion was over. Then he became an officer in the regular Army. Physically he was so far from slender that he was sometimes referred to as "fat Jimmy Logan." Another adjective was usually placed in front of "fat." It was smiling.

I had not seen him for years, when one day in 1915 the sight of him approaching on a Paris street gave me that infectious thrill of cheer which is inseparably associated with some blithe and wholesome souls in this world. How did Jimmy get overseas in those days when restrictions were so tight? But, then, he was just the kind who would find a way. What was he doing? Why, he was chief of the American Military Mission.

That was a little surprizing considering his youth and that he was but a recent graduate of the Army War College. It would seem that a grave, gray-haired general of more rank and experience would naturally have been chosen for the place.

The business of the mission was to collect and coordinate military information. That was a tough job. At the time America was neutral and disliked for being "too proud to fight." The Allied hand was open to anything to get us into the war, but closed at the first signs that we were interested in how the war was being fought. The politer a general was the tighter he held onto his military secrets. No American officers were allowed at the front except on tours from luncheon at one headquarters to dinner at another. A neutral might be perfectly informed on the cuisine of officers' messes.

Altho our regular military attachés of the embassies liked him, there were those among them who liked neither Logan's presence nor his mission. Says Mr. Palmer:

I even heard one intimate that the rubicund Jimmy had arranged to give himself a junket abroad. But officials on the spot are inclined to make that intimation about extra officials

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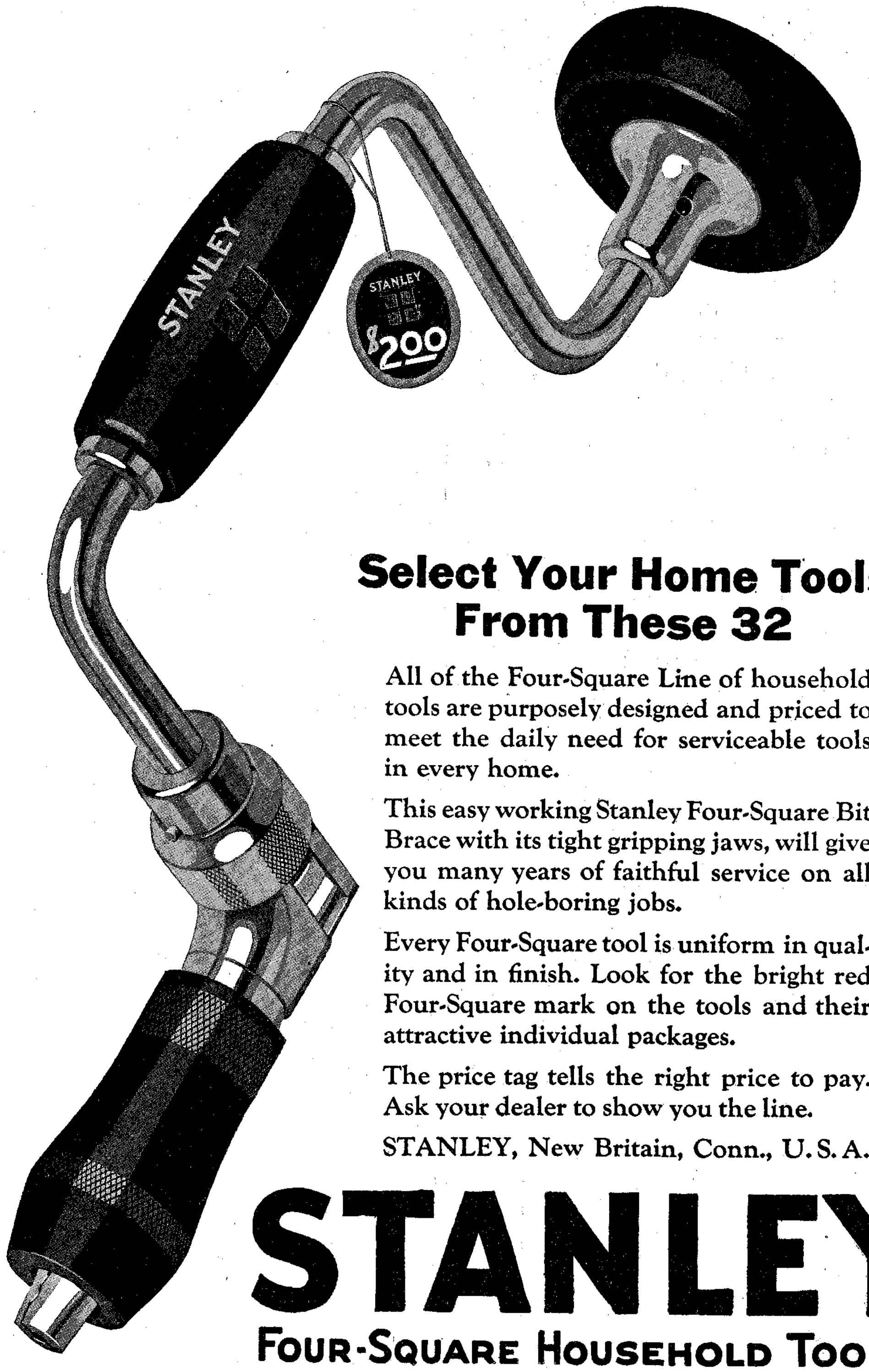

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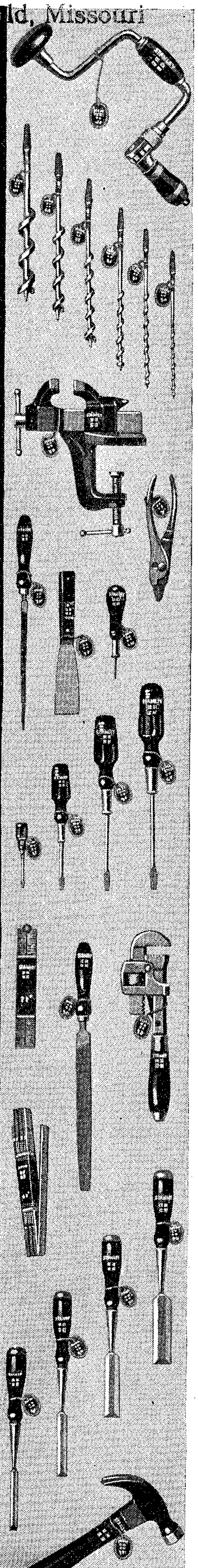

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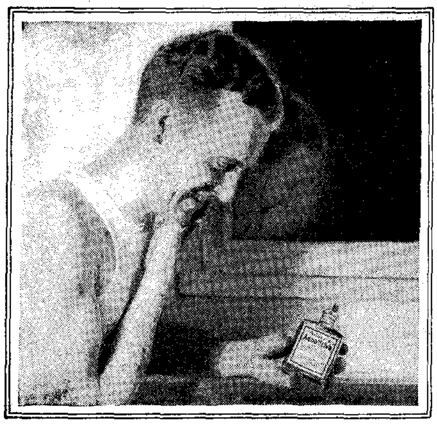

# *After shaving—*

## just a few drops bring comfort all day long

THOUSANDS of men are now finding comfort in ending their daily shave in this new way: First, after shaving, rinse the face as you always do. Then pat on a few drops of Aqua Velva.

Aqua Velva conserves the skin's moisture. Dry preparations actually take moisture away from the skin. Aqua Velva *keeps* your skin soft and flexible all day long just as Williams Shaving Cream *leaves* it.

The beauty of Aqua Velva is that it was expressly designed for after shaving. It does all that such a preparation should do:

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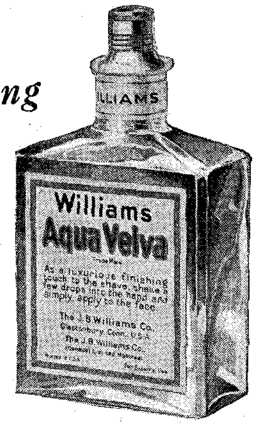
—it delights with its man-style fragrance

To test Aqua Velva, write us for free 150-drop bottle. Use coupon below or a postcard.

The large 5-oz. bottle at your dealer's is 50c (60c in Canada). Costs almost nothing a day—only a few drops needed. *By mail postpaid on receipt of price if your dealer is out of it.*

**Williams Aqua Velva**

*for use after shaving*



By the makers of Williams Shaving Cream

For FREE test bottle

Address The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. 25-B, Glastonbury, Conn. If you live in Canada, address The J. B. Williams Co. (Can.) Ltd. St. Patrick St., Montreal.

*Send me the FREE test bottle of Aqua Velva*

DIGEST 5-23-25

## PERSONAL GLIMPSES

*Continued*

who arrive. It was thought that Jimmy would only make it more difficult for the regulars to gain the little information which they were securing.

So Logan was left to his own resources. This suited him. He had set up an office away from the embassy and was running his own show in his own way. And nobody ever accused Jimmy of being deskbound. He does not wait for orders to be volunteered by mail. He goes out after them.

His French, which he was improving fast, might not be as smooth as that of some of the regular attachés. At any rate, he could make it understood, even over the French telephone. And the French enjoyed hearing him talk it. His smiling optimism was welcome to French officers and officials in the midst of the wicked filth of a stalemate trench warfare which supplied sufficient gloom without importing any from America. This generously proportioned American had *bonhomie* and *élan*, which is another way of saying that he was a good "mixer" with plenty of "pep," not to mention that he was a delightful host at the dinners he gave.

Every day he was broadening his circle of acquaintances and capitalizing his fondness for human associations. When I looked over his data I was amazed at their thoroughness. He knew about everything that was going on at the front and behind the lines. As I was then with the British Army and somewhat on the inside of things, I was the object of his keen questions.

Some day, altho he was too strictly neutral to say so aloud even to himself, Logan thought we should have to enter the war if it were to be won. Upon our entry he was the man on the spot with connections established. His reports were texts of opportune information for our staff in Washington.

It was he who made a headquarters ready to house Pershing and his little group of staff officers upon their arrival in Paris. Their transport total was six automobiles; they had no supplies except typewriters and Army forms.

The big spring drive attempted by the French had failed. Russia had gone Bolshevist and deserted. So, Mr. Palmer recounts:

France was begging us for soldiers when we had only just begun to train soldiers; begging us for planes when we had no planes; begging us for more food when there were no ships to bring it; begging us for loans—and we did have the money.

It was an agonizing time. The French public was too discouraged to be told the truth. In face of the agony Logan was cheerful and a frank exponent in council of the heavy part we had to play. An "associate" in the war Mr. Wilson called us. If anybody ever had experience in how to personify "associate," it is Logan. Under the censorship the war relations of the Allies seemed to be honeyed. In fact, they mixed with salt and pepper and much wrangling.

"Send for Logan to fix it!" was heard for the first time soon after our headquarters was established, when some problem of relations had become especially difficult. He knew whom to approach, what to say and, what was more important, how to say it in dealing with the French temperament.

Very young for his position and his new rank, he was chosen to be colonel in charge of the staff division which had to do with transport in forming the great organization which was eventually to care for two million men.

After the Armistice, while President Wilson was arguing with victorious Allies, who were no longer in pleading dependence upon American military force, Logan had his office at the Hotel Crillon, the headquarters of the American Peace Delegation, where he was assigned to work under Hoover.

This gave his education a new angle. He was in touch with economic Europe through its hungering populations in after-war chaos, indeed, it was his way to be in touch with everything that was going on in the swiftly changing drama. When nationalistic selfishness grew more rabid, quarreling over the spoils of victory, when the torment of little wars in Central Europe was in prospect and broken-hearted idealists foresaw the devil taking the hindmost in an anarchistic break-up of civilization, the lively serenity of Logan's smile and his generous build acted as an antidote to gloom.

"It'll come along!" Colonel Logan would say, and Mr. Palmer continues:

The world's future lightened when you passed the time of day with him. Sad Poles, Roumanians and Serbs, asking him for succor, gained a certain content in meeting him. He acted promptly when he said "yes," and did not prolong suspense by delaying his "no." He was never given to writing memoranda or reports. His was the personal method. He would rather have five minutes' talk with a man than take an hour in reading an argument.

Europe would recover because it had to, and he would be in on the process of recovery.

While the Senate belabored the League of Nations there was the fact that we had an army on the Rhine whose costs must be paid; we had other bills of damages against Germany which must be settled. We were still in Europe with a hostage of all kinds of interests.

So we had to be represented on the Reparations Commission in some way. The logic of Logan's experience naturally attached him to that. He was close in on all the political changes abroad rung on the gamut of after-war moods.

Any little desk in the offices of the Reparations Commission was good enough for him. His real office was under his hat Never was it his place to stand on the front steps giving out interviews. He was back in the works keeping abreast with production or out making new friendships or strengthening old ones.

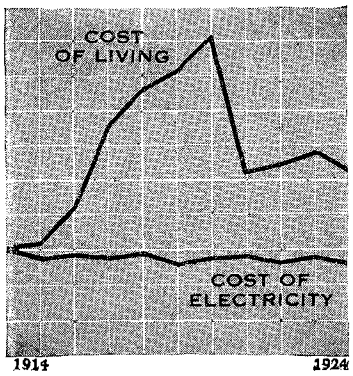
We had no official part in the Reparations Commission or in any of the great conferences where Premiers, Foreign Ministers and their coteries of diplomatic, financial and economic experts foregathered. Mr. Boyden, who was Logan's chief, sat in unofficially at the meetings of the Reparations Commission. He had no authority except to look on. But, by the very nature of his position as a neutral amidst the warring elements, he was a useful arbiter, while Logan was always on the sidelines.

Increasingly, his name crept into dispatches home; for he could not altogether keep off the front steps.

"Who is this Colonel Logan, anyway?" Senators asked. Mr. Palmer recalls that

# MOTHER

You will find these letters on many tools by which electricity works. They are on great generators used by electric light and power companies. They are on electric lamps and on tiny motors that make hard housework easy. By such tools electricity dispels the dark and lifts heavy burdens off human shoulders. Hence the letters G-E are more than a trade mark. They are an emblem of service.



THIS is the test of a successful mother—she puts first things first. She does not give to sweeping the time that belongs to her children.

An electric motor runs a vacuum cleaner for less than 2 cents an hour.

She does not give to washing the time that belongs to her children.

An electric motor runs a washing machine for 3 cents an hour.

She does not rob the evening hours of their comfort because her home is dark.

To light a room splendidly, according to modern standards, costs less than 5 cents an hour.

Men are judged successful according to their power to delegate work. Similarly the wise woman delegates to electricity all that electricity can do.

She cannot delegate the one task most important. Human lives are in her keeping; their future is molded by her hands and heart. No lesser duties should interfere with the supreme duty of having plenty of time with the children.

Certainly no household drudgery should distract her, for this can be done by electricity at a cost of a few cents an hour.

# GENERAL ELECTRIC

He was "too busy"
She neglected the greatest "beauty secret"
Her mirror told her—too late!
A little care would have saved them

**4 out of 5**
*now lose*

The law of averages is immutable. Dental statistics prove that four out of every five over 40—and thousands younger, too—are marred by Pyorrhea. Do you want to escape?

**It takes healthy gums to keep healthy teeth**

If you neglect your gums—let them get in a "run-down" condition—you may soon be numbered among Pyorrhea's countless victims.

Bleeding gums are Nature's first warning. Then the gums begin to recede, lose that rich, healthy pink color. Poisons collect in pus pockets and often drain through the entire system. In the final stages the teeth loosen and fall out.

***Take no chances—use Forhan's***

If used in time and used consistently, Forhan's will prevent Pyorrhea, or check its progress—something ordinary tooth pastes are powerless to do. It contains just the right proportion of Forhan's Astringent (as used by the dental profession in the treatment of Pyorrhea). It is safe, efficient and pleasant-tasting. Even if you don't care to discontinue your favorite dentifrice, at least start using Forhan's once a day.

*Forhan's is more than a tooth paste; it checks Pyorrhea. Thousands have found it beneficial for years. For your own sake ask for Forhan's For the Gums. All druggists, 35c and 60c in tubes.*

**Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.**
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**Forhan's**
**FOR THE GUMS**
***More than a tooth paste—***
***it checks Pyorrhea***

Just as a ship needs the closest attention under the water-line, so do your teeth under the gum-line
Forhan's
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"BRUSH YOUR TEETH WITH IT"
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Specialist in
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## PERSONAL GLIMPSES

*Continued*

at the time the Senate was in a very "irreconcilable" mood, the feeling seemed to be:

*Let Europe stew! Keep out!* And this Logan was an Army officer on the regular list! That was not unofficial. It was official. The War Department was told to transfer him. But Logan knew that if he could be of any service to his country, it was right where he was. He resigned from the Army. He was up in the air for a while.

Logan out of touch with reparations! "Ask Logan!" would not have an answer. The continuity of expert information on the most vital of subjects was broken. The State Department, the President and all on the "inside" of international relations at home and abroad realized how valuable he was. Europeans, too, wanted him back. He was reattached as a civilian and again on his old job. It was not for him to quarrel about salary, as he had an inherited income of his own.

"It'll come along!" he kept saying. And it was coming.

America might politically keep out of Europe, but economically she was always in. She wanted Europe's markets. The economic interests of the whole world hungered for a stabilizing settlement of the question to which both France and Germany could agree. How could France and Germany ever be led to agree upon anything?

Obviously, as no one knew so well as Logan, guesswork must end and Germany's exact capacity to pay must be established. Then she must pay what she could after the mark had been stabilized. But no plan worked out by the experts of any European nation would be trusted by the others. Together, they could agree on no plan.

With the mood at last ripe for his coming, as our State Department knew through its channels of information, Europe must turn for an arbiter to that old neutral and "associate," America. Our political detachment now served a good world end. And the Americans who came to the task must be the right kind. We sent Dawes, whom Europe already knew; we sent Owen Young, a genius of industrial organization. Diplomacy must go hand in hand with technical ability.

By this time our reparations delegation had become so "associate" that Logan was about all there was left of it. He was the bat-boy on the bench whence all the batters had fled; the caretaker on the premises after the evacuation. That really made his position so much the stronger. The more he had under his hat and the less in the offices and on the front steps, the better. If the Dawes Committee failed, the last resort had failed. How long it would take them to resolve the European economic muddle into order, no one cared to guess.

"It will come along!"

At his service Dawes had in Logan the walking text of information of all that had happened since he had left Europe. Young, who was new to Europe, had all Logan's nine years of experience at his command.

Yet to be settled was the payment of the costs of our Army of Occupation and the damages Germany owed us. When Logan, with Ambassador Kellogg, signed an agreement on this with the other Powers, he was undeniably on the front steps and under a spotlight of personal triumph. Some

Senators are worried lest that agreement ties us up to enforcing the provisions of the Dawes plan. Secretary Hughes said not. As for Logan, even when on the front steps, he does not talk for publication.

During the war, when Logan was asked to put down at the end of every day his actions and his policy for the day as source material for the future war history, he replied:

"If I took the time to tell all that went on in my mind, I would have no time to do my work." The answer exprest the man.

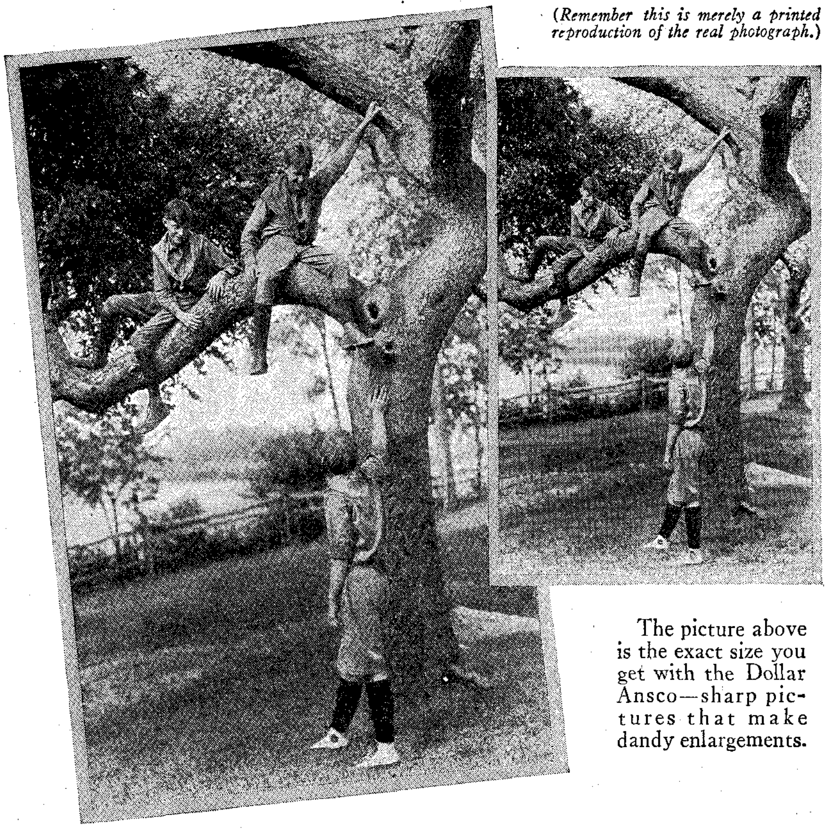
How could he or any one express all that has been under Logan's hat for the last ten years?

## WHERE THE TELEPHONE IS STILL A MARVEL

ABSURD tho it appears, there are people living in England to-day who don't know a telephone when they see one. During the Exposition at Wembly, so we read, a respectable-looking and seemingly well-educated Briton noticed a row of telephones on a table, fixt one eye at the transmitter of the nearest instrument, and gazed long and earnestly into it as if it had been a spy-glass. Evidently the view failed to come up to his expectations, for he tried instrument after instrument in the same way, and regretfully walked off in quest of more thrilling entertainment. The London *Telegraph and Telephone Journal* relates the story, and in the *Southwestern Telephone News* we find an article whose author has collected telephone yarns as delightful from all over the world. He begins by giving us a story of Donald MacMillan's about the telephone among the Eskimos:

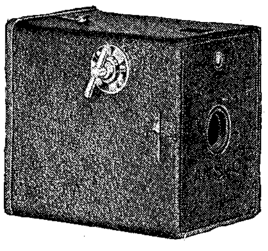
> As the warm sun of the short Northern summer melted the snow over the former camping-ground of a previous expedition, Mr. MacMillan discovered considerable debris, including some wire and one old telephone mouthpiece. His Eskimo companion showed intense interest in the white man's explanation of the use of the telephone. When the explorer turned in for a few hours' sleep the ingenious native tried his hand at telephone line construction.
>
> Along the bleak Arctic coast ran a straggling row of split boards about five feet high, from which was festooned a couple of hundred yards of wire. A single telephone mouthpiece dangled at one end of the line, and before it stood a solitary Eskimo. Into this improvised telephone he shouted a few words in his native language, then ran madly along the pole line, clapped the far end of the wire to his ear, and listened for his own message. All he heard was the wind whistling over the ice-bound waters along the grim Northwest coast of Greenland.
>
> Disappointed, but still hopeful, the Eskimo returned to the mouthpiece. Evidently feeling that he had not sprinted quite fast enough the first time, he repeated the process with an extra burst of speed, only to be disappointed again. Just then there appeared around the corner of the hut the white explorer who had given him the scrap wire and the old mouthpiece. Immediately the Eskimo ceased his efforts, and laughingly remarked that he knew the white man was lying when he told about

(*Remember this is merely a printed reproduction of the real photograph.*)



The picture above is the exact size you get with the Dollar Ansco—sharp pictures that make dandy enlargements.

**Think of buying a camera that's an *Ansco* camera for only $1.00!**



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Pictures? You just ought to see what good, sharp pictures the Dollar Ansco takes! You'll be simply amazed. Maybe you will buy a Dollar Ansco for your boy or girl, as a simple, inexpensive camera for them to start with, before they know anything about photography. But you'll probably end by keeping an extra one around the house for your own use. The Dollar Ansco is a strongly built little camera that gets good pictures every single time.

This is just *one* camera, in this whole famous line, that is unique because of its low price. For *Ansco* always has stood for the best quality in the photographic field.

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**Try the No. 1 Juniorette Ready-Set—a dandy picture-taker**

But why *shouldn't* this camera take splendid pictures—all the *Ready-Set models do!* Here's why—

All Ansco Ready-Set models have a universal or "fixed" focus, which means you don't have to judge distance. There are only two shutter speeds, time and instantaneous. When set on "time," the opening automatically becomes smaller. These special features make the Juniorette Ready-Set one of the best and easiest cameras to use that you can buy. It costs only $10.50.

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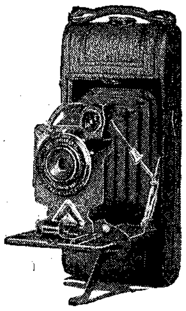

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Size of film....No.....Cam. Model..........

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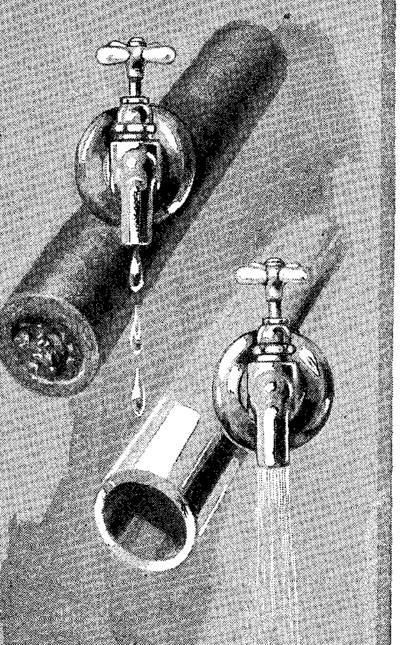

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Anaconda Brass Pipe *cannot* rust. Its use insures a constantly clean, healthful supply of water at full service pressure as long as the house stands. No annoyance, no repairs.

Install Anaconda Brass Pipe in your home—it costs a little more in the first place but a lot less in the end.

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## PERSONAL GLIMPSES

*Continued*

the telephone, for nobody could talk through a wire that had no hole in it!

From Egypt comes a story savoring strongly of antiquity:

An enterprising merchant on the banks of the Nile had a telephone installed in the back room behind his store. As he happened to be in front waiting on a customer when the telephone bell rang for the first time, he sent his shop assistant to answer it. But, alas, the shop assistant, tho anxious to please, had but little acquaintance with modern systems of electrical communication. Upon answering the telephone he learned that some one wished to speak to his employer. Whereupon, this obliging young man immediately cut the wire and carried the telephone bodily into the front room so that the merchant might talk through it without leaving the counter.

Several years ago a telephone service was established in a little town in Arabia and we are told:

One of the more progressive Arab shopkeepers had a telephone installed in his place of business. Interested in the novelty of the device, he went to answer his first incoming call with a glow of pleasurable anticipation. Picking up the receiver, he recoiled in dismay as it poured into his ear an unintelligible torrent of Greek. The Arab, being entirely ignorant of the Greek language, replied in Arabic. But the man at the other end of the wire proved to be wholly unacquainted with that tongue, and after some ineffectual efforts at conversation, he rang off. The Arab at once betook himself in high dudgeon to the telephone office. "Look here," he said to the manager, "I want you to take out my telephone and put in a new one right away. I speak only Arabic and I want a telephone that speaks Arabic. The one you've given me talks only Greek, and I don't understand a word it says!"

The fact that the telephone "speaks every language" has been a cause of surprize to simple souls the world over. Years ago when the telephone was first introduced into that part of Oklahoma which was then the Indian Territory, the Cherokees gathered in awesome silence to "see the wire talk." They were sufficiently imprest when they heard the uncanny contrivance speak with the tongue of the white man. When, however, it actually talked in the guttural tones of their own language they lost their traditional stolidity and actually became enthusiastic.

Enthusiasm for the facility with which the telephone will transmit the various languages of the American Indians was not shared, however, by certain German intelligence officers during the late war. On one occasion an American officer in a Western regiment had reason to believe that the Germans were tapping American wires along the front. There happened to be Indians in this particular command, and eight of them were detailed to telephone orders in Choctaw. The Kaiser's code experts were distinguished specialists, but here was a flow of words that could not be deciphered.

Others as well as the German savants have been mystified by the telephone. The writer continues:

The electrical transmission of intelligence in any form is sufficiently mysterious. It is only familiarity that has deadened the feeling of awe with which it was at first regarded even in the most civilized countries. It is not surprizing that the wire systems should have been regarded with some perturbation in less favored lands.

When it was first proposed to introduce the telegraph at Shanghai, serious objection was made by some of the natives on the ground that the Chinese god "Fungshui" would be seriously offended at the erection of poles projecting up into the air. Perhaps it is "Fungshui" who punishes presumptuous mortals by sending down upon them all the varieties of line trouble that harass telephone and telegraph men even to the present day.

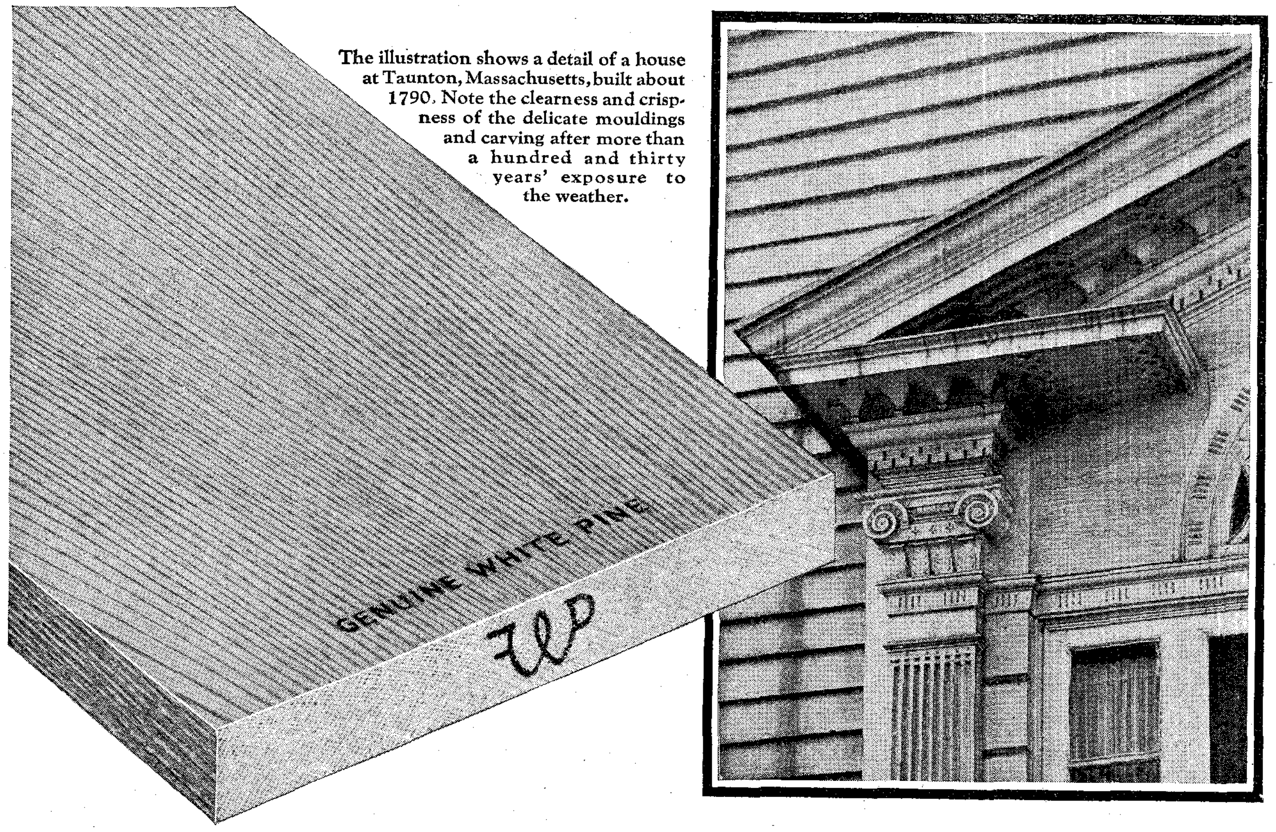
Another glimpse into the workings of the Oriental mind was afforded American telephone engineers a few years ago in Turkey. The opening of a new telephone exchange, these engineers declare, was made the occasion for a celebration of ancient Mohammedan rites which seemed strangely out of keeping with the modernity of the switchboard. Islam being the state religion of Turkey, the Government took a hand and issued orders that facilities be provided for carrying out the religious ceremonial. Accordingly the American concern which had installed the telephone system was obliged to purchase two sheep, which were offered up and slaughtered as a sacrifice with all due pomp and circumstance.

Even in so rationalistic a country as Japan the telephone has gathered about it certain taboos. Some telephone numbers are highly prized by the Japanese, while others are regarded as unlucky and are shunned by would-be subscribers.

Even under normal conditions, before the telephone systems of Tokyo and Yokohama were wrecked by the earthquake, telephone installations were extremely hard to get in Japan. The Government telephone department had a tremendous waiting-list of applicants for service. Those who were lucky enough to have a telephone were allowed to sell their right to telephone service, and telephone numbers were freely dealt in on the stock exchange. They brought good prices, too, from people who could not wait indefinitely for their applications to be filled by the telephone authorities. Sometimes from $250 to $1,250 was paid for the right to have a telephone,—prices which seem almost unbelievable until one stops to realize how essential the telephone is to every modern business. Despite their modernity, however, the Japanese were reported to pay substantially higher prices for "lucky" telephone numbers than for those not regarded as especially fortunate. "Eight," for example, would bring a substantial bid, for it signifies prosperity and success to the Japanese. On the other hand, numbers symbolizing pain, unhappiness and death, such as "forty-two" or "forty-nine," were exceedingly unpopular, and were usually reserved for public institutions such as prisons, lunatic asylums or police stations. (All Americans who would not hesitate to sit down thirteen at a table on Friday the thirteenth are entitled to smile at the Japanese belief in unlucky numbers.)

A still more stringent taboo was enforced until recently in Mecca, we are told:

For several years after the World War, King Hussein of Hedjaz reigned over Mecca, famous for centuries as the holy city of the Mohammedans. According to



The illustration shows a detail of a house at Taunton, Massachusetts, built about 1790. Note the clearness and crispness of the delicate mouldings and carving after more than a hundred and thirty years' exposure to the weather.

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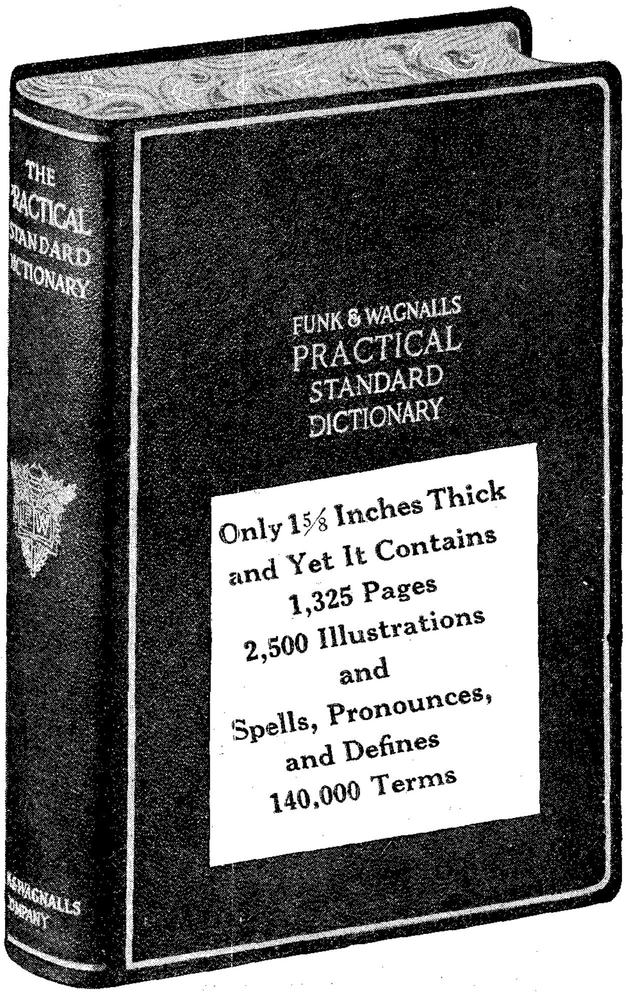
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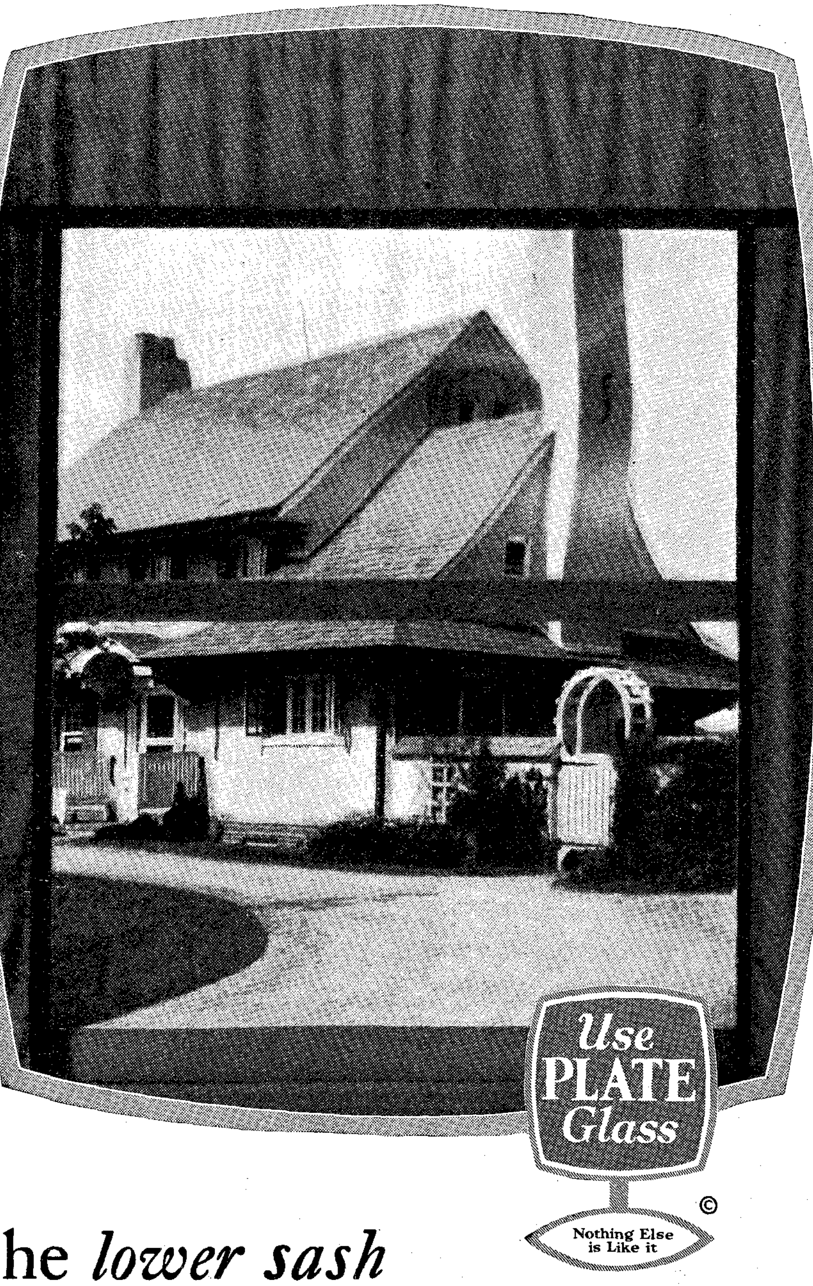

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
*Continued*

the New Zealand *Herald*, King Hussein used to enforce a rule which made telephoning a royal prerogative whenever he used his telephone. He had an automatic device installed by which the lifting of the receiver from the King's telephone immediately disconnected all other telephones in Mecca. As long as the King was telephoning nobody else could use the telephone system. All other instruments remained "dead" until the King hung up the receiver,—except, of course, that of the person with whom His Majesty was conversing.

This will seem to most Americans to be carrying respect for Government rather far Perhaps the opposite extreme is found in China, where in the unsettled conditions that have prevailed for some years, the habit of selling Government property especially telephones, radio equipment and the like, when in need of a little ready cash, apparently reached serious proportions. At any rate, a couple of years ago, a press dispatch from the Celestial Republic declared that "Chiao Tung-Pu" (The Ministry of Communications) has informed the Diplomatic Body that all telegraph telephone and radio buildings and installations throughout the country are absolutely public property, "no one is entitled to sell or mortgage them, and that if the provincial authorities or foreign interests enter int any such agreements the Government will not recognize their validity." This pronouncement seems a bit extraordinary, as tho, for instance, the Government at Washington were to give public notic that, if any confidence man sold an unsuspecting rural visitor the Capitol or the White House, it would not recognize the deal.

Even in America there are peopl left who show no great familiarity wit the telephone, and the writer cites th case of—

> The corpulent and excited individu who had squeezed himself into a close telephone booth on a hot day last summer He was arguing vehemently with th operator, and was evidently getting th worst of the argument. "But," he crie mopping his forehead with a red bandann "I know there is such a central offic Give me now my number without furth talk. See, I have in my hand my friend letter, and on his letter-head is his telephone number. There must be such a exchange. Give me Established one-eigh nine-five!"

The writer concludes by remarking:

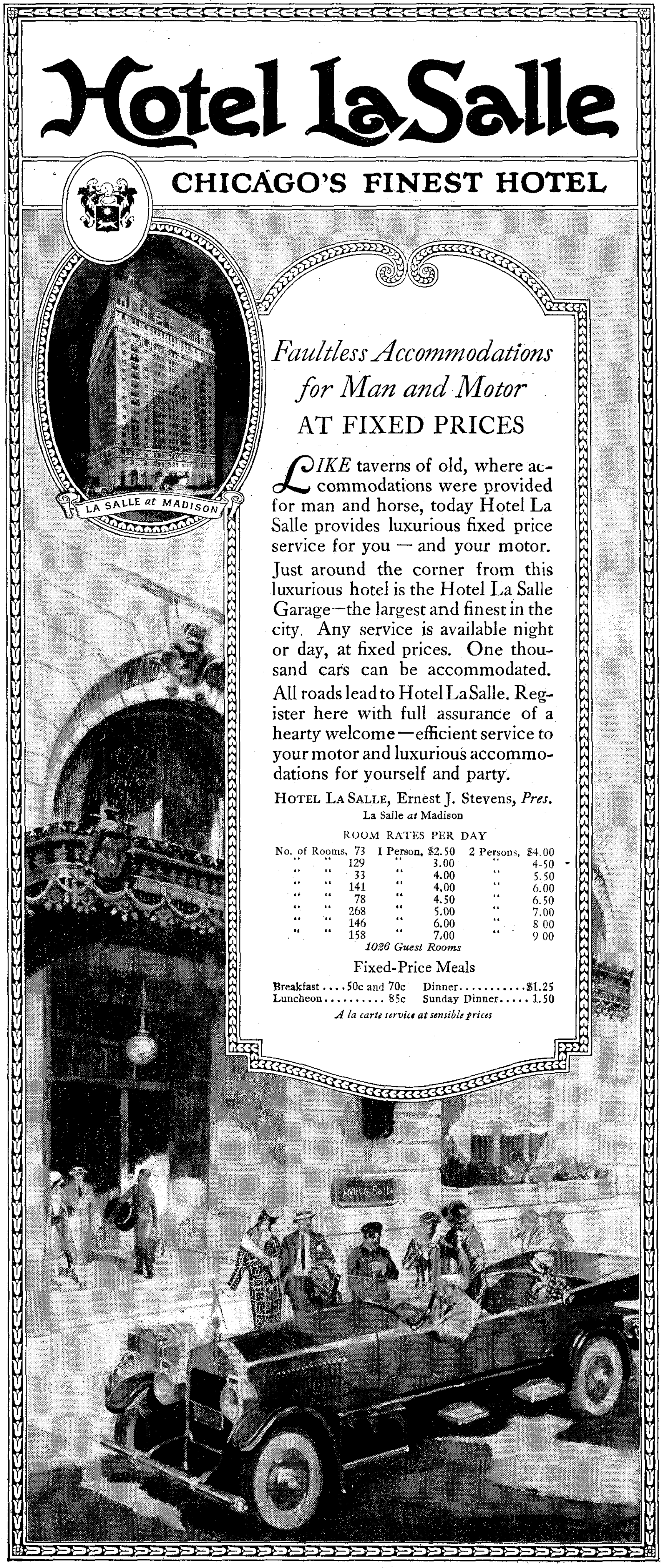
> It is to be hoped that before he final gave up trying to get this elusive numb the would-be telephone user was convinc that the mistake was his and not th operator's. It would be unfortunate if h were left in the state of irritation whi prompted an Englishman, some years ag to stand off across the room and shoot at h telephone with a revolver. We are no told what was the extraordinary provoc tion that stirred the proverbially phle matic Briton out of his traditional Engli calm. At any rate he profited little by h exhibition of annoyance, for he accidental wounded himself, and also had to wait th months before the British authorities wou give him a new telephone.

### ENTER THE CANAL-BOAT TOURIST

FAR from the madding crowd of tourists "seeing" France by rail or motor-car, a young American spent a month recently in an ordinary every-day French canal-boat, thus acquiring at once a close knowledge of French life in the river valleys and a delightful sense of infinite leisure. When Mr. Thornton Delehanty decided that the one best way to tour France was in a canal-boat, his French acquaintances at once gave him clues leading to immaculate house-boats or luxurious river yachts. And he had a good deal of difficulty, after meeting people engaged in the canal-boat business, before he found what he wanted. He finally got it, or he would not be telling the story in *Le Voyageur en France*. But the French Government Tourist Information Bureau warns people who would follow Mr. Delehanty's example that "this method of travel is not organized," and there might be difficulty in securing the boat. However, we read, it is hoped that by another year some kind of arrangements will be made and "in that case several persons sharing a boat will find this a very economical way of touring, as, apart from the initial outlay of hiring the boat and the cost of towing, the expense would be very small. They will sleep on board and probably have a great many meals prepared on the boat, and when they prefer to land will be able to choose small, inexpensive inns." But to return to Mr. Delehanty's tale. He and his two companions were diligently making inquiries along the Paris quays asking for a real canal-barge, or *peniche*, when a man who had overheard their conversation stept forward to offer himself and his boat. To go on with the story from this point:

> The following day he conducted us to the little town of Juvisy, about fifteen miles south of Paris on the Seine, where the *Nyassa* was moored. She was a comfortable, spacious boat, with a pleasant cabin about midway and another one aft—and she had an engine. That was the feature which decided us to take her. The rental of horses varies from three to seven francs a kilometer, which amounts to considerably more than the cost of engine fuel.
>
> There was the problem of how to dispose ourselves, for the skipper's family included himself, his mother and his two sons. They slept in a screened-off compartment of the forward cabin (the rest of it, furnished somewhat like the "parlor" of a typical French peasant's home, was used as a reception-room), while the aft cabin was a combination kitchen and living-room.

The travelers established their quarters in the boat's immaculately clean interior. Cots and folding camp-chairs were bought to supplement the rug and table furnished by the skipper. Then came the important matter of expenses. The tenants of the canal-boat agreed to "pay 100 francs a day rental plus the cost of gasoline and oil, which would come to a total of about 150 francs a day," or about eight dollars apiece at the then rate of exchange. In return for this they had Henri and the *Nyassa* at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| " " | 33 | " | 4.00 | " | 5.50 |
| " " | 141 | " | 4,00 | " | 6.00 |
| " " | 78 | " | 4.50 | " | 6.50 |
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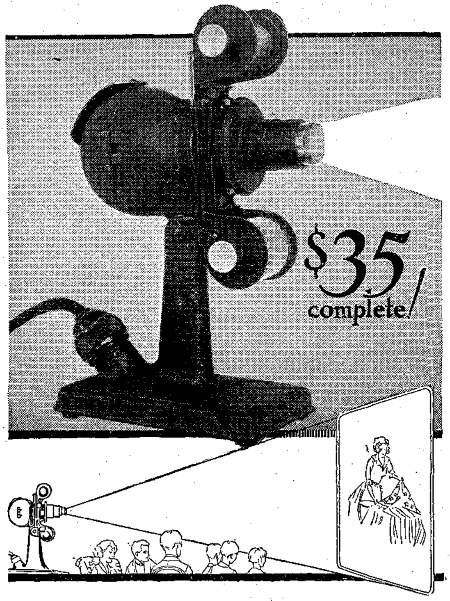

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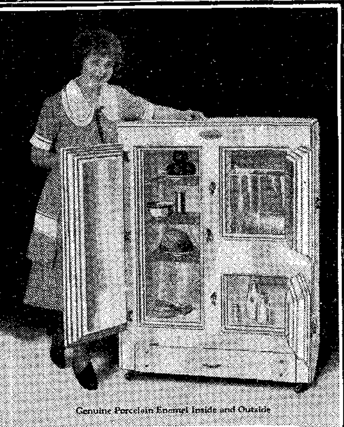
## PERSONAL GLIMPSES
*Continued*

their complete disposal. And where to go on this inland voyage? There are canals all over France, but the map is not a perfect guide, for canals are often closed for repairs in the summer, and then, large boats will not go in small canals. Prospective canal-boat tourists are informed by these pioneers that the French Government publishes an excellent guide to inland waterways, and that information about what canals are open may be had from the marine offices in Paris and other ports. As the *Nyassa* was a large canal-boat, "the choice narrowed until we finally selected a trip starting from Paris and thence by the Marne as far as Epernay; then north by canal to Rheims, continuing on to Soissons, Compiègne, and back by way of the Oise River to Conflans-Sainte-Honorine, and south from there via the Seine to Paris again." And so they started—

Officially the trip began at Juvisy, tho we stopt off at Paris for two days in order to purchase the cots and other furnishings which gradually transformed our quarters into what we called the "studio"; the smooth planked floor and walls and the skylight effect overhead suggesting an artist's lodgings in the Latin quarter—and this was further heightened by gaily patterned strips of material, and illustrations from the French magazines with which we adorned the walls. We left Paris by the St. Maurice canal which skirts the southern end of the city and joins the Marne further on. The canal is not more than eight miles long, and once we had reached the Marne and swept out onto its broad and turbulent bosom, past the trim little villages that cluster along its banks, the scenery changed rapidly, and in a few hours civilization dropt away with incredible abruptness.

Between Paris and Meaux there are stretches of the Marne which present an extraordinary blending of wild nature and civilization. At one turn the river banks are heaped high with a profusion of exotic foliage; at another, the country unfolds gently into placid farm-lands, which are rimmed in the distance by undulating hills, dotted with tiny villages. This side of Meaux the river winds through the valley with such interminable loops that a short-cut is thoughtfully provided by the canal de Chelles.

But they did not spend all their time on board; "there was swimming in the Marne, and fishing, and the market day in a near-by village, and country circus." Moreover, the adventurers had brought bicycles to "widen their horizon." The machines were used for side trips and explorations along the route. After a day in the vineyard country beyond Château-Thierry, they "bade good-by to the Marne and took the canal which mounts northward by a succession of numerous locks to Rheims." It seems that "there were many other boats going in the same direction, and the consequent delays at the locks decided us to leave the *Nyassa* and ride to the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Martyred City on our bicycles." The boat joined them there the next day, and—

> After leaving Rheims we passed through the battle-fields as far as Berry-au-Bac, where the canal empties into the Aisne. From there our route took us past Soissons and into a verdant country—doubly welcome after the bleak desolation—that led to Compiègne.
>
> Compiègne is on the Oise River, just around the corner from its junction with the Aisne, and we had reached the last leg of our journey. Certain parts of the Oise resemble certain parts of the Marne; there is a familiar sweep through a peaceful farm-land, sheltered in the distance by a fringe of wooded hills; but as we neared Paris the number of chateaux increased, and their beautiful parks came down to the water's edge in an array of civilized elegance which the Marne could not rival.
>
> At Conflans-Sainte-Honorine we turned into the Seine once more, following its meandering course past those lovely and historic environs which make Paris so marvelous of approach from the north.

Summing up the experiences, Mr. Delehanty thus concludes his story in *Le Voyageur en France:*

> We had been gone a month and we had not covered a very great distance, geographically speaking. But the object, let me repeat, was not to break speed records. We had set out to see a section of France and a cross-section of her people; and for the traveler who seeks these things, let him try a canal-boat.

---

## ABD-EL-KRIM AND HIS MOROCCAN REBELS

HAVING fought against Abd-el-Krim, himself, Enrique de Meneses has a high opinion of the Arab leader's daring, and thinks as highly of his followers. Mr. de Meneses has "seen with his own eyes how these Arabs, with reckless courage, as tho totally unaware of the danger, confront machine-guns, advancing upon them squarely." But Abd-el-Krim is not merely a warrior. De Meneses has had many a talk with him and knows "lifelong, intimate friends of his," all of whom consider him "a man of wide knowledge, insight, and discrimination." As he tells us in the New York *Herald Tribune,* this Riffian brave, who has triumphed in Spanish Morocco and now seeks to conquer French Morocco, "believes in his mission," and bases his strength and power on the religious fanaticism of the Arabs. His propaganda, purporting to come from Mahomet, declares: "Mahomet, long displeased with the occupation by Christians of his territories, is planning, with the help of the faithful, to throw them all into the sea." Besides, he reminds his followers that Arabs once controlled not only the whole of North Africa but also large areas of Southern Europe. He has looked into this thoroughly. We read:

> He knows admirably all the incidents connected with the 700-year Arab domination in Spain. He, his brother Mahomet (a mining engineer, who studied in Madrid), and a number of his aids have traveled

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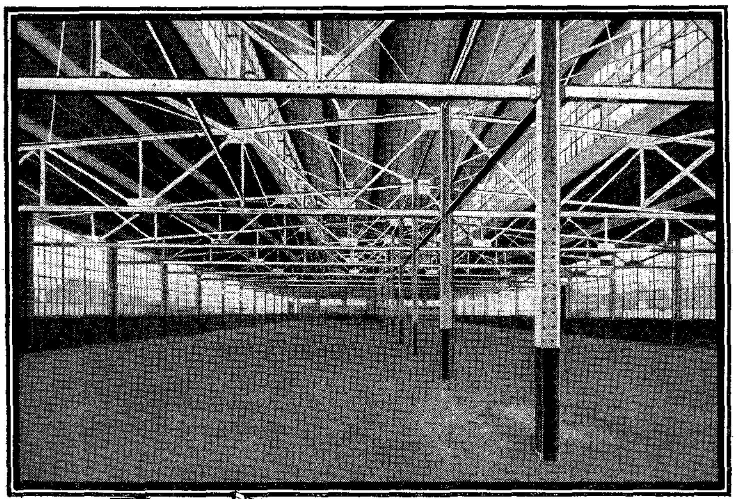

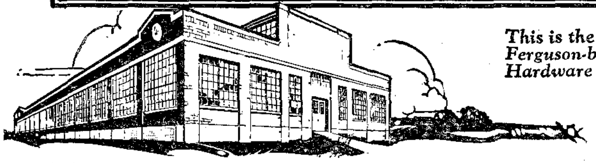

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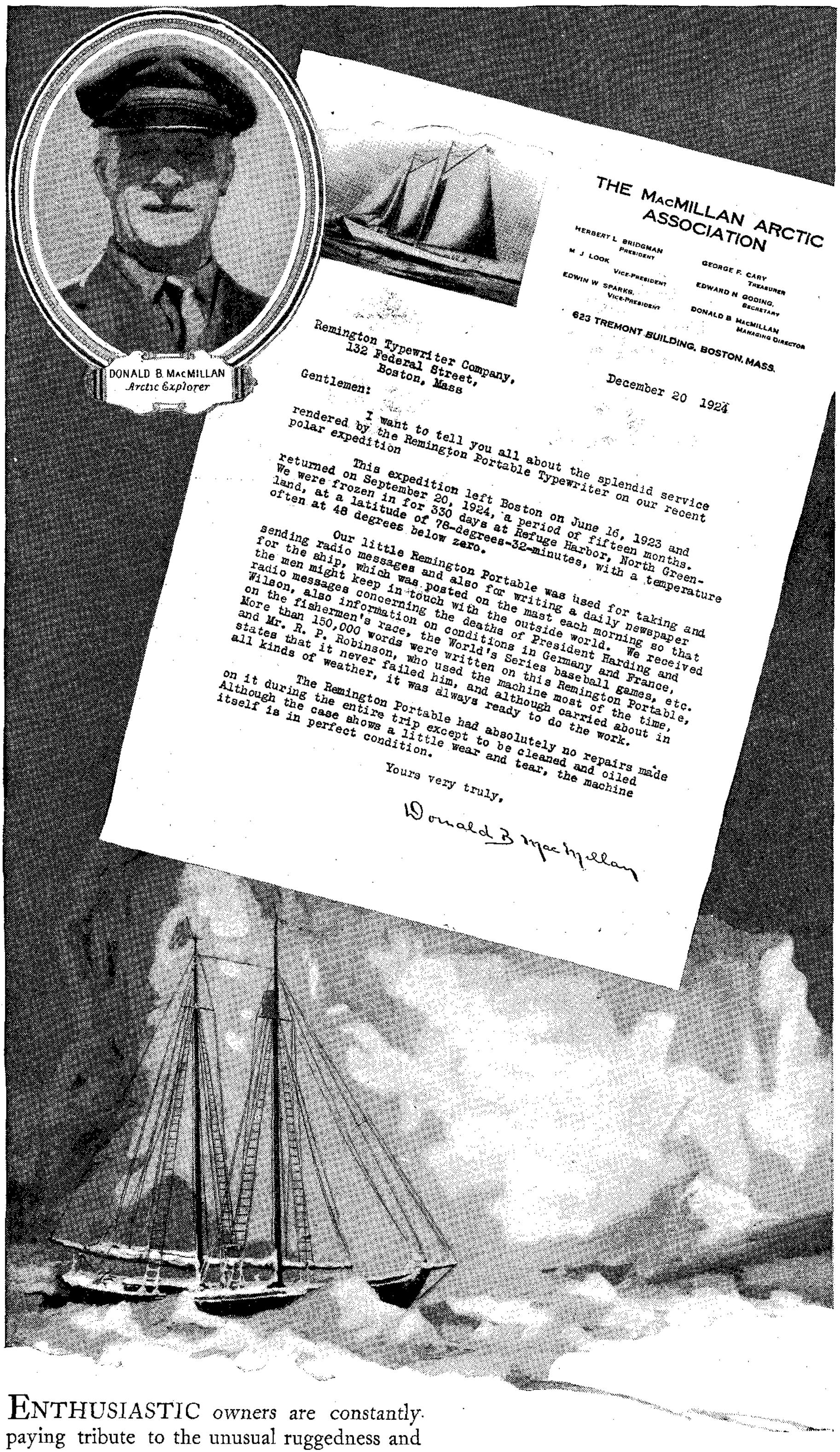

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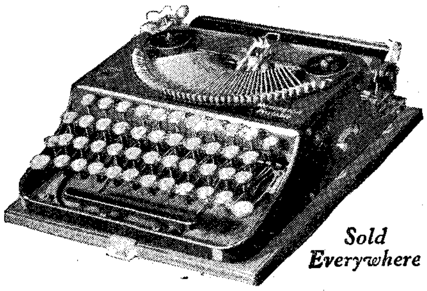


## PERSONAL GLIMPSES
*Continued*

extensively and lived for some period in the south of Spain. The monuments and symbols of their lost glory, which are evident everywhere, especially in Granada, have stirred up in these men a nostalgia, at once noble and dangerous. And Abd-el-Krim makes the most of this feeling, communicating it to all that can be reached through the agency of the "sentones"—the so-called high priests, who exercise a powerful hold on the ordinary Arab.

Abd-el-Krim, for some time past, has styled himself president of the Riff Republic. He even has a cabinet. His ambition is to unite, under a species of sovereignty, all the tribes and peoples of his own race.

The present situation in Morocco is of extreme importance, thinks Mr. de Meneses, who assumes that France—

Is waiting for all the inhabitants in Morocco to turn against it, before admitting that the situation is really alarming. And such an uprising is not at all unlikely in the near future. History is full of examples. It will be remembered that Napoleon, with a formidable army, was routed in Spain by a handful of men (1808), who fought much in the same manner that the Riffians are now contending with the French.

The insurrection of the Boers against the British is another instance that may be cited; as also the uprising in India (Punjab), etc. Nowadays the possession of distant colonies is a very expensive luxury, even for rich and powerful nations. The level of culture in these colonies is at a point where the man-in-the-street is a politically-conscious creature and not at all ignorant of the history of his own country as well as of those that are fighting to dominate it. From these colonies come men like Abd-el-Krim, who reside and study in the country of their masters and return to impart among their compatriots the knowledge they acquired. And this knowledge, derived from their rulers, becomes a weapon in the hands of the "scholars" turned against the masters. It will avail France little, therefore, simply to put down the uprising (even if it can do so) unless the propaganda spread by Abd-el-Krim and his followers is somehow counteracted. A defeat at arms means nothing to the Arabs. In a month they will be back, fighting with greater spirit than ever.

Meanwhile,

It must not be forgotten that if the Moors do not fight in larger numbers, it is not because of a lack of men, but rather because of a lack of arms. Fighting in small numbers overcomes, in a measure, this deficiency. When a Moor fights, he is brave; or rather, he forgets fear. The Moor that sees his companion fall does not run away; he takes his place. Abd-el-Krim's characteristic fighting tactics is to withdraw or retreat while the enemy advances; but at the first halt of the latter to start sniping, at which the Arabs are expert. And it is very difficult to shoot them down, as they never fight in large groups, but in isolated bevies, which are continually on the move; whereas, the French and Spanish troops, moving in concentrated masses, form an easy target.

The Arab warrior on horse is extraordinary. The agile mounts ride full tilt toward the enemy and, when within a distance of 1,500 to 2,000 meters, the Arab will fire, while at full gallop—and generally get his man. Once he fires he gallops off to reload, so that the enemy shots in turn can not reach him.

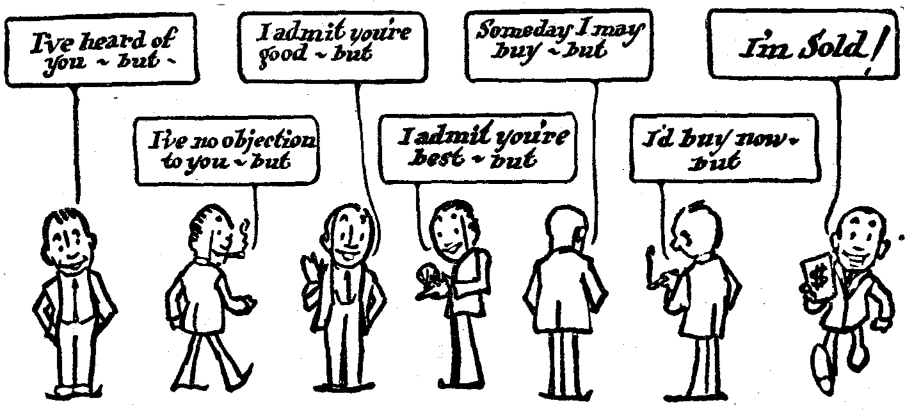
Aircraft and artillery are of little use in these skirmishes, where, it might be said, there are no cities or fortresses to be taken, but only formidable warriors. And these Arab warriors are soldiers from the cradle up. They prefer, indeed, to hunt men rather than the wild boar or pheasant. It is a familiar saying that what the Arab most loves in life is, first his rifle, then his horse, and last (as also least) his woman, who, as every one knows, is treated rather as a beast of burden than a mate. She rarely leaves the house into which she marries, and when she does, she goes heavily veiled. Only her lord and master may ever look upon her face.

The Arab warrior subsists on very little. A few figs or dates suffice for a whole day. He does not suffer thirst or heat in any appreciable degree, and is capable of running on foot, without a halt, for great distances. When they fight for what they are told is a religious cause, the Arabs fight willingly and whole-heartedly, because their religion assured them that if they die fighting against the Christians they will go straight to heaven, where they will at once come into mmediate possession of magnificent horses, arms, and beautiful women. They know, also, that Mahomet will organize for them there elaborate hunts, and continue to supply them with Frenchmen and Spaniards as targets. Therefore, believing all this, and Arab is not averse to dying on the battle-field. The Spaniard or Frenchman, on the other hand, having no religion, or very little of it, believing nothing, not even promises of reward in this life, does not, obviously, make as ardent a fighter.

By way of explaining how Abd-el-Krim's present campaign originated, Mr. de Meneses informs us:

France for some time, through the agency of Cherif Herkawy, a chieftain of mportance in the kabila (province) of Beni-Melloud, had been carrying through uccessfully its policy of the pacification of the kabilas and the fostering of a friendly disposition for trade between Morocco and France. This policy concentrated mainly n the kabila of Beni-Zeruad, adjacent to Beni-Melloud. Over the major part of Beni-Zeruad ruled Bon Monala, an ambitious hieftain, who, finding himself in a strategic position (since he was being solicited by both the representatives of France and of Abd-el-Krim), determined on a policy of ouble-dealing. Meanwhile a lieutenant f Abd-el-Krim, Fkih Zaheri, became enaged in various skirmishes with Cherif Herkawy, netting no decisive results.

Bon Monala stuck to his neutrality tactics, but in order to maintain control nd keep those under him from being corupted by tempting offers from both the Arab and French camps he resorted to very harsh disciplinary measures. His xcessive severity occasioned some disontent. Abd-el-Krim, informed of every hange in the administration of Bon Monala nd taking advantage of the discords and petty ambitions of some of the subalterns, ucceeded, through bribes of various sorts, in having Bon Monala assassinated. This was about the end of March of this year. With Bon Monala gone and Herkawy's nfluence greatly reduced, Abd-el-Krim onsidered himself in a position powerful nough to attack France.


I've heard of you - but -
I admit you're good - but
Someday I may buy - but
I'm Sold!
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I'd buy now - but

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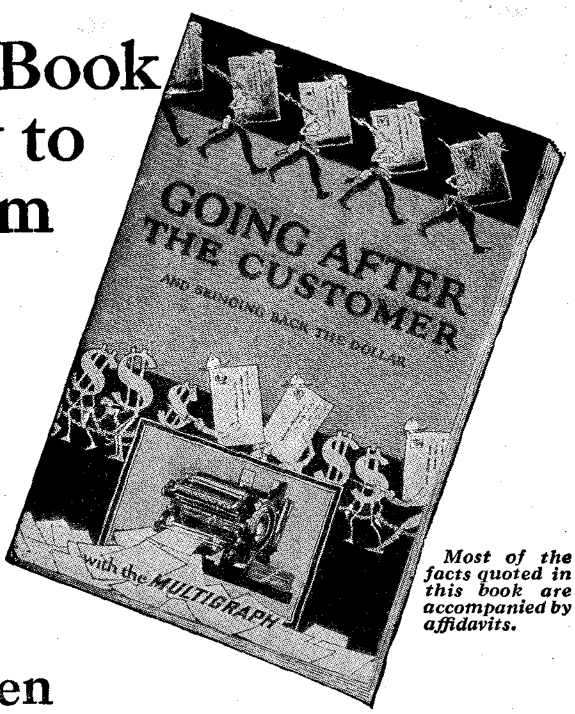

*Most of the facts quoted in this book are accompanied by affidavits.*

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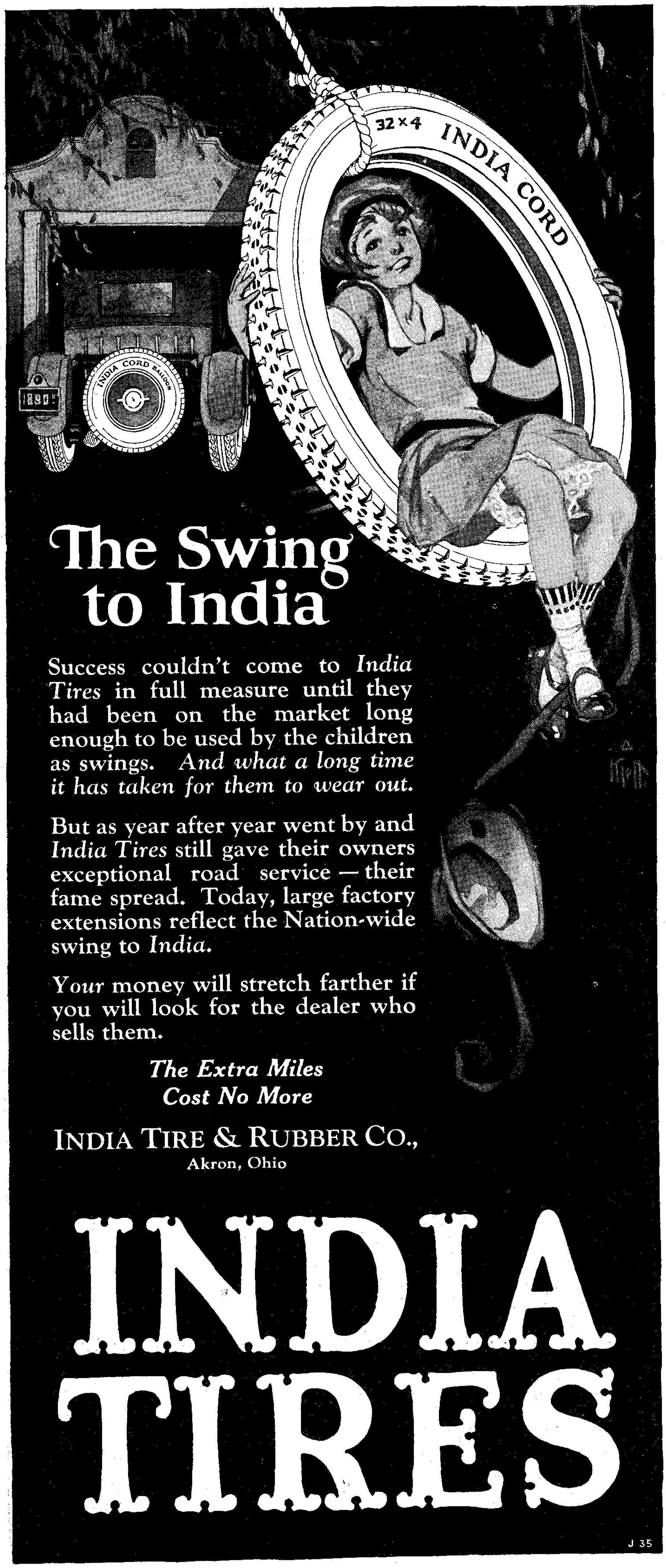

The Swing to India

Success couldn't come to *India Tires* in full measure until they had been on the market long enough to be used by the children as swings. *And what a long time it has taken for them to wear out.*

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## PERSONAL GLIMPSES
*Continued*

### WHY AUTHORS LOVE CHILDREN—OR DON'T

BEING at once a woman, a lover of children, and an author is sometimes difficult, it seems, and in an old note-book of Kate Douglas Wiggin's, her sister has found a little sketch showing the complications it involves. Published for the first time, this fragment appears, with others from the same source, in *The Literary Digest International Book Review* for May. There we read:

> The door of my sitting-room opened very gently this mornng, and a pair of eyes peeped through the crack to see if I were at my writing-table. I was, and the eyes were those of Bobby Chadwick, a little neighbor, seven years old.
>
> "Could you go a-fishing with me this morning?" he asked plaintively, as one who had little hope of an affirmative answer.
>
> "No, my child, not this morning; I'm sorry."
>
> "They don't bite so good after lunch."
>
> "I know; and my pen doesn't write 'so good' after lunch either, Bobby."
>
> "What are you writing *now?*" asked Bobby, as if all calligraphy of any sort-correspondence, authorship or accounts-ought to have been finished at some unknown period in the past.
>
> "I am writing the story of my life."
>
> "Gee! That'll be a long one, if you've begun at the beginning and are telling about nowadays. You'll be too old t fish pretty soon."
>
> "I shall certainly be too old after luncheon if you are not more polite Bobby."
>
> "I *will* be polite, and I'll put the worms on my hooks where you can't see me Look at my tin box, how full it is," and he squeezed it through the gap in the door.
>
> "You know I never wish to look at you disgusting box, open or closed! It is a wriggling, writhing, squirming mass o horror to me—take it away!"
>
> "I'm always hoping you'll get used t worms. They don't mind being pushed on to the hooks; father says so. He says they haven't got any insides to hurt; he says they're hollow."
>
> "Well, I am always hoping you'll grow old enough soon to fish with a nice, pretty hand-made fly."
>
> "That won't do you much good, fo you'll always turn around and scream when I take the fish off the hook."
>
> "Why do you want me to go, then?"
>
> "'Cause there's no boy, an' I don't lik to go alone, an' you're all there is."
>
> "You ought to be trained for a diplomat Bobby; you're so delightfully courteous Now go away and let me write."
>
> "Shall you kill a bear in your book?"
>
> "Certainly not! Where should I find bear?"
>
> "I don't know; my grandfather killed a bear once."
>
> "Well, he is eighty-five years old. I'm too young to kill bears."
>
> "I shouldn't think so, but how would do to put a bear in the book anyway, jus to make it interesting?"
>
> "I am fond of you, Bobby, but you a unbearable! Close the door and try find a younger companion. I want work."

"It never *looks* like working," said that tactless but interesting child. "It just looks like sitting at a table, scratching!" And with this last shot he departed, taking much of my creative mood with him.

Other attractive features in *The Literary Digest International Book Review* for May are: "The Man Who Wooed and Won Ireland," by Shane Leslie; "Reviving the Thrills of the Cattle Ranges," by Edwin Markham; "When the Sea Came into Literature," by Sir Herbert Russell; "Clemenceau and the French Academy," by Ernest Dimnet; and "Letters of Roosevelt and Lodge," by Percy A. Hutchison.

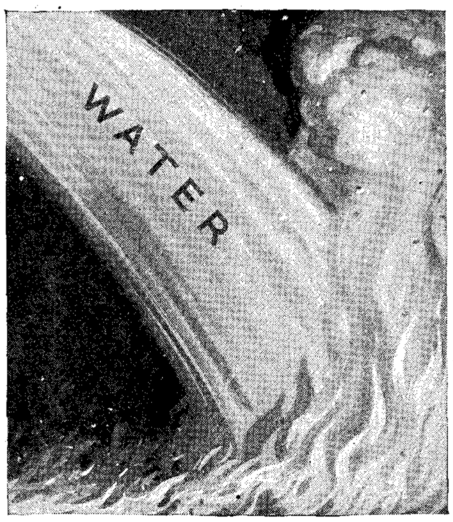
---

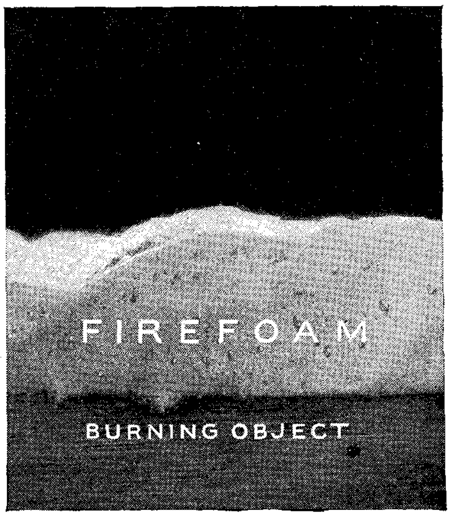
## THE DISINHERITED "SON OF HEAVEN"

YOUNG Henry P'u Yi, deposed Emperor of China, is now "a Prince of Wales without an Empire," we are told. From the revolution of 1911 until last November, he lived in the Imperial Palace of the Forbidden City, a "tiny realm enclosed within the walls of Peking and sacred to the royal Manchu family." Then, as a writer in *Our World* reminds us, he and his youthful empress "lost their royal status" and fled to Tientsin, where they "have since lived the lives of simple citizens." Still, it seems unlikely that "this energetic young man should take no part in the changing policies of his country," for he has been a lively sort of person from his infancy up.

When he was eleven years old an English tutor was engaged for him, and this had a great influence upon the development of his character:

> A vision of the outside world was thus brought to him, which helped to counteract the effect of his enforced seclusion. From the first, however, he gave promise of a definite personality. While always under the dominion of his father, the regent, or of the "Old One of the Household," the Dowager Consort of his predecessor, he was not afraid to disregard this strict authority on the occasion of his mother's death. She had committed suicide as the result of a disagreement with this unreasonable Dowager over the question of her son's bride. The young Emperor, breaking all precedent, drove from the Forbidden City to one of the Imperial Temples in Peking, to attend a memorial service, and to do honor to her, and to his ancestors.
>
> He has shown his interest in all things English by the official adoption of the English name Henry for himself, and that of Elizabeth for his Empress. He is deeply interested in English literature, ancient and modern, and is well read on the affairs of the world at large. New inventions never fail to fascinate him, and he is anxious to learn tennis and rowing and all the new sports that are being introduced into China. There is a story to the effect that when Li Yung-Hung, then President of China, asked the young prince what he desired for a gift, the answer that came back was a request, not for jade, or jewels—but for a portable typewriter!
>
> He has decided artistic ability, altho he has never been encouraged to develop it, and has written many poems, which have appeared anonymously in the Chinese papers.





*Water*—Fires quenched by water may flare up again. Frequently the flood of liquid does more damage than fire itself. Water actually spreads the blazing surface of oil, gasoline or other inflammable liquids.

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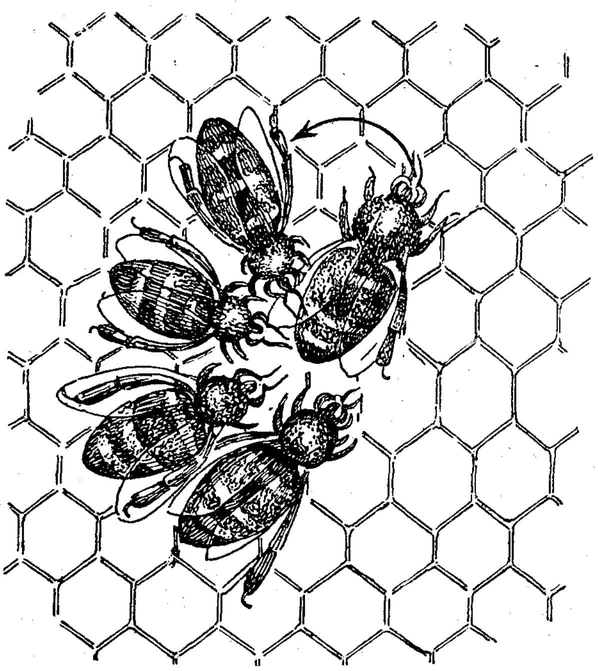
# BEASTS · BIRDS · AND · TREES

## THE LANGUAGE OF THE BEES

THE GREATEST MYSTERY OF THE HIVE—the problem of how bees communicate with one another—has been solved at last. It is probably the most romantic story of entomology. Its solution is the achievement of a German, Herr Karl von Frisch, and the story of his experiments and researches, published in *Die Naturwissenschaften*, will arouse the most intense discussion throughout the world. Our quotations are from an abstract of the German article contributed by Charlotte Burghes to *Discovery* (London). She says:



THE HONEY DANCE

Returned bee moving in circles on the comb, followed by others trying to learn where the honey is to be found.

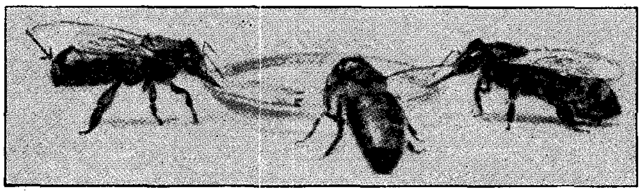
"It was found by Herr von Frisch and other workers that a given bee will as a rule frequent one, and only one, kind of flower. What is the cause of this singular devotion? Bees can see, but their color sense is not sufficiently developed to supply an entirely adequate explanation. They have, however, a sense of smell which is quite as intense as our own, and their memory for smells is one of their strongest characteristics. Herr von Frisch proved experimentally that the bee's smell organs were in its antennæ, for if these were cut off it could still distinguish flowers by their colors, but not by their scents.

"The flower perfume appears not to be a device for attracting the insect, but one which provides it with a means of discrimination between the blossoms of various species. But, as we shall see later, the bee's power over smell, in addition to this function, plays an enormously important rôle in the hive. It is, in fact, one of the two means of communication at present known to us.

"Herr von Frisch began his experiments by putting small pieces of paper smeared with honey on garden tables. It was sometimes necessary to wait for hours, even days, for a bee to discover the new store of nectar. But when one had done so only a few minutes passed before hundreds of others, all from the same hive, arrived, to lap up the new supply. How had they been told the news?

"In order to answer these questions, the investigator constructed a special observation hive. The combs were arranged in flat tiers one above the other, covered with protecting sheets of glass. As the hive contained between 30,000 and 50,000 inmates, it was necessary to find some way to distinguish a few of them from the others. Herr von Frisch found a means of marking 599 of them with five different unwashable colors, and he became so expert in his observations that he could, so he tells us, distinguish his marked bees even when they were in flight.

"The experiments described here were carried out during many years; otherwise their results might seem miraculous. The evidence accumulated gradually, and was tested again and again.



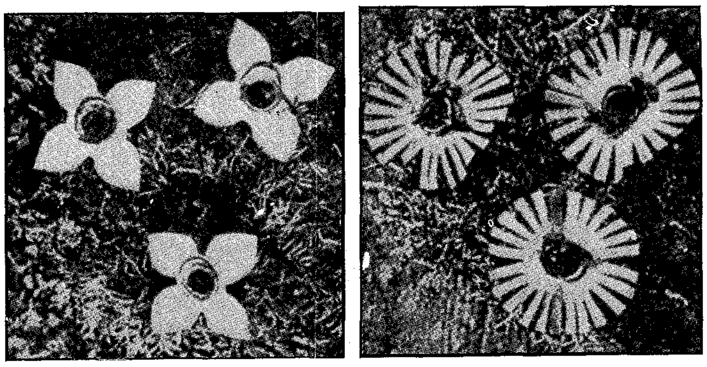
THEY HEARD THE NEWS

These bees learned from the "honey dance" that this little glass dish contained honey and went to it in "the very shortest time." The arrow indicates the special scent organ.

"The observer followed the subsequent actions of one bee who had filled her little crop with as much of the honey or sugar-water from the newly discovered store as it could hold. As soon as she is replete, she flies straight back to the hive, and begins to distribute the food to other workers who meet her and who, after sipping a certain amount themselves, carry it to those places where it is most wanted. The honey gatherer never, apparently, performs this work herself.

"But she does something far more remarkable. She begins to dance. In a state of intense excitement she starts moving round in a circle with quick, tripping little steps. After a time she suddenly turns in the opposite direction and repeats her movements three to twenty times. She then stops abruptly, rushes to the door of the hive, and flies back as fast as her wings will carry her to her new feeding-place. But in the meantime her conduct has created a tremendous stir. She has begun her performance in the middle of a dense crowd of her fellows, bumping into them in the course of her gyrations. These turn their heads toward her to see what is happening and, as soon as their attention is attracted, also evince signs of intense excitement. They endeavor to hold their feelers again her abdomen, and as one joins the other, the first bee, just like the first dancer in 'follow-my-leader,' gathers a tail of others behind her. From time to time one of these will drop out of the throng, dash to the hive door and fly off.

"In due course those who do this return and follow the example of the first explorer, starting dancing chains of their own."

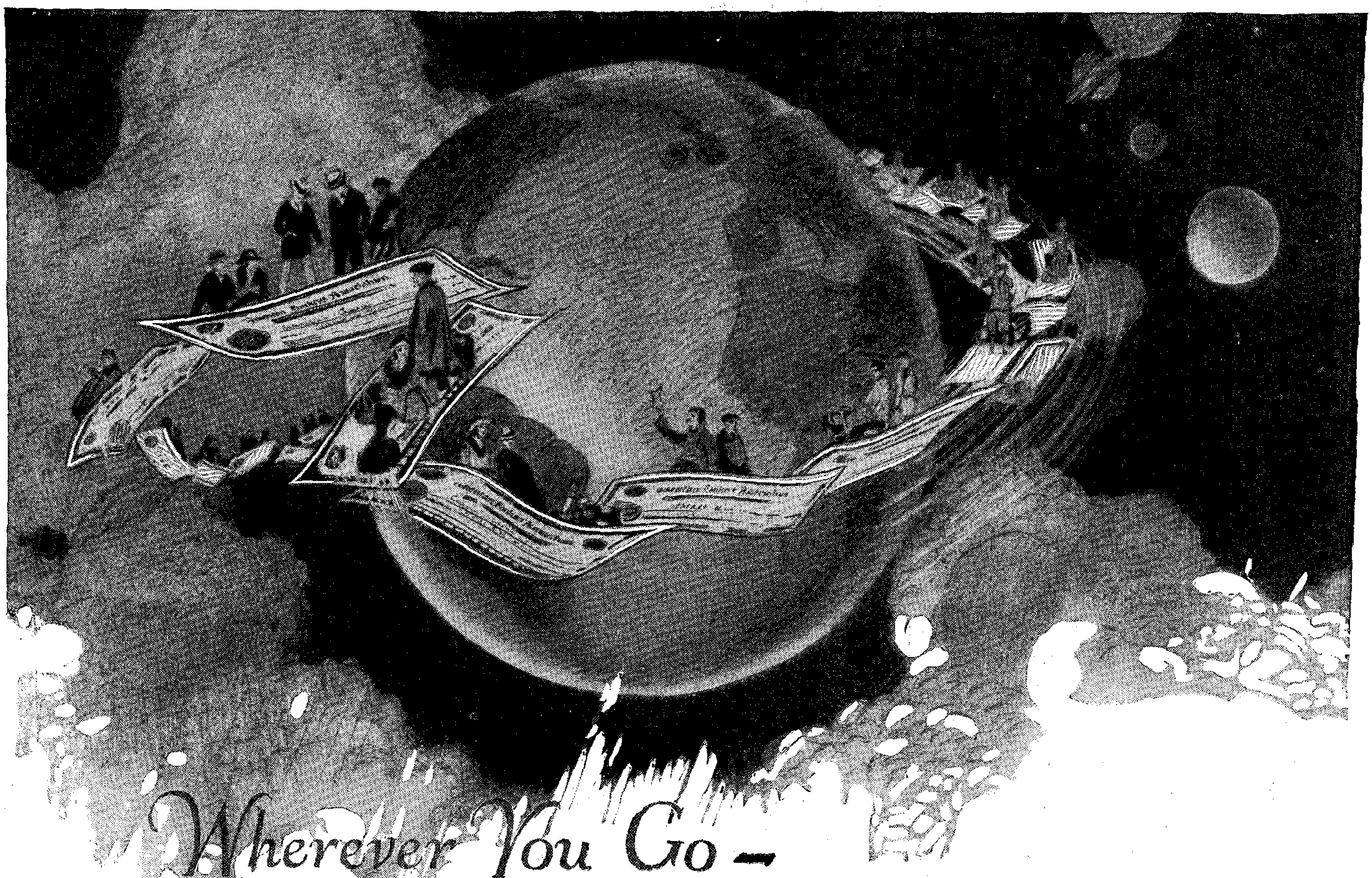


ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS

When "containing an ethereal oil like peppermint, could draw them too."

What has happened? How has the dance conveyed to those who took part in it the location of the new store? And how do they manage to find it?

In order to ascertain what had happened, Herr von Frisch placed at fifteen yards to the west of the hive a watch-glass full of



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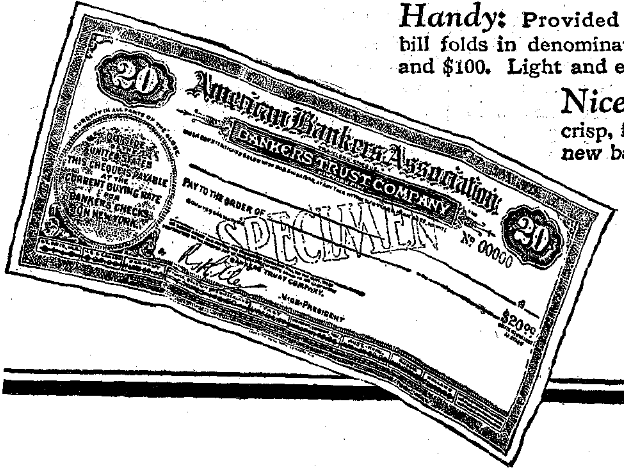

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## BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES

*Continued*

honey on which his marked bees had been fed. He put others at greater or lesser distances in all directions. Every glass in the neighborhood was flown to by new bees within the very shortest time of the feeding, return, and dancing of the marked ones. If the bees had not been fed, and no dance had occurred, the provisions remained undiscovered for hours, and even for days. Distance had no effect on the experiment. He continues:

> In one case a store was placed in a meadow a full kilometer from the hive, with hills and woods lying between them. After a wait of four hours the bees found that one too. As soon as they had begun to sip the honey, they were marked, and their progress home was signaled by a specially placed chain of observers.
>
> Now, after the dance had taken place, the new explorers set out to seek the treasure. First of all they searched everywhere in the vicinity of their home, and as they found nothing, they gradually extended the distance of their flight until they had covered the whole area as far as the meadow, where their perseverance was rewarded.
>
> In the next experiment, the watch-glasses were replaced with real flowers, cyclamen blossoms, filled with a few drops of sugar and water. The result was identical, but it had an interesting sequel. When the cyclamen flowers were provided, but minus the food store, they were still visited, and if they were placed next to blooms of phlox, which also contained nothing, the phlox were ignored while the cyclamen flowers were searched again and again with patient obstinacy. If the flowers were changed round, the bees would visit the phlox and ignore the cyclamen. Clear evidence was thus obtained that the bees could discriminate between the scents of various flowers, and that by means of the dance they could tell each other which kind of flower to look for. Therefore if a new store of nectar was "said" to be found in a cyclamen cup, all cyclamens, but only cyclamens, would be visited, until the one containing it was reached.
>
> Artificial flowers, containing a drop of an ethereal oil like peppermint, could draw them too, and after having visited one of these they would show the greatest interest in anything in the vicinity of the hive which smelt of peppermint.
>
> It is obvious that something of the scent of the flower clings to the bee, and that the dance is the means which enables her to communicate this scent to the largest numbers of her fellow creatures.
>
> The benefit to the plants is naturally of inestimable importance. For this behavior on the part of the bee makes it certain that when the flowers of a new species are discovered, others of the same kind will be eagerly sought for, and so their fertilization will be ensured.
>
> Careful observation revealed a further important point. The numbers of collecting bees appeared always to be in reasonable proportions to the amount of food available. It seemed as if in this matter also an understanding had been reached among them. In order to ascertain what took place in this connection, a new experiment was made. A poor honey harvest was initiated by substituting for the

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watch-glass shells blotting-paper moistened with sugar-water. The bees came and fed on this also, but they had hard work to fill their pouches, and when they returned to the hive, they did *not* dance. In consequence no newcomers arrived to sample the blotting-paper meal. The same held good when artificial flowers which had only been provided with small stores of food were substituted for it.

Two places equidistant from the hive, but in opposite directions, were chosen for the next venture. At one the marked bees found an abundance of honey, at the other only a small amount was provided. No artificial scent was provided in order to attract them. Nevertheless, the bees who had found the rich store danced as usual, while their less fortunate sisters did not, with the result that ten times as many new seekers accumulated where the honey flowed generously as visited the spot where it was hard to obtain. Careful investigation at last led the observers to understand how the bees signaled their discovery of the plentiful, tho odorless, stock. The well-fed bees, as they flew or sipped, pushed out a small organ of their own which serves them, as a miniature scent factory, located in a pocket of skin containing glands at the end of the abdomen. By means of this they can produce a strong, fruity scent which is discernible by the human nose, but which was found to have an enormously strong power of attraction for other bees, even at a great distance. It was this smell which drew new fliers over a considerable area to the abundant honey harvest, even when the cup or flower containing it was scentless.

The pollen-gathering bees are never the same ones which collect honey. But they also have their dance which is so distinct from the "honey-trot" that a trained observer can discriminate between the two at first sight. Its special characteristic is a kind of "tail-wagging" movement of the dancer, by means of which she rubs her little pollen baskets on the faces of the interested onlookers, and particularly on their outstretched feelers. The pollen of each flower has its peculiar smell, and it is this, when spread by means of the bee's movements, which carries the news.

Two groups of pollen bees were marked, one of which comprised rose visitors and the other addicts to Canterbury bells. The flowers of these two species were deprived of their pollen, so that after a while they were searched by isolated gatherers only. The anthers of certain Canterbury bells were taken out, and were replaced by the anthers of roses, which were fastened inside the flower by tiny needles. In due course a bee visits a Canterbury bell, and flies back to the hive with a rich harvest of *rose* pollen. And now a most curious thing happens. Dance as she will, she is quite unable to attract the attention of her Canterbury-bell pollen-gathering companions. But the rose-pollen collectors crowd around her, and soon fly off to confirm the news she brings in their own persons. But now it is their turn to be perplexed. For, naturally, they fly to the roses and, finding no pollen or only minute traces there (as it has been carefully removed in anticipation of some such behavior on their part), they spend a long time patiently seeking it in vain.

Such is the brief outline of the story told by Herr von Frisch. It epitomizes many researches carried out for years with laborious perseverance. It opens up new realms of speculation for the imaginative, for the facts so simply recorded contain the very stuff of wonder and romance.

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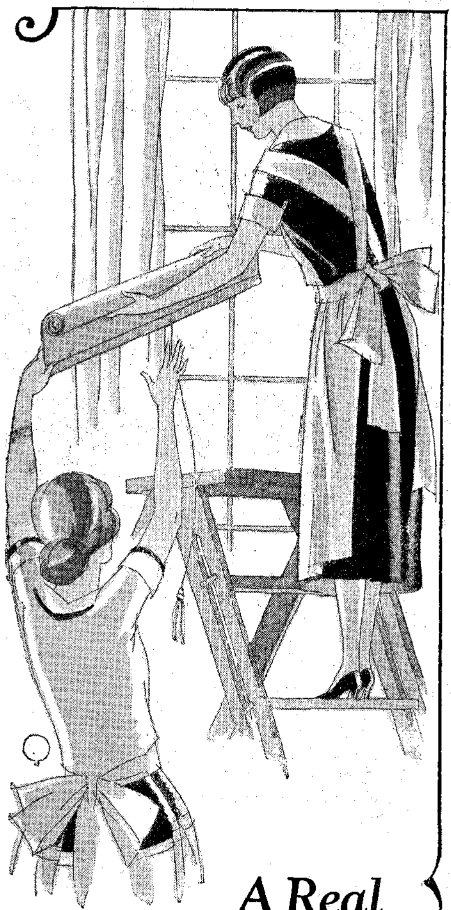

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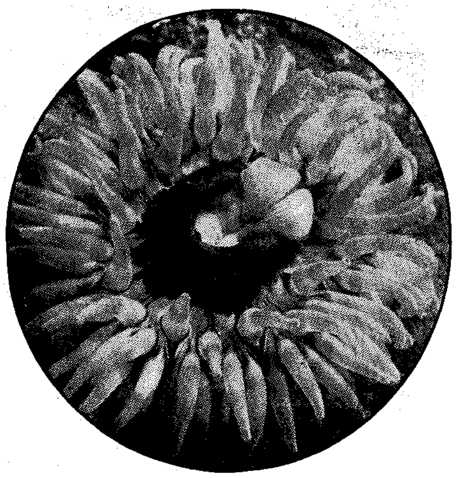
## BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES
*Continued*

### FLOWER-LIKE ANIMALS OF THE SEA

IF Hans Christian Andersen could have wandered along the floor of the ocean in that strange blue twilight of the many waters, he might have come upon what we would have thought was the mermaids' garden, all laid out in marvelous rainbow colors of rose, orange, white and blue. Here the mermaids' delicate hands have seemed to plant sea-anemones and sea-roses and sea-pinks, shaded by what looks like a sad and drooping willow tree. From that mysterious wandering the teller of fairy-tales could have woven another of his lovely and immortal stories. Still, the real story of this beautiful flower-show is almost as strange as any that could be told, for the flowers of glowing colors and many hues are really animals. These sea-flowers are actually sea-pirates, which lie in wait for victims which they may devour, and so sate what Mr. Waldo L. Schmitt in *The Nature Magazine* (Washington) assures us are voracious appetites. He writes under the heading quoted above:



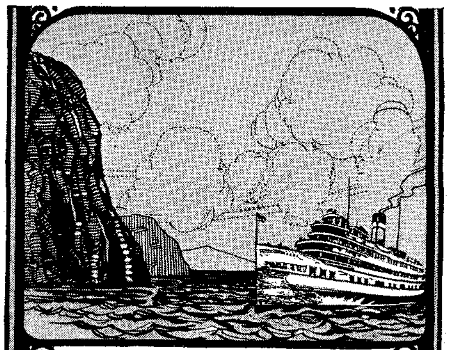
Courtesy *The Nature Magazine* (Washington)

"WHAT A PRETTY FLOWER!"

One might say; but these "sea-flowers" are really "voracious feeders, catching with great celerity and ease the hapless creatures which come within reach of their tentacles."

These "flowers" of the sea (sea-anemones) have excited the wonder and admiration of mankind throughout the ages, and have even furnished poetic inspiration. Their beauty of form and color can scarcely be matched elsewhere in the animal kingdom, for after all they are animals. So zoologists have gone to the flowers for their comparisons and descriptive names. Hence we have the sea-anemone, the sea-rose, the sea-pink, the dahlia wartlet, the daisy anemone, and even a widowed anemone, one with long and drooping tentacles, which especially when at rest resemble the pendant branches of the weeping-willow tree. Even the larger groups in which these organisms are classified are called Zoophytes, Anthozoa, or Zoantharia, all meaning animal plants or flowers.

A mere description of the varied and marvelous display of color that greets the eye of those who have had the exquisite pleasure of observing these animals in



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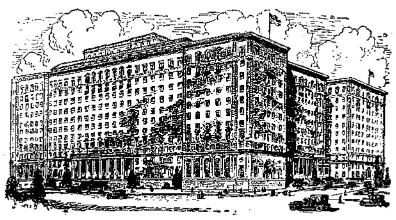

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their native haunts reads like gross exaggeration. Words fail him who would tell of the wonders he has seen. Instinctively one likens their profusion of color to the colors of the rainbow. Miss Losh, who contributes the accompanying illustration, and has seen these very compositions in life, exclaims: "What beautiful flowers! you would say if you could see these marvelous creations in shades of rose, orange, white and brown, looking like huge carnations with thick stems. There are others, too, whose petals seem to have unfolded, making them look more brilliant and transparent. See, they tremble slightly, they stretch and search about as tho they wanted to take hold of something."

What marvelous colors they have. It seems as if they had been stolen from the rainbow. No florist could grow flowers with more perfect shadings and markings than these creatures of the sea, in their many shades of red, violet, brown, yellow and green.

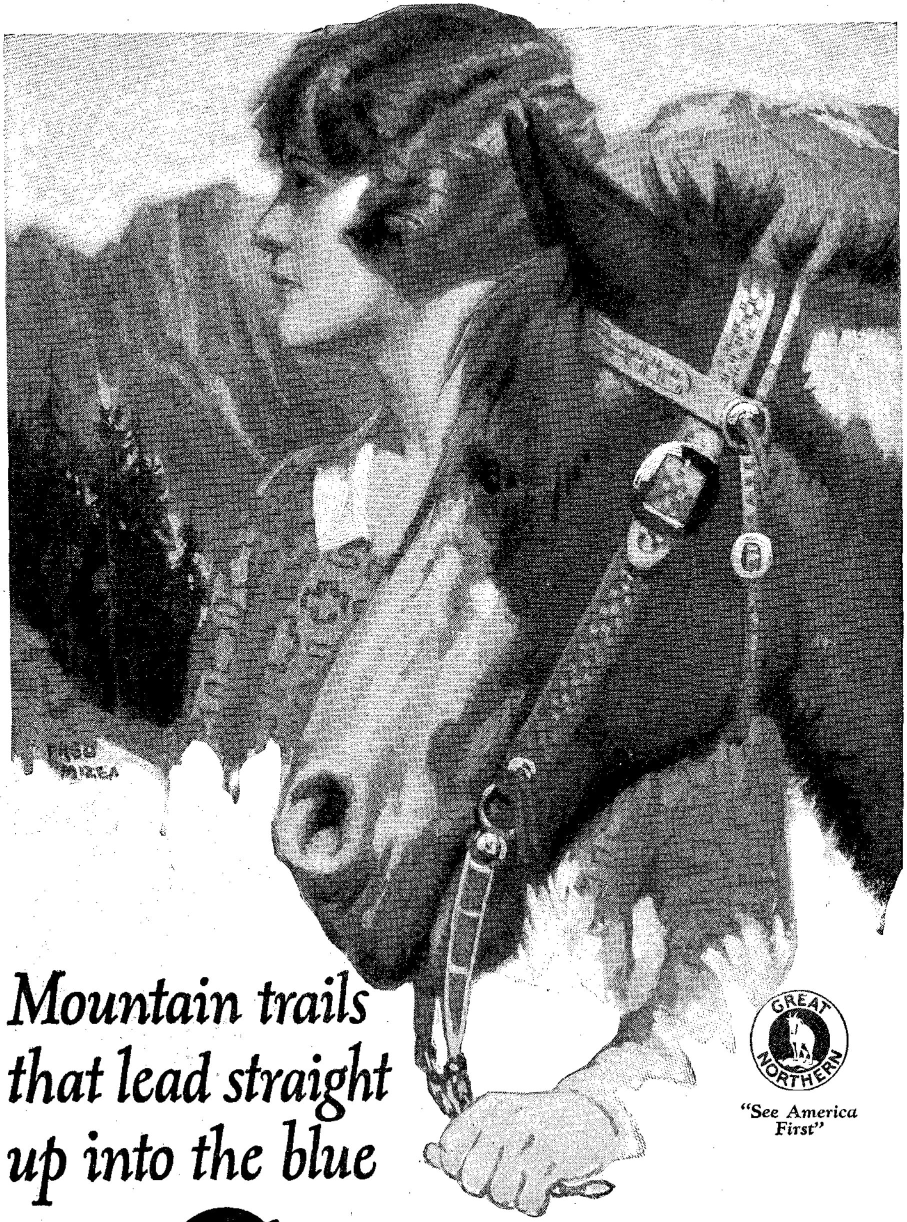
Sea-anemones belong to one of the twelve major divisions of the animal kingdom, the Coelenterates, literally "stomach animals." They are scarcely more than that. Their body-wall surrounds a single sac-like body and digestive cavity combined. The mouth opening is situated at the center of the disc, carrying around it the tentacles. It is connected with the stomach cavity by a short gullet. In most anemones the tentacles have a little perforation at the tip. Through these pores slender streams of water may be ejected with considerable force when the animal is disturbed.

These "sea-flowers" are voracious feeders, catching with great celerity and ease the hapless creatures which come within reach of their tentacles. The tentacles are not only sticky with a secreted mucus, but also richly ciliated, being furnished with tiny, mobile hairs, or lashes, always beating toward the tentacle tip, so that when food is not being taken, all foreign substances or particles are wafted away from the body. But when stimulated by the diffusion of the juices of food, or the contact of food material or prey itself, the tentacles turn inward, and point toward the mouth opening.

The matter of securing food is hardly so passive an act as would appear. As is characteristic of "stomach animals," the tentacles are richly provided with nettle-cells, little trigger-actuated mechanisms, as it were, consisting of a tiny sac filled with an irritating fluid, that has the power of benumbing the animals that constitute the prey of the anemone and severely stinging larger ones. Within the sac is coiled a slender, hollow thread, often barbed. Projecting from the outer surface of the nettle-cell is a tiny hair-like process or trigger, which when touched discharges the coiled thread, which has considerable penetrating power, and voiding through it the fluid contents of the sac. The sting or burn of this poison charge is familiar to most of us who have bathed in waters infested with sea-nettles.

Thomas Jones in his "Aquarium Naturalist" tells of a more decisive proof of the potency of these nettle-cells, than that of placing the tentacles in contact with the skin for a few seconds. He suggests biting one of the tentacles of an anemone between the fore-teeth, applying at the same time the tip of the tongue to the part bitten. The taste is described as something between that of a capsicum, or red pepper, and a red-hot poker.

A further means of defense and offense is at hand in most anemones in the shape of long gelatinous-coated threads called



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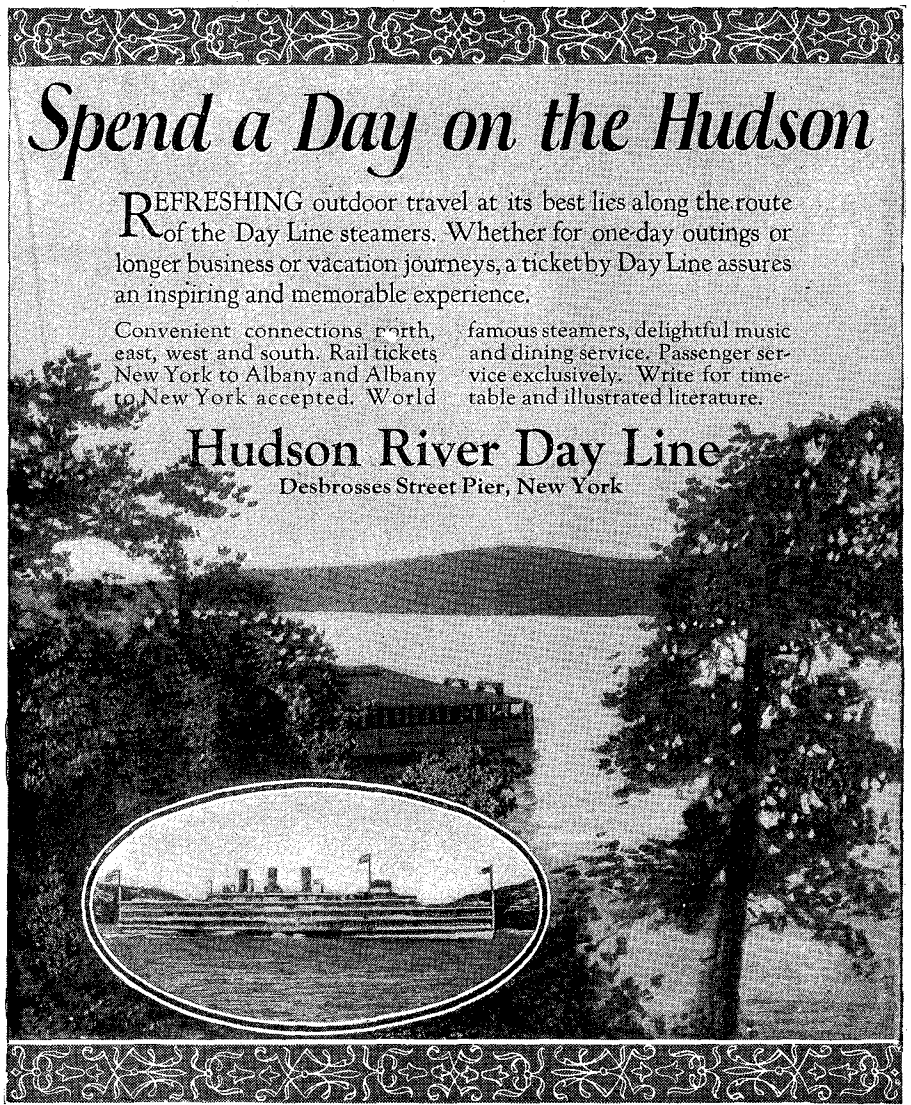

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## BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES

*Continued*

acontia projected at times with great rapidity through imperceptible openings in the body-wall. These threads are even more plentifully supplied with nettle-cells than the tentacles, and enable the anemones to overcome fish and crabs often of relatively large size.

We usually consider these animals as more or less sendentary organisms, but many of them are not quite so immobile as we are prone to think. Says Mr. Schmitt:

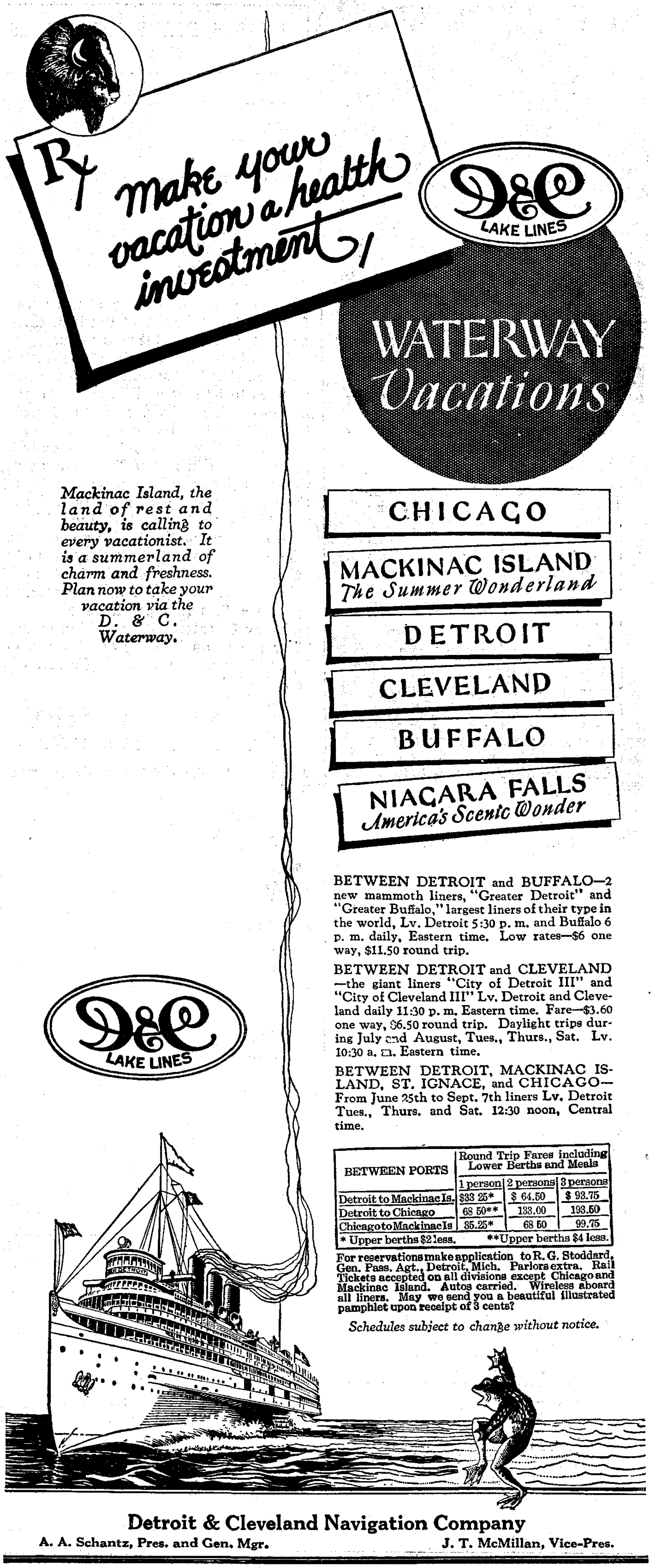
Dr. McClendon, while studying some animals in marine aquaria, noticed that some specimens of *Metridium*, after being placed on the bottom of an aquarium, would creep up the side of the glass to a more favorable position. He likened their method of progression to the ordinary creeping of a snail, consisting of a succession of waves traveling across the pedal or basal surface from behind forward. In the anemone these waves are larger and not so rapid or regular as in a snail. A wave required about a minute to traverse the foot of the anemone observed, and before it disappeared another had commenced. He "threw a number of anemones into an aquarium to observe their actions. They threw out acontia which caught hold of any solid object near them and contracted until some portion of the foot touched the object and caught hold. One anemone sinking to the bottom and resting on its tentacles contrived to right itself by suddenly contracting and expelling water from its mouth. I observed this once or twice subsequently, but rather think it a coincidence, rather than a common reflex."

There are, however, some really sedentary forms like *Cerianthus*, which burrow in the sand and mud. There they live within tubes of their own construction, and for this reason they are exceedingly hard to secure, as usually but little more than the expanded "flower" extends above the surface of the bottom, and this upon approach is instantly withdrawn into the buried tube. These, Professor Kingsley remarks, are "thick felt-like tubes of mud and sand agglutinated by mucus secreted by the numerous glands in the body-wall and by entangled nematocysts" (nettle-cells).

*Metridium dianthus* (Ellis) the "sea-pink" is possibly our most beautiful anemone. It certainly is our most showy one when fully expanded. Certain parts of the ocean bed, of course near shore, are simply covered with them, and in regions where it is abundant it is very common on piles. The species is rather widely distributed, occurring on the coasts of Europe, and North America on our east coast from the Arctic to Cape Hatteras, and on the west coast from Alaska to San Francisco. It may attain a height of six inches and a diameter of three. In color *Metridium dianthus* ranges from the pure translucent white "as if arranged in the finest Coan vestments," through cream, flesh, salmon-red, pale orange, various tints of red to a full minimum-scarlet, and shades of brown from warm umber, or fawn-color, to dingy blackish olive. The tentacles generally are of the same color as the column, except in the olive and brown varieties, where they are sometimes almost wholly "pellucid white."

The dahlia wartlet, *Urticina crassicornis*, or the thick-horned sea-anemone, as it is sometimes called, tho usually not as tall or high, has a greater expanse of "flower," often of five inches, or more, in the larger deep-water specimens. The surface of the body is covered with more or less irregularly scattered adhesive warts, hence the name wartlet, to which, under natural conditions, all manner of small stones, sand and shell fragments adhere, rendering the animal most inconspicuous when contracted. Sea-anemones are not always the beautiful showy things we see pictured. When disturbed by the recession of the tide in the case of forms attached, or living above the low-tide mark, or by a jarring of the substratum to which they are attached, or by a sudden attack or rude touch, they contract to an amazingly small fleshy lump, most inconspicuous, and often disappearing completely from sight as in *Cerianthus*, and in the dahlia wartlet, and others when attached to rocks below the surface of the sandy or gravelly bottom. Such a contracted specimen of *Urticina* is attached to the rock above the expanded *Cerianthus*. Gosse calls the colors of the dahlia wartlet very sportive, saying that "scarcely two specimens can be found exactly alike. The body may be dull green, streaked and flaked with crimson, with pale gray warts, and the disc or 'flower' glaucous olive, with conspicuous scarlet radial bands edged with white, proceeding from each outer tentacle in pairs, which curve around the foot of the tentacles of the higher rows, and are lost at various distances from the center; those pairs which enclose the inner tentacles extend farthest and are most conspicuous." These bands are highly characteristic of the species and can readily be seen in the head-on view here given of it. The tentacles of this color phase are a "pellucid light brown, with a band of opaque white across the base, which frequently stretches a little way up each side; a broad band of crimson surrounds the middle, bounded below, and sometimes above, by a narrower band of sub-opaque white. All of these bands are undefined, and are often rendered sub-pellucid by distension." The mouth is generally tinged with crimson, with gullet and stomach light gray. Again the body and disc may be a dull crimson, with the radial bands and central region more brilliant than the rest, with either pellucid white tentacles having conspicuous bands of opaque white, or crimson tentacles, with purplish bands. Yellow, straw to apricot-colored specimens also occur, while the generally very large deep-water specimens usually seem to have lost all color, being a semi-pellucid dusky gray.

The widowed anemone, *Sagartia viduata*, called in England the "snake-locked" anemone, has a ground color of "light buff, sometimes merging into a warm fawn, or wood-brown, at others into a flesh hue, or even pale scarlet. This is marked with longitudinal bands of paler hue, sometimes almost white; the bands being equal to the interspaces. As these bands approach the base, they become more defined, and the contrast between the alternate dark and light hues is beautifully distinct, especially as they are separated by slender jagged lines of very dark brown. The whole upper parts are freckled with numerous brown dots. The disc is a dull whitish-gray covered with a regular speckled pattern of deep brown, or blackish, and lighter grayish brown." The tentacles are translucent gray, marked on each side with a line of dark brown running through the whole length. At times the tentacles assume a distinctly nodulous appearance, an evanescent condition that appears and



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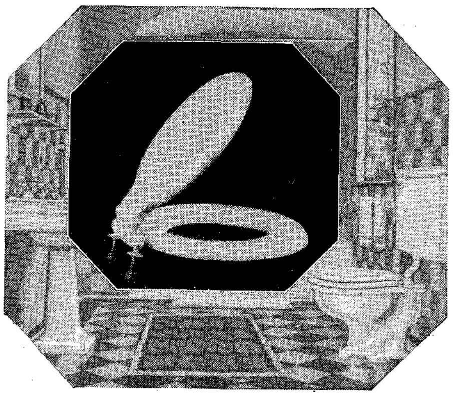

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## BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES

*Continued*

disappears at irregular intervals. The name "snake-locked" refers to the very snaky appearance of the tentacles of the active anemone. In this species they are very numerous, upwards of two hundred in number.

Anemones, because of their more or less sedentary habits, can endure long periods of fasting, and withal are very long-lived. It is said that Sir J. Dalyell kept one alive for over twenty years, and that he had another, apparently of equal age with the former when taken, that lived for thirteen or fourteen years in his possession.

From Faber's "Fisheries of the Adriatic" we learn that "all sea-anemones are edible, and are to be met with in large quantities in most fish markets, such as Marseilles, Cette, Bordeaux, Bayonne, etc.," and that the "green" anemone "occasionally appears in the markets of Trieste and on the Coast of Istria where it is caught near the shore on stony and sandy beds; it is sprinkled with flour and fried in oil."

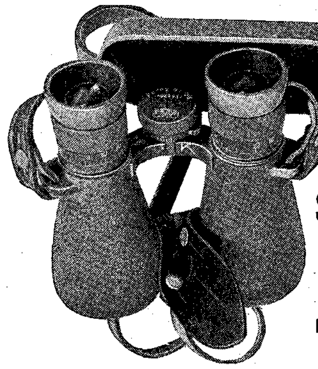
In speaking of the *Urticina crassicornis*, Dicquemare says, "Of all the kinds of sea anemones, I would prefer this for the table; being boiled some time in sea-water, they acquire a firm and palatable consistence, and may be eaten with any kind of sauce. They are of an inviting appearance, of a light shivering texture, and of a soft white or reddish hue."

---

### A "LEG-PULL" BY GIRAFFE

OVER to the right were dense woods, standing as a background to the burned golden grass and the swift, narrow River of the Giraffe. Mr. Frank Savile raised his head and saw standing, in the early morning sunlight, a noble water buck and his "attendant harem." Mr. Savile called to his daughter and the "Missus" to rouse them to the fact that the "happy hunting-ground" so far from London had been reached at last. There were four hunters—Mr. Savile, the "Missus," the daughter, and Jim, "a father," all making their way into a newly opened hunting land beyond the White Nile on a small boat, accompanied by native hunters. From this starting-point the "happy house-boat" drifted south through a hunter's paradise, and many amazing and strange things happened, as Mr. Savile relates in his book, "The River of the Giraffe" (H. F. and G. Witherby, London). "Buzz-Buzz," a native helper, longed with a deep sadness for a giraffe and reviled fate when shots went wrong, so it was a moment of pure undiluted joy for Buzz-Buzz when, after landing one day and pushing through dense thickets, a dozen triangular heads were sighted far above the acacia branches. Buzz-Buzz made a hissing noise and over his solid black face spread an affable grin. Giraffe! Mr. Savile tells the story of the hunt which followed, and relates how a perfect day ended:

> No mistake about this. A good herd of giraffe at browse.
>
> I looked at Jim. "Action front!" I



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suggested, and he nodded. Supported by Hamed and the fermenting Buzz-Buzz he moved slowly and slantingly toward the opposite cover. I followed. By bending it appeared that we could sink below the range of vision granted to the distant eyes in those three-cornered heads.

We skulked through the opposite copse and, on the far side, peeped out of the porch, so to speak, of the green mansion.

Yes—they were still there, about six hundred yards away now, and—apparently unsuspicious. But it became a question if we could repeat this maneuver unseen. There was a very wide interval between us and the next expanse of cover.

We crouched into positions as similar as we could make them to the pose of animals at feed. To any intelligent quadruped this should have told its own story of suspicion, for on the sandy steppe no green thing was growing—to believe that we were at graze would imply an abnormal lack of instinct in animals usually equipped with it. But giraffe do not rank among the intelligentsia. One has the not unreasonable hope that animals, whose heads bulk so infinitesimally above their lumpish bodies, might be brought to believe anything! So we groped and straddled through the sun-washed emptiness with a certain leisure, and, at last and for the second time, reached ambush. We strove softly through it and goggled out of its farther fringes.

No—they were not the fools they looked.

They were no longer among the trees, festooning the branches with their silly, snake-like necks. They had seen—something. Even now they were conferring about it and offering each other suggestions as they stared at the coppice into which they must have seen us disappear. It could hardly be supposed that they had seen us *in* it, but they were suspiciously ready to see us emerge.

As usual Buzz-Buzz yapped. The great ungainly bodies were four or five hundred yards away, silhouetted against the fiery mirage and the sand. His idea, of course, was that we should shoot, and shoot quickly.

Jim debated. The body of a giraffe targets up finely when the background is aglow with radiant light, but it is this very brilliance which deceives you. You come to think that your foresight can be alined upon it, and yet leave sufficient overlap to correct any lateral errors of aiming. This is not so—not at a distance exceeding two furlongs. And there is, as well, the matter of mirage to be allowed for. Possibly, also, when the sun is westering, a certain amount of breeze. Jim shrugged his shoulders. Hamed and Buzz-Buzz goaded him in *sotto voce* chorus. He gave another shrug, hardened his heart, and let drive.

It was a case of dust to dust, ashes to ashes. Doubtless the bullet set a tiny cloud of sand astir somewhere. But soaked down, as it were, into the bath of sunshine, this was lost unseen by us among the yellow drifts. Languidly the herd turned and took its departure.

Now a giraffe is a deceiving goer. His gait is something between an amble and a canter. That beautiful portmanteau word "galumph" expresses it, and also, to my mind, gives the exact impression which, when he minted this literary coin, was in Lewis Carroll's brain. It is a jolting, angular, up-and-down sort of progress with which one can not associate speed.

Incited by the yammerings of Buzz-Buzz, Jim took up the pursuit.

From that point on farther and farther did I recede into the background. The giraffe kept on. Jim kept on, Buzz-Buzz

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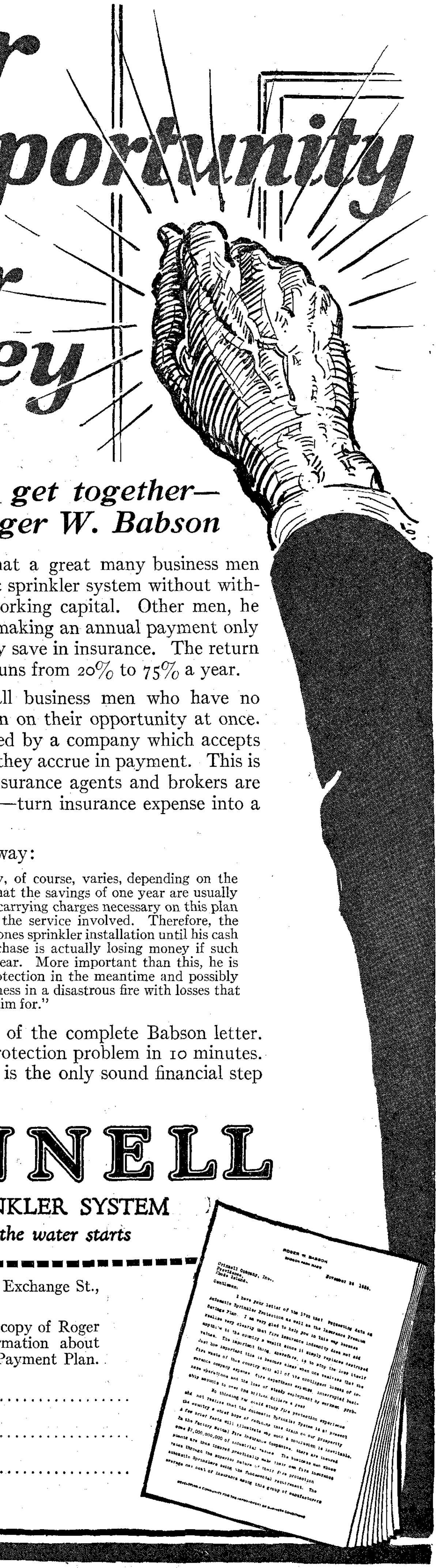

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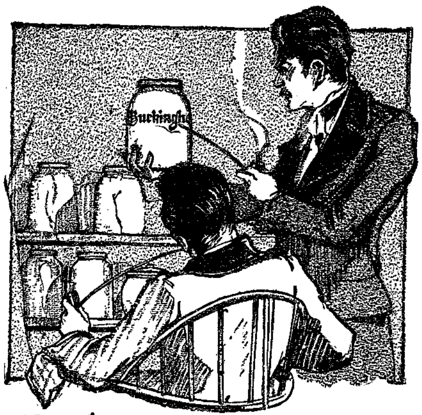

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## BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES

*Continued*

stimulating both with his raucous fury. I saw them dissociate themselves from me by yards, then by rods, by poles, and by perches, and—finally—by furlongs. Out across the dusty leagues they sped, the beasts, to all appearance, unfluttered and using a minimum of effort while the human beings grew tiny in their wake. And it was obvious, too, that the former were running upon the perimeter of a great circle, while the latter—Jim must have been the strategist here, certainly not the bull-headed Buzz-Buzz—were endeavoring to keep contact from its center. So pioneered they on into the unknown.

I looked at Surly, who had stayed by me, and grinned. A forlorn little tamarisk shrub had found some unknown means of installing itself among the dunes. I sank down in its very exiguous shade and lit a cigarette.

Surly nodded, distended his nostrils in a sardonic snuffle, and flung himself down beside me. He, it was to be seen, held the excitabilities of Buzz-Buzz on as lowly a plane as I did myself. We stared at the retreat, mainly composed of dots by now—dots getting so distant that we were hard put to it to get hunted and hunter into corelation.

The sound of a shot came singing down the waste. Surly grunted. The minutes went by.

Again a rifle cracked. Surly gaped. Then he turned, grinned at me interrogatively, and let his questioning glance wander wistfully toward the *Candace*, now a full two miles away.

His great mind and mine evidently shared a single thought. Dusk would be upon us in less than an hour. The fringe of the circle upon which the quarry ran would not return them to us—as at one time I had hoped. Yes—it was a case of "Home, John!" We scrambled to our feet and departed.

An hour later, when the dusk had definitely become the dark, the firing party returned to find me sitting at ease upon the deck. Cocktail in hand, I bellowed a question into the night.

The answer was cryptic.

"Ah!" said Jim in tones of well-modulated ambiguity.

"You got one?" I stood up, prepared to make the welkin resound with thunders of triumph.

"They are bringing it in," he answered sedately.

Excitedly I raced down the shore plank. From Light-Laugh's shoulders a small yellow body was decanted at my feet. I stared. By all that was deceitful, a ruffifrons gazelle!

Yes—a successful leg-pull. It appeared, from their story, that they had proceeded in good order after the giraffe which Buzz-Buzz insisted was hit. For this reason, and for no other, Jim had chanced two more bullets at it from preposterous ranges, but he, himself, was in no position to support or deny Buzz-Buzz's thesis. The bull first aimed at *had* gone slower than the rest—*had* kept increasingly far behind the main herd—had, indeed, lured them all on into the very arms of dusk before they had given up the chase. Then reluctantly they had turned, and Fate had tossed to them a little sop to their want of success by exhibiting to their notice the smaller quarry. Jim had got it with a nice snap, and that was that.

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## "BLESSED BE THE HEN"

THE old rooster, the "Field Marshal," walks gay and resplendent, with his shrewd beady eyes gazing inquiringly around his domain. As everything looks all right, he gives a short word of command, and the harem steps forth into the spring sun, the first venture since winter. Mrs. Cuttle, a fussy little hen, comes last, always late and anxious, and always scolding violently against the established ways of the universe in general and henyards in particular. "Rusticus" and his wife, who, as he says, "lets him do these things"—such as keeping hens and pigs—watch to see Mrs. Cuttle begin her first spring hunt for food, and to hear the Field Marshal proclaim his world-supremacy, and as Rusticus tells us in his book, "Bucolic Beatitudes" (Atlantic Monthly Press), when this ecstatic effort of the Field Marshal came it sounded like a blazing call to action, and Rusticus then proceeded to work:

> But delay we do, for a moment, to feel the glowing warmth of the heightening sun, to let the sweet southwest wind blow in our faces, to smell the cool, wet odor of the awakening soil.
>
> We listen in the stillness for a voice. Eager eyes turn toward the willows, parted lips and straining ears wait for the message, and it comes. The little brook beyond the willows now is free and he is talking to us!
>
> But now to work. First the tools must be collected from strange hiding-places, boards and nails, pails and brushes, all the jovial paraphernalia of building and repairing. The deserted henhouse is cleaned in every corner—nests and roosts, floor and ceiling. What glorious dust, what proud disdain of clothes and hands, what prodigies of skill and strength mark the full sweep of our enterprise! New litter on the floor, new hay in the nests, windows washed, and screens removed. By night the returning wanderers find all in order.
>
> But this has been only one day; we know more glorious ones will follow. As the days go by, we work more slowly, for we must not spend these golden hours too freely.
>
> Then all is ready. There must be a dry, warm day with just a breath of wind. Pails are brought, and we mix the magic brew: pure white lime, bubbling and steaming. The caldrons simmer; we stir and mumble strange enchantments, old magic words of bygone ages; we croon strange songs, and stir, and stir. It is finished—whiter than anything imagined, smooth as velvet; there is nothing like it.
>
> Inside we go. We put it on in lavish manner. It drops; it spots; it spatters; and it will burn if you are unwary. We emerge exultant. For once we have had enough of something, and how we have reveled in it! A general appraisal of our clothes is made, and bad as they are, we are sure they are not so bad as they were last year.
>
> Happy in the completion of this undertaking, we rest a while. For days we glory in the matchless product of our skill, but we know this leisure must not last.

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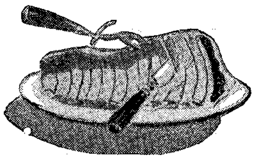
*Write for our folder containing complete details.*
*Address Dept. 35*

Illinois Refrigerator Co.
MORRISON, ILLINOIS



AUTOMATIC
WATER COOLING SYSTEM
A Built-in System consisting of Bottle Holder, Porcelain Water Tank, Outside Faucet. Chilled Water without ice. Can be used with or without inverted bottle.

*The Automatic Scientific Air Circulation keeps Fresh and Cooked Meats Fresh!*

The AUTOMATIC
DOUBLE DUTY REFRIGERATOR
saves food
chills water
MORRISON ILLINOIS
USES LESS ICE

*Watch for your dealer's "Automatic Week" in June!*
*Dealers—If you want to increase your refrigerator business—write us!*

# The Literary Digest School and College Directory

LITERARY DIGEST readers seeking private institutions of learning will find in our pages between April 11th and September 12th the following Classified Directory containing the names and addresses of some distinctive residential schools; vocational, professional, special schools, and colleges. In the earlier issues will appear supervised summer camps. Advertisements describing these institutions will be found in the first issue of each month from April to September.

You are invited to write for information to any of the institutions in which you are interested. We list only such schools as we believe are under highly trained and public-spirited executives. Our School Advisory Department continues to serve, as it has for many years, our readers, the schools, and camps without fees or obligation. It is necessary for inquirers to give specific information that may aid us in giving prompt service.

## Schools for Girls and Colleges for Women

| | |
|---|---|
| Abbott Academy | Andover, Mass. |
| The Birmingham School | Box 109, Birmingham, Pa. |
| Mary Baldwin College and Seminary | Staunton, Va. |
| Glendale Jr. College and Preparatory School | Box 1, Glendale, Ohio. |
| Gunston Hall | 1920 Florida Ave., Washington, D. C. |
| Katherine Gibbs School | 151 Commonwealth Ave., Boston, Mass. |
| Lasell Seminary | 103 Woodland Road, Auburndale, Mass. |
| Lindenwood College | Box 725, St. Charles, Mo. |
| National Park Seminary | Box 157, Forest Glen, Md. |
| Posse-Nissen School | 779 Beacon St., Boston, Mass. |
| Saint Margaret's School | Waterbury, Conn. |
| Sayre College | Lexington, Ky. |
| Frances Shimer School | Box 648, Mt. Carroll, Ill. |
| Walnut Hill School | 24 Highland St., Natick, Mass. |
| Ward-Belmont School | Box 14, Nashville, Tenn. |

## Summer Schools

| | |
|---|---|
| American Academy of Dramatic Arts | Room 258-E, Carnegie Hall, New York. |
| Culver Summer Schools | Culver, Ind. |
| Huntington Summer School | 316 Huntington Ave., Boston, Mass. |
| The Westminster Summer School | Simsbury, Conn. |

## Special

| | |
|---|---|
| Devereux Schools | Box L, Berwyn, Pa. |
| Martin Institute for Speech Defects | 405 De Witt Park, Ithaca, N. Y. |
| Stewart Home Training School | Box C, Frankfort, Ky. |
| The Woods School | Box 160, Langhorne, Pa. |

## Camps for Boys

| | |
|---|---|
| Fire Place Lodge for Boys | Address, Roy G. Perham, M.D., Hasbrouck Heights, N. J. |

## Technical

| | |
|---|---|
| Bliss Electrical School | 265 Takoma Ave., Washington, D. C. |
| Colorado School of Mines | Box T, Golden, Colo. |
| Michigan College of Mines | 260 College Ave., Houghton, Mich. |
| New Mexico School of Mines | Box P-4, Socorro, New Mexico |
| Tri-State College of Engineering | Box L-5, Angola, Ind. |

## Boys' Preparatory

| | |
|---|---|
| Peddie Institute | Box 5-P, Hightstown, N. J. |
| Pennington School | Box 80, Pennington, N. J. |

## Military Schools and Colleges

| | |
|---|---|
| Kemper Military School | 706 Third St., Boonville, Mo. |
| San Diego Army and Navy Academy | Box L, Pacific Beach Sta., San Diego, Calif. |
| Staunton Military Academy | Box D, Staunton, Va. |
| Wentworth Military Academy | Box D, Lexington, Mo. |

## Vocational and Professional

| | |
|---|---|
| Ithaca Conservatory of Music | 5 De Witt Park, Ithaca, N. Y. |
| The Ithaca School of Physical Education | 205 De Witt Park, Ithaca, N. Y. |
| Northwestern University | Box A-10, Evanston, Ill. |
| Rochester School of Optometry | 28 S. Washington St., Rochester, N. Y. |
| The Sargent School | Cambridge, Mass. |

## Co-Educational

| | |
|---|---|
| Temple University | Dept. D, Philadelphia, Pa. |

## BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES

*Continued*

on to activity. She demands an industry equal to her own. Therefore, he goes on:

There are only brief, infrequent periods of contemplative pleasure in your association with a hen. No hours of easy talk, no placid silences, no moments of tender abstraction. A hen does not sentimentalize, she acts, and she insists that your relationship be that of a working partner; but how richly she rewards the conscientious performance of your duty to her!

Already there are signs in the Field Marshal's household that new duties will soon confront us. Some of the ladies are becoming querulous. With ruffled feathers, they scold the hours away. They even lose their appetites and refuse to go outdoors. They are watched, and many consultations held. Some evening the great news comes. Already a place has been prepared, and so at dusk with lighted lantern three conspirators creep abroad. Thirteen chosen eggs are borne to a secluded retreat, and there we find her, spread to an incredible breadth, with head drawn in, beady eyes snapping, and a vicious beak ready to strike if you make an unguarded motion. The lantern is held aloft and one by one the eggs are laid before her. With gentle pressure she takes them and stows them away in the recesses of the feathers. Food and water are placed near, and we tiptoe away, awed by this mystery of life.

Tiny new abodes must be prepared, and long hours are spent sitting in the sun, mending, painting, renewing homes for the expected offspring. What hours they are! The talk is good: it ranges through the heights and depths of life, its magic and its mystery. Serious discussion of practical details of construction follows on the heels of myth and fable. So the twenty-one days pass. The last are feverish. It is hard not to interfere, we feel that we could do so much to help, but bitter experience has taught us that the stupidest hen, even Mrs. Cuttle, knows more about the matter in hand than we do. We are humbled.

On the twenty-first day at twilight we again seek her out. There she is, immovable, spread deeper and wider than ever. Worn with her long vigil, pale and wan, she resolutely waits. Presently there is the faintest shadow of a movement under the protecting feathers. The watchers exchange excited whispers; then slowly, one after the other, we lean down and listen close to the maternal breast. A feeble sound is heard, and eyes are wide with wonder.

Then follow days of unremitting toil, not unmixed with anxiety and cruel disappointments. Tragedies come which spoil a day for us, but it is part of the game, part of the great game we are trying to learn to play with poise and patience.

I sit on the paddock fence and smoke my pipe. I watch the sun sink low behind the woodland to the west. Up from the plowed land comes the Field Marshal with his host. When I first see him he has them in extended order; as he comes to more difficult terrain, he skilfully maneuvers them into a column of fours and passes me in perfect array. I drop to my feet and come to a rigid salute. He passes the reviewing stand with glittering eye and haughty step. I notice that on the return into familiar country he is at the head of the column. And what a picture he makes! Here is a bird, methinks, who never has had and never will have an "inferiority complex." And, after all, he is acting his little part well. What more can man or bird do? Play your part in the drama—and what a drama it is!

Lights glimmer in the little house. I must go. I thrust my pipe deep into my pocket without knocking the heel out—a habit I practise, but deplore; it has grown on me of late years. I walk toward the house. At the lilacs by the hedge I stop.

The soft air is full of myriads of little voices; small rustling things disturb the grass; the soft sod yields beneath my step, and pungent odors float down the wind. Life, imperious life, is singing in the night its message of growth. Grow and multiply, grow, grow for to-morrow the harvest. And the very stars in the heavens swing low to listen.

A shrill cry of distress reaches my dreaming ears. I start, but I know from whence it comes. It is Mrs. Cuttle, late as usual, blundering homeward in the dark.

## ANTS TALK BY SIGN LANGUAGE

WHAT ants say to one another and how they communicate has been studied by Prof. von H. Eidmann of Munich, we are told by Science Service's *Daily Science News Bulletin* (Washington). Less is known about the social customs of many an obscure race of people than is known about the social customs of ants, but the mode of communication of these little creatures has been found difficult to study. Beyond the fact that the ant language is apparently a deaf and dumb language of signs, little else has been known. We read:

Professor Eidmann made his observations on a colony of ants inhabiting an artificial ant-hill in his laboratory, and he chose the incidents of food-finding for his study of their mode of communication. An ant upon finding a particle of food, tried to drag it away all by herself, but if that was found entirely impossible, she took the shortest cut back to the ant-hill to get help.

In the upper part of the ant-hill was a sort of guard-room, where there were ants always ready for such hurry calls. The scout who had found the food entered and crossed antennæ with each ant, and thus communicated the glad tidings. The ants swarmed out of the ant-hill and ran around aimlessly until the scout who had found the booty reappeared. She had been marked by the experimenter by a white speck on her back, so that her movements could always be followed.

The scout led the way with a trail of ants close on her heels, the antennæ of one often touching the ant ahead, and all of them following every motion of the leader and executing a perfect goose-step. When the booty was found, it was attacked and broken to pieces or dragged back whole to the hill.

The scout apparently did not tell everything she knew, for when the experiment was repeated and the leader was apprehended just as she was about to direct the way to the find, her trail being destroyed by putting paper on her track, the others lost their way. Whether she could have given more information had she known what would happen to her is not known.

Professor Eidmann's ants exhibited a number of admirable qualities. First of all, they never ask help of their fellows

# A Quality Company

What the Critical Minded
Say About the

# Postal Life
# Insurance Company

*A Friendly Call on its President by*
*One Engaged in Social Research*

***Mr. Jerome Clarke:*** I have read your 1925 announcements and would like to pay your Company some well-earned compliments, Mr. Malone. A non-agency company rounding out its first twenty years, has, for me, more than a passing interest.

***Mr. Malone:*** All right, go ahead. You have been a student and a critic of life insurance and kindred subjects. If the Postal Life Insurance Company deserves a compliment at your hands, it will be a compliment indeed.

***Mr. J. C.:*** As you say, I was and am in the critic business, but solely for the purpose of ascertaining the facts, that are not always well disclosed. Investigating public welfare institutions, analyzing their trust and endowment funds, is the real work that engages me, and it takes me into economics, and occasionally puts my mathematical faculty to the test. It has thus fallen to me to verify actuarial calculations, to appraise the quality of the risks, the quality of the investments, and the quality of the organization. These constitute the important composition of a company.

My study of your twenty years discovers in your direct-by-mail business an exceedingly low lapse rate. This means that you have gathered into your membership people who prize their insurance, and are benefited by the Life Prolonging Service of your Health Bureau. Your risks are widely distributed geographically, which is of much value to your Company; knowledge of your economies is kept spreading in many communities where your policyholders reside.

***Mr. M.:*** Are you acquainted with our publicity?

***Mr. J. C.:*** I certainly am. You have told your story to the public without exaggeration. It has been helpful to life insurance in general. It has maintained a high ethical standard. Yours was a company with the entire field against it, and you have gone along unperturbed. Operating throughout the country without local representatives for twenty years is an achievement.

***Mr. M.:*** You know, we regard whatever was accomplished was by people themselves. The outstanding fact is, our policyholders have acted for themselves. It is a prevailing notion that in matters of life insurance people in any considerable number will not act for themselves. This is not the case.

***Mr. J. C.:*** Yes, but you have won them by what you had to say. There are outstanding credits that could not escape public attention. Your record is well known and has created a favorable impression. Your Company has stood the test of an exacting State supervision. It has stood the test of vigorous competition. It has stood the censorship tests of publicity. The quality of the non-agency idea, as you have presented it, has been widely appreciated. The 9½% Guaranteed Dividend and forty-five millions of insurance in force are stubborn facts.

***Mr. M.:*** I take it you understand, also, that the Company has reached many who never had a policy of life insurance, who apparently were never solicited for policies. The life insurance agent travels the main roads. We go where the main roads go, even to the remotest sections. We go where the magazine goes; we reach the discriminating reader everywhere. We make it possible for the fellow who is secretive in his tendencies to have his transaction a private one.

***Mr. J. C.:*** To the discriminating mind your Company has also a bigness not overshadowed by the giant companies. To many it is a star of equal magnitude. The "Open Book," the "Open Door," "Over-the-Counter," "Direct-by-Mail," are drawing cards in your Company. It was good advertising policy, as well as a good investment, to have brought your Company "on the Avenue." It was good advertising policy to have its announcements appear in the concededly high-class publications. It was good advertising policy to try out in the courts your Company's contention as to non-taxation of its inter-state premiums. In the twenty years you have won out. It is not enough to say you met with success. It was a triumph.

***Mr M.:*** These are pleasant things to hear, Mr. Clarke. It has never been our desire to have ourselves played up in the superlative degree. We have been satisfied to call ourselves a low-pressure company, having the firm belief that influences proceeding from such a business method would develop a very desirable kind of insurance business. You have brought to me the good suggestion that the Postal Life could very properly be featured as "A Quality Company." The first announcement we prepare with this accent in it, I will be pleased to send to you, for your comment. Thus do we make special use of our critical friends.

***Mr J. C.:*** I will regard myself highly favored. Your advertising has always interested me.

***Mr. M.:*** Would you have objection to our presenting this conversation in one of our 1925 series? It has points of view we might desire to feature.

***Mr. J. C.:*** Not at all. You have my consent.

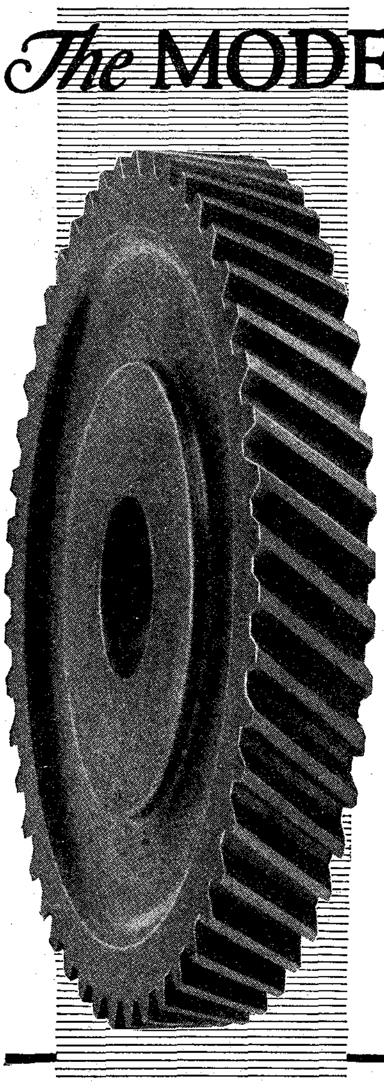
## Find Out What YOU Can Save

Call at the Company's office or write and say, "Mail me insurance information as mentioned in The Literary Digest of May 23, 1925," and in your letter be sure to give:

1. *Your full Name;*
2. *Your occupation;*
3. *Exact date of your birth.*

# Postal Life Insurance Company

**Wm. R. Malone,** *President*
511 Fifth Avenue, corner 43rd Street, New York



The MODERN Timing Drive!

THERE has been a sharp shift in engineering sentiment toward the laminated phenolic gear for timing drive. Important makes have recently adopted molded Formica gears and others are preparing to.

You know your car incorporates the last development in silent, and durable timing mechanism if it has Formica gears. And it will remain silent up to 30,000 miles. That is the ordinary performance of many thousands of Formica gears that have been in use during the past five years.

Replacement gears of Formica are made and sold by the Perfection Gear Company, Chicago, Ill.

Formica is used for panels, base panels and winding tubes in 125 makes of radio sets; it is used for electrical insulation, for pump valves, and for large and small gears used in industry.

THE FORMICA INSULATION CO.
4646 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, O.

FORMICA
Made from Anhydrous Bakelite Resins
SHEETS TUBES RODS

WANTED

High-Class Man on Salary and Expense Basis

A straight salary and expense offer is open to a man of successful business experience in the selling line—one capable of meeting and selling people in educational circles on a proposition of unusual merit and wide popularity. If you are a man 30 to 40 years of age, good personality, education, mentally and physically active for statewide traveling, then one of the largest and best known publishing houses in the country may be interested in your services. To receive consideration your letter must give full particulars—age, education, selling experience, and references. Write JAMES G. BARKER, P. O. Box 103, Madison Square, New York City, N. Y.

## BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES

*Continued*

when they can do the job by themselves. The experimenter sprinkled crumbs of food where a scout could find them. The little creature made in all twenty-three trips back and forth to the ant-hill until the last crumb had been delivered.

Another interesting quality is their strong sense of duty. When the good news of the discovery of food has once been communicated and the little troop is on its way, nothing can lead them astray. A drop of honey placed temptingly in their path lost all its charm. A sidelong lick and an askance glance was all it got. This good principle, however, was carried to an absurd extreme. Bigger pieces of better food were passed up because the ants did not know how to change their minds.

This trait explained something that had puzzled the experimenter for a long time. He had often noticed in nature, that entire swarms of ants passed over without touching particles of food such as they generally devour greedily. This he now explains as being not within the line of duty.

Ants may seem to have short memories, but in Professor Eidmann's experiments, repeatedly, after the last trace of food had been carried off, the ants returned to look for more. This, however, can be explained biologically, for often where the head of a delectable insect is found the body may be somewhere about. We ourselves are liable to search carefully a spot where lost money has been found.

### THE MOTHERLY FATHER CATFISH

AT last, one of the male sex is awake to the idea of taking a large share of the responsibilities of life and is duly performing according to his vision. This is no other than the gaff-topsail catfish. When it is time for the eggs to hatch into small catfish, is it Father Catfish who adventures gaily forth in the waves while Mother Catfish lurks meekly at home in the shadow of a rock on the bed of the ocean? Not at all! Feminists will be glad to know that according to the best traditions of what should be due the "female of the species," Father Gaff-Topsail Catfish is the one who takes charge of the eggs, and holds them safely in his mouth until the little fish are hatched, and even then his cares are not over, for, when very small, the little fish run back to his mouth at the first hint of danger. So does the old order of nature seem to be reversed. Is it, we wonder, the ending of some by-gone age, or the beginning of the new? *The Bulletin* of the American Museum of Natural History gives out the news of these strange family actions:

> Among the specimens of fishes at the American Museum of Natural History none offers a more interesting subject for study than the gaff-topsail catfish, a subtropical form ranging as far north as Cape Cod, but found especially along the South Atlantic and Gulf coasts in brackish waters. Dr. E. W. Gudger, Associate in Ichthyology at the Museum, has devoted sixteen years of study to the habits of this fish and has interestingly described its

mouth-breeding habits. For the purposes of study, he has secured a number of specimens in different stages of incubation and, upon the completion of the installation of the new Hall of Ichthyology, space will be found for an adequate display of them.

The male of this fish has the unusual habit of carrying the eggs in its mouth during the process of hatching. In a catch of from sixty to seventy-five catfish, between 200 and 300 eggs were obtained from their mouths. The number carried varied with different fishes, the yield generally ranging from eleven to twenty-six per fish. Also, the eggs showed considerable variation in size, the average measuring 18-20 mm., some even reaching 25 mm., or one inch in diameter.

For the purpose of study, the fish is caught in a net, and as it is pulled in, the fisherman seizes it just back of the head and holds the mouth closed until he is within reach of a vessel into which the eggs can be emptied. Then, holding the fish with tail upward, he allows the eggs to run out into the vessel. The egg-carrying male catfish has a very large mouth cavity which gives the creature the appearance of having a double chin. On one occasion a male fish was caught which measured twenty-two inches and carried fifty-five eggs. This was the largest number of eggs ever obtained by the collector from one fish during the period he has been studying catfish. There seems to be no special arrangement in the mode of carrying the eggs; they are simply held loosely in the mouth cavity until they are hatched.

An interesting fact noted was that the male fish runs smaller in size than the female. The latter are from nineteen to twenty-five inches while the males run seventeen and eighteen inches. It has never yet been discovered just how the eggs are transferred from the female to the mouth of the male, but when this process is completed the eggs are incubated in the mouth of the male, not only until they are hatched, but also until the yolk has been absorbed and the young are able to take care of themselves. There is evidence that the young come out of the paternal mouth to feed, but retreat into it again at the appearance of danger. Attempts have been made to hatch the eggs artificially, but the process was found to be much slower and was attended by great mortality. The embryos from the paternal mouth had much more strength and were far better able to rid themselves of their shells than those hatched in an aquarium.

The length of the period of incubation can not be definitely stated, but after careful watch it has been estimated that the time is about seventy days. The male fish does not appear to feed during this period and at the time the young leave his mouth, is naturally in a very "run down" condition. He begins to recuperate by feeding freely on anything he can catch. His favorite dainty is the crab in the "soft-shell," or "shedder" stage, but he does not decline the "hard-shelled" kind, and in his stomach have been found crabs so large that it is difficult to see how he could have taken them into his mouth and down his gullet.

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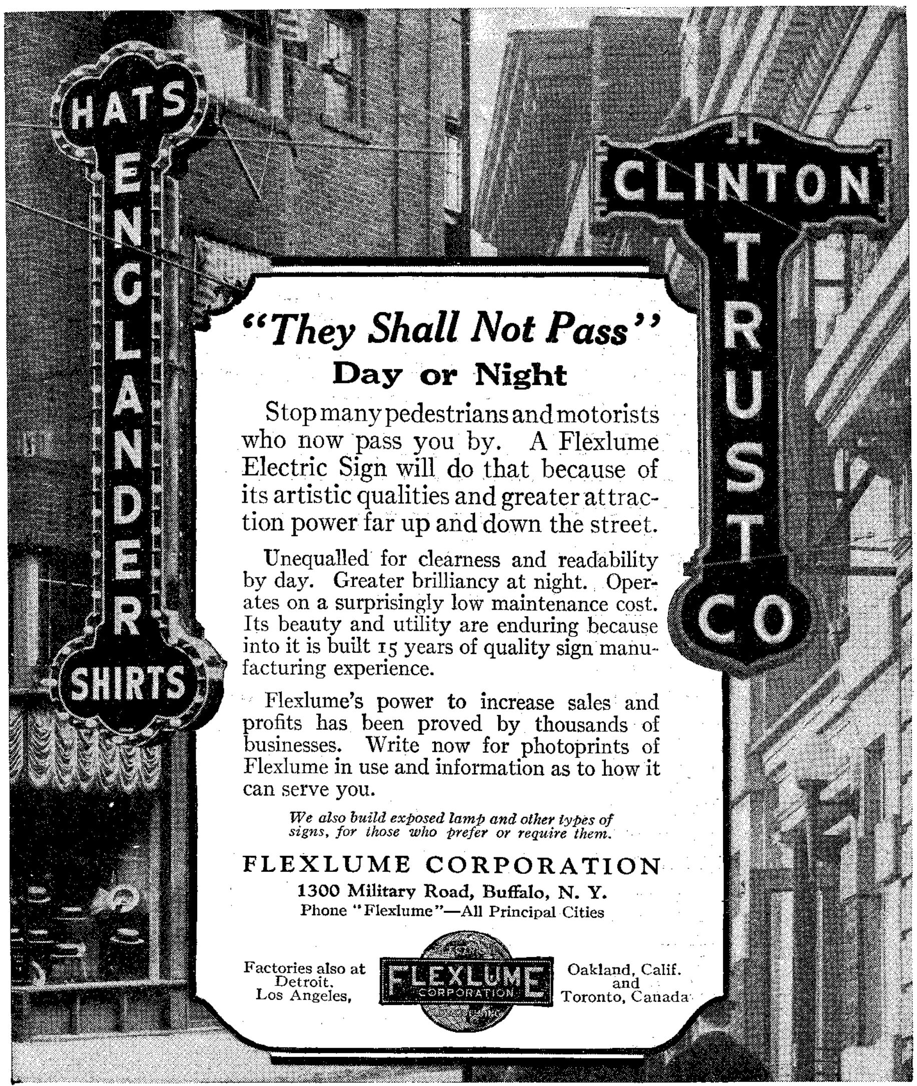
**Meanest Man in Town.**—Barton—"What makes your next-door neighbor so unpopular?"

Borrows—"He's fixt his lawn-mower so you have to drop a nickel in the slot to make it go."—*Boston Transcript.*



*"They Shall Not Pass"*
**Day or Night**

Stop many pedestrians and motorists who now pass you by. A Flexlume Electric Sign will do that because of its artistic qualities and greater attraction power far up and down the street.

Unequalled for clearness and readability by day. Greater brilliancy at night. Operates on a surprisingly low maintenance cost. Its beauty and utility are enduring because into it is built 15 years of quality sign manufacturing experience.

Flexlume's power to increase sales and profits has been proved by thousands of businesses. Write now for photoprints of Flexlume in use and information as to how it can serve you.

*We also build exposed lamp and other types of signs, for those who prefer or require them.*

FLEXLUME CORPORATION
1300 Military Road, Buffalo, N. Y.
Phone "Flexlume"—All Principal Cities

Factories also at Detroit, Los Angeles, FLEXLUME CORPORATION Oakland, Calif. and Toronto, Canada

The vital spare
for road emergencies

STIFF neck and sore driving muscles become kindly, and limber, when Absorbine, Jr. is applied.

Grimy hands—a cut, bruise, burn or insect bite—and an army of enemy germs attacks you.

Call out the reserves. Get the "spare" of Absorbine, Jr.! It kills worry, stops pain, destroys germs and starts healing immediately.

Because it's an effective liniment and capable antiseptic a few drops in water makes a mouth wash and gargle prompt to defeat germs.

Absorbine, Jr. is your insurance against infection. It is stainless and agreeable, and non-destructive of tissue.

*At all druggists', $1.25, or postpaid. Send for free trial bottle*

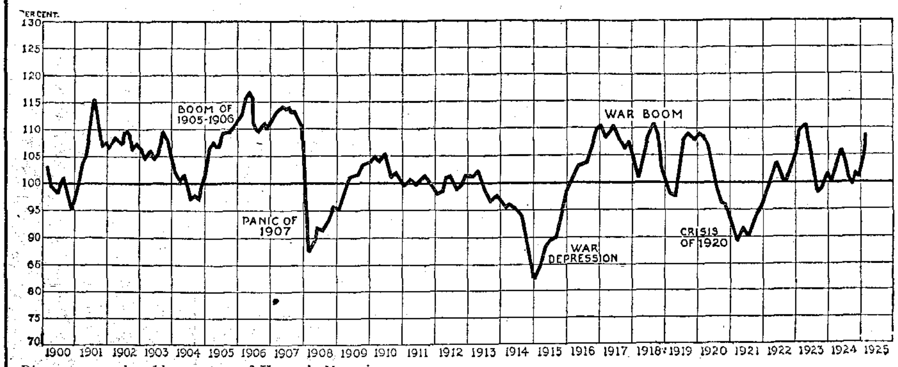
W. F. YOUNG, Inc.
Springfield, Mass.

Absorbine Jr
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

# INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE

## LEVELLING OFF BUSINESS UPS AND DOWNS

THERE WAS ONCE A CAMEL—one of the highly intelligent beasts known to Æsop—who, when questioned by his master whether he preferred to carry his load up-hill or down-hill, made reply: "But has the long, level road over the desert been closed?" Perhaps this story might be used as a text for Mr. Carl Snyder's discourse in the current *Harper's* on the way in which modern business research is beginning to moderate the ups and downs of business. He is convinced that when business men are once in touch with and utilizing facts now available we shall probably "have no such wild booms as we have had in the past, and even as late as five years ago. And with no booms—no depressions and no hard times." Mr. Snyder is even prepared to state that the violence of the variations from business normality has lessened perceptibly of recent years. He reminds us that the phrase, "hard times," isn't nearly as common in the public prints as it used to be. A generation ago it seemed to many observers that the long depressions were getting worse and worse, but "we now know very differently, that instead of these depressions or hard times getting worse, they have been steadily growing milder, until in the last quarter of a century the old phrases have become outworn." Since Mr. Snyder is an experienced writer on scientific, economic, and financial subjects, and is at present statistician for the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, he is worth listening to when he tells us how he knows that the peaks and sink-holes of business are being diminished, and why that result is coming about—particularly since his discussion of the business cycle is brief and non-technical.



Diagrams reproduced by courtesy of *Harper's Magazine*

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OF BUSINESS UPS AND DOWNS IN THIS COUNTRY

The line marked 100 represents the normal growth of business, while the irregular line indicates the booms and depressions since 1900.

Nowadays we fortunately have careful and reliable measures of the volume of trade running back half a century. Facts that our fathers gleaned from studying accounts and listening to every-day conversation "can now be depicted in charts and graphs and even closely measured in actual percentages of variation from what we call the normal line or rate of growth." Two such charts are reproduced on this page. So, continues Mr. Snyder,

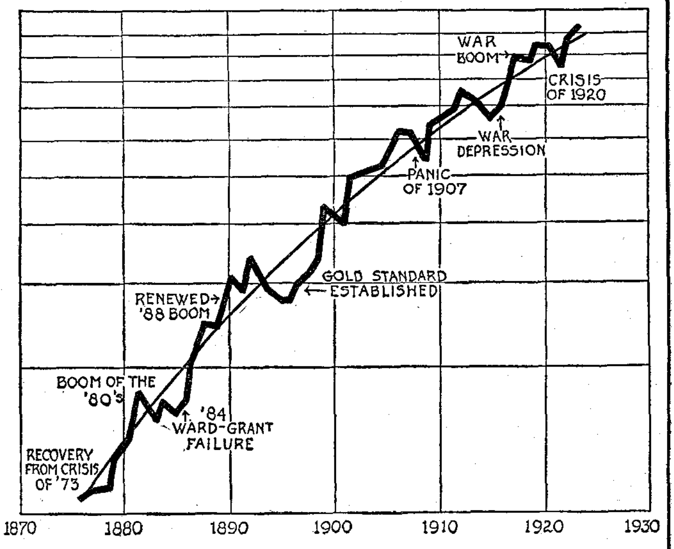
> One thing that is quite new and definite is the proof that our modern industrial civilization is not going to the bow-wows any more than it is being destroyed by the foolish 'class wars' of Karl Marx and his followers: but is steadily growing more strongly and highly integrated, more stable, and more efficient, meaning thereby that the average livelihood is becoming surer and the chances of starvation, even for the most poorly equipped members of society, growing less and less, and that we may confidently look forward to a day when what we call poverty will be practically extinct.

A highly remarkable prospect! But how do we know this, and how can we be so certain?

First of all, we have more yardsticks than we ever had before. Mr. Hoover and his Commerce Department statisticians and other experts like Leonard Ayres know of some 56 different measures of the volume of business, "from all our old friends such as bank clearings, pig-iron production, employment, and imports and exports, to new measures of wholesale and retail trade, the most diversified forms of industry: car-loadings, electrical power production, and even such things as the volume of new life insurance written, advertising, amounts paid for amusements, and speculation in stocks and cotton and grain."

All these have been combined into what is called a "weighted index" in which each item has a weight in proportion to its importance, and this composite index is now available by months from January, 1919. Then, "building on the foundations of the last five or six years of business, it was possible to construct other measures, by months, running back fifty years." One of these was bank clearings, another was the variations in the so-called rate of turnover of bank deposits, another was the output of pig-iron each month, and still another was the stock market.

With such means available, our statisticians are able to tell pretty accurately what a change from high prosperity to deep depression really means, and they have estimated "that the change from the fictitious prosperity of war time to the deep depression of the collapse that followed, and back again to the general well-being of the last two years and more is a change from about ten per cent. above to ten per cent. below this normal line of growth." Furthermore, it is learned that during these fifty years the oscillations of what we may call the "business



FIFTY YEARS OF AMERICAN BUSINESS PROGRESS

While business has had its ups and downs as shown by the heavy line, the light line shows the average rate of growth in the volume of business as measured by the statisticians' indexes.

*Three great factories are devoted exclusively to the manufacture of International Motor Trucks. There are 105 direct company branches—the largest company-owned truck service organization in the world—located in the following cities:*

Aberdeen, S. D.
Akron, Ohio
Albany, N Y.
Amarillo, Tex.
Atlanta, Ga.
Auburn, N. Y.
Aurora, Ill.
Baltimore, Md.
Billings, Mont
Birmingham, Ala.
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Buffalo, N. Y.
Cedar Falls, Iowa
Cedar Rapids, Iowa
Charlotte, N C
Chattanooga, Tenn.
Cheyenne, Wyo.
Chicago, Ill. (3)
Cincinnati, Ohio
Cleveland, Ohio
Columbia, S. C.
Columbus, Ohio
Council Bluffs, Iowa
Dallas, Tex.
Davenport, Iowa
Dayton, Ohio
Denver, Colo.
Des Moines, Iowa
Detroit, Mich.
Dubuque, Iowa
Duluth, Minn.
East St. Louis, Ill.
Eau Claire, Wis.
Elmira, N. Y.
El Paso, Tex.
Evansville, Ind.
Fargo, N. D.
Fort Dodge, Iowa
Fort Wayne, Ind.
Fort Worth, Tex.
Grand Forks, N. D.
Grand Rapids, Mich.
Green Bay, Wis.
Harrisburg, Pa.
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Hutchinson, Kan.
Indianapolis, Ind.
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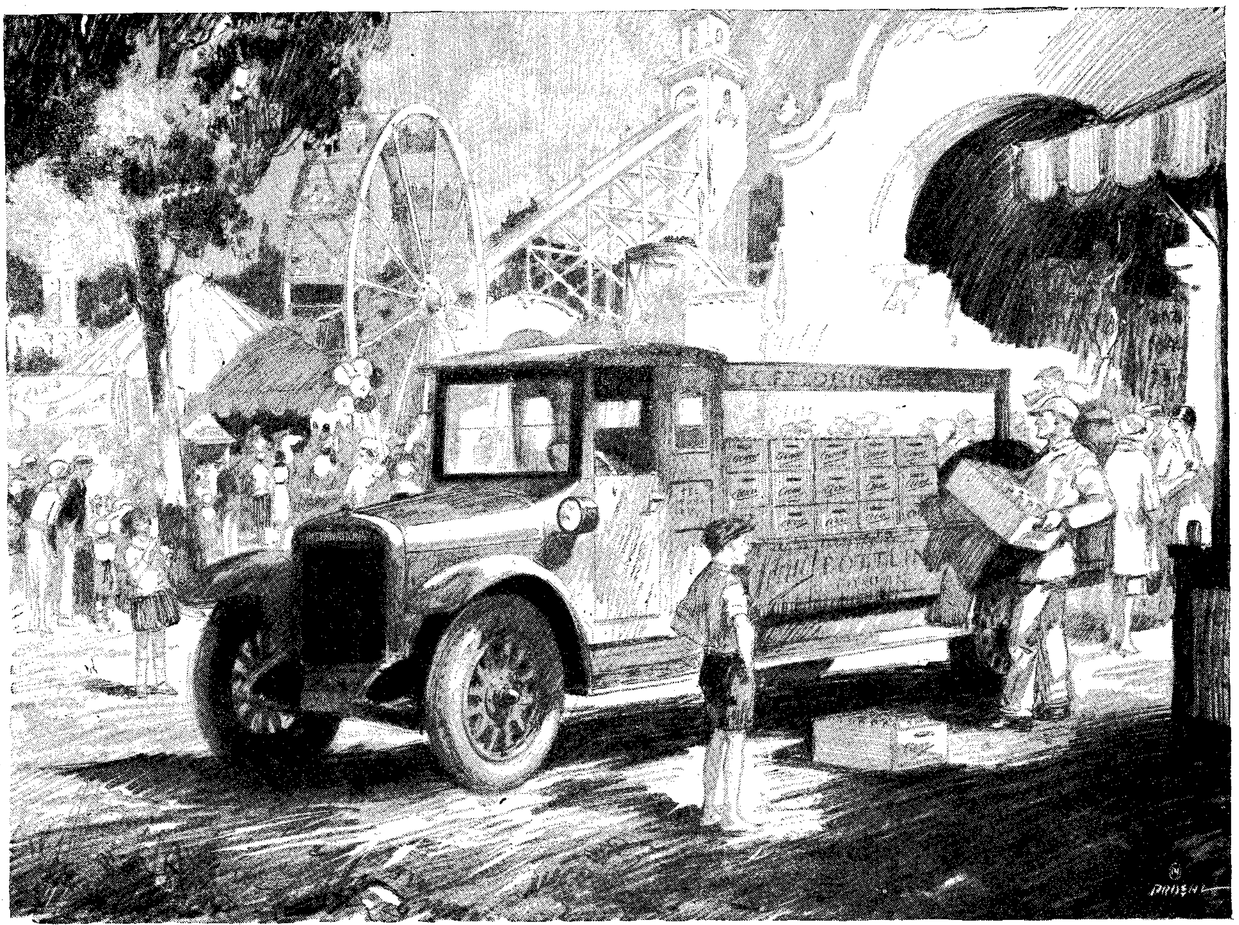

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## INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
*Continued*

cycle" have "been steadily growing less and less; or, as the electricians would say, the wave has been 'damping down.'" And, continues Mr. Snyder,

> As this damping has been so even and continuous, the clear inference is that it will continue until what we call the business cycle has been largely ironed out. Of course we shall always have wide variations in different industries and lines of activity as the leaders in these different groups make good or bad guesses as to what the demand or consumption will be in their particular lines. But these bad guesses or overestimates will scarcely be so synchronous and general as to prostrate the whole country in grinding periods of distress such as we had in the 'nineties, in the 'seventies, and so often in earlier times.

It would be an overstatement, according to this authority, to say that we really know "definitely just what causes these waves or 'cycles' of business activity, and therefore may anticipate them." There are plenty of theories, from one that traces everything back to the effect of sun-spots on the crops to those that find "the main springs in the mechanism in business and trade itself, and, if you please, in human nature and their traditional tendency to yield to the temptations of large profits—thus breeding over-expansion and consequent disaster." There may be even deeper underlying factors, but—

> What we formerly lacked was a reliable measure of the extent and duration of these cycles, and now we have it. And so we may say now: If in the last quarter-century we have had no depression which has carried business below normal for more than about fifteen months, and never for more than a month or two shown trade at more than 10 per cent. below this normal; and if, on the other hand, no boom has lasted much more than two years or carried the volume of exchanges for more than a month or two much beyond this same 10 per cent. above the line of normal growth; and if, further, the waves or cycles of the last twenty-five years have been distinctly less in amplitude, as the physicists would say, than in the previous twenty-five years—then it seems as if we might have reasonable assurance that the next twenty-five years would show no more violent ups and downs than the last twenty-five, and in all probability would show less. So for our purpose here we need not needfully indulge in the pleasant pastime of spinning ingenious theories to guide us on our business way.
>
> If every business man were fully informed of the facts which are now available, the chances are large that we should have no such wild booms as we have had in the past, and even as late as five years ago. And with no booms—no depressions and no hard times. This at least seems certain. We have now, it would seem, a very simple and almost automatic safeguard against these periods of excessive optimism and over-expansion and consequent overproduction—if our business men can be familiarized with the new knowledge which we now possess. And this, perhaps, is coming rather quickly.

Mr. Snyder explains this last sentence by calling attention to the study of business conditions in our universities and the use of statistical research by great business organizations and banks. And he concludes:

> Important, in time, must this new knowledge prove to the manufacturer and to the employer everywhere. It provides him with maps and charts, signal-stations and observation-towers in what has hitherto been very much of a trackless jungle. In a sense all larger business enterprises are adventures in exploration, and really reliable guides and pathfinders in this field have been relatively scant. There were few business men who were able to anticipate the panics of 1907 or of 1893, or the violent collapse of business which came in 1920. If they had then been able to anticipate or to foresee business conditions, these collapses would not have occurred—for they were essentially due, as always, to overconfidence and overcommitments.
>
> Now we have a definite background from which every business man may judge his own adventures. It is very hard when trade is moving briskly and prices rising not to take advantage of the tempting profits offered and drive on to excess. Competition in almost every line is very keen and, as the picturesque phrase goes, it is a great temptation to every one to "get his" while the getting is good. And conversely, when things have gone all wrong from general excess, it is very difficult to have the courage of one's convictions and adventure early on the return of prosperity. Here are new props, alike for caution and courage at the right time.
>
> But what is true of general business is equally true in our larger industries. In several of these of late we have had, in the midst of general prosperity, quite severe depressions. No good business man would have thought, for example, of continuing heavy wheat planting when the prospects for wheat prices were bad, but our farmers did just this. So, too, a miscalculation as to the probable demand for new motor-cars has been fraught with serious consequences, not merely to this but to several allied industries. And something the same in the cotton trade. I venture to think we are already in possession of methods by which much of these disturbances could have been avoided.
>
> In other words, as I see it, the character of business adventure will take on a new phase. It will have more of certitude and of calculated foresight. It was anomalous that the depression in the iron trade and in railway traffic at the end of 1920 and in 1921 should have been the worst in the forty years or more for which we have numerical records. It was equally anomalous that such a standard industry as the cotton trade should then, and again in the last year, have gone so wrong. These were due in considerable part to lack of such information and knowledge as is now available, and of ignorance of the newer methods of business guidance. We shall probably have less of enthusiastic "go-getters" in the saddle and more of business science.
>
> By this I do not mean we shall reduce business management to a formula or a table of coefficients of probability. Most assuredly, business judgment and foresight will continue to be one of the highest possessions of society. But it will cease, I believe, to be of the rule-of-thumb or rule-of-three variety; and it should be largely guided and aided by the new and trustworthy measures of business which we now possess.

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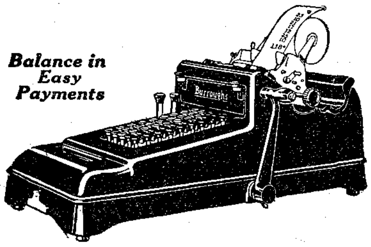

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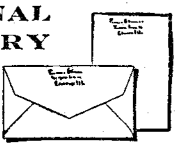

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# CURRENT EVENTS

## FOREIGN

May 6.—The French repulse violent attacks by the Riffians in Morocco, says an official communiqué.

May 7.—The Australian Labor Council votes not to participate in functions for receptions or entertainments of the United States fleet during its forthcoming visit to Australia as a protest against imprisonment of labor workers in the United States under the terms of the espionage act passed during the war.

A reconnoisance made by a French scouting party shows that the Riffians in Morocco are not only following strategy developed during the World War, but are in possession of at least three airplanes and two tanks, all manned by Europeans.

Leon Trotzky, former Soviet Minister of War, returns to Moscow from political exile in Southern Russia, the ban of excommunication having been lifted since his promise to abide by the dictates of the Communist party.

Sir Doveton Sturdee, who commanded the victorious British squadron at the battle of Falkland Islands in 1914, in which he defeated a German squadron under Admiral von Spee, dies at his home in London. He was sixty-five years old.

May 8.—Spanish forces have inflicted a severe defeat on the Riffians in a battle near Sidi Mesaud, Morocco, says a dispatch from Madrid.

Germany will refuse to enter the League of Nations before complete evacuation by the Allied troops of the Ruhr and Cologne areas, announces the German Foreign Office, according to a dispatch from Berlin.

May 9.—The French Cabinet is asked to send reenforcements to Marshal Lyautey, head of the French Army fighting the Riffians in Morocco. It is announced by the French that the war is a war of defense, not of conquest.

The Conference for the Control of International Trade in Armaments, being held in Geneva under the auspices of the League of Nations, goes on record for liberty of exportation of arms under suitable restrictions, and on condition that all sales to foreign individuals shall be forbidden.

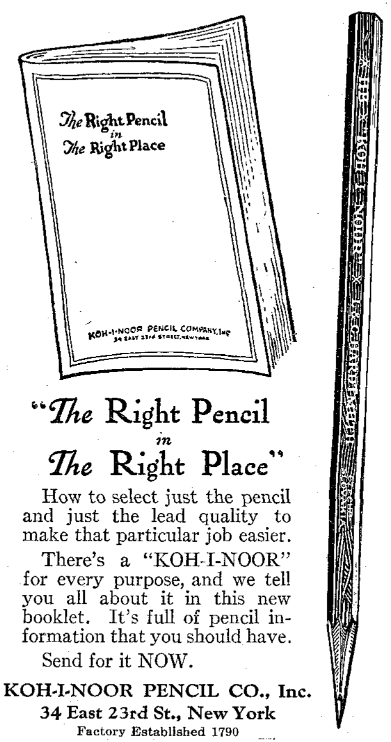
May 10.—William Ferguson Massey, Premier of New Zealand, dies at Wellington, New Zealand, in his seventieth year. Mr. Massey was the last of wartime Premiers, having held office since 1912.

May 11.—Eight men, charged with participation in the recent bomb explosion in the Sveti Kral Cathedral in Sofia, Bulgaria, are sentenced to death by court-martial, and two others are sentenced to prison.

Abd-el Krim, leader of the Riffian forces in Morocco, has declared a holy war, according to a dispatch from Rabat, Morocco. The Riffian attacks against the French are reported to be increasing in force.

May 12.—General von Hindenburg is sworn in as President of the Republic of Germany.

Gen. Charles Mangin, the hero of Verdun and one of the outstanding figures of the World War, dies at his home in Paris. He was fifty-nine years old.



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## DOMESTIC

May 6.—Rum row, as the fleet of rum ships off the coasts of Long Island and New Jersey is known, is blockaded by a fifty-mile line of eight converted destroyers and about fifty government picket boats.

Wholesale Federal and State liquor-law violations in eastern Iowa must be stopt at once or the law must be modified to permit the manufacture and sale of light wines and beers, according to a report issued by the Iowa Anti-Saloon League, which depicts practically wide-open violations of the Prohibition laws in five eastern Iowa cities.

May 7.—John B. Stetson, Jr., of Philadelphia, is appointed Minister to Finland, succeeding Charles L. Kagey, resigned, announces Secretary of State Kellogg.

Photographs of scenes of the Army and Navy maneuvers held in and near Hawaii are transmitted by radio and land wires to New York in twenty minutes, the distance covered being 5,136 miles.

May 8.—Twenty-three people are drowned when the United States Government steamer *Normand* capsizes in the Mississippi River about sixteen miles south of Memphis. The *Normand* was one of two boats carrying an excursion party of the Mid-South Association of Engineers, which was meeting in Memphis. Tom Lee, a negro boatman, rescues thirty people from the water.

In the final contest in Washington, D. C., Robert Sessions, fifteen years old, of Birmingham, Alabama, wins the first prize of $2,000 for the best speech on the Constitution, in competition with six others who survived the nation-wide oratorical contest in which 1,400,000 school children participated.

May 10.—The Army General Staff plans to make Defense Day an annual event, to be held coincidentally with Armistice Day exercises on November 11, it is announced in Washington.

May 11.—Thirty-seven annual spring conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, North, have voted 3,506 to 311 in favor of unification with the Southern branch of the Methodist Church, thus completing the vote of the spring conferences of the Northern Church, it is announced. Seventy-eight conferences of the Northern Church will take action this fall.

The provision of the California alien land law imposing upon aliens ineligible to citizenship the burden of proving that their purchase of agricultural land was not for the purpose of defeating that statute is sustained by the United States Supreme Court.

May 12.—President Coolidge, it is announced, is opposed to the plan of the War Department to have a Defense Day muster of the nation's military forces on Armistice Day.

Miss Amy Lowell, poet, essayist and critic, dies at her home in Brookline, Massachusetts, in her fifty-second year.

General Lord, Director of the Budget, announces that the government surplus for the fiscal year ending June 30 will be about $108,000,000.

Maj.-Gen. William R. Smith reduces the sentences of Corp. Walter Trumbull and Pvt. Paul Crouch, convicted of attempting to organize a Communist league among the soldiers stationed at the barracks in Honolulu, to three years and one year respectively. Trumbull had been sentenced by a court-martial to forty and Crouch to twenty-six years' imprisonment.

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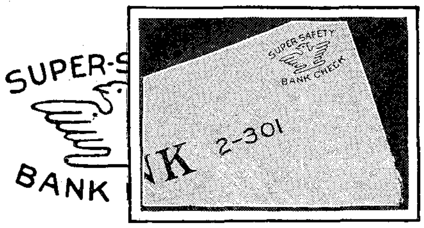

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**The Wisest Policy.**—Daughter—"He says he thinks I'm the nicest girl in town. Shall I ask him to call?"

Mother—"No, dear; let him keep on thinking so."—*Tit-Bits* (*London*).

**Add Radio Mysteries.**—What we can't understand about the radio is how the static knows you have company that night.—*Roanoke World News.*

**Her Late Husband.**—Wife—"Next time you spend an evening at the club, please let me know if I am to keep breakfast waiting for you."—*Klods Hans* (*Copenhagen*).

**Isn't Nature Wonderful!**—"And you say you guarantee these canaries?"

"Guarantee them? Why, madam, I raised them from canary seed!"—*Brown Jug.*

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**Her Inspiration.**—Theatrical Manager—"Your last act was magnificent, Miss De Fleur! Your suffering was almost real."

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**Entirely Reasonable Excuse.**—"Where have you been?" inquired the employer.

"Having my hair cut," replied the workman.

"Well, you can't have your hair cut on my time," protested the exasperated employer.

"Why not?" demanded the wage-earner sturdily. "It grew in your time."—*London Post.*

**Where Silence Is Golden.**—"Can a man tell when a woman loves him?"

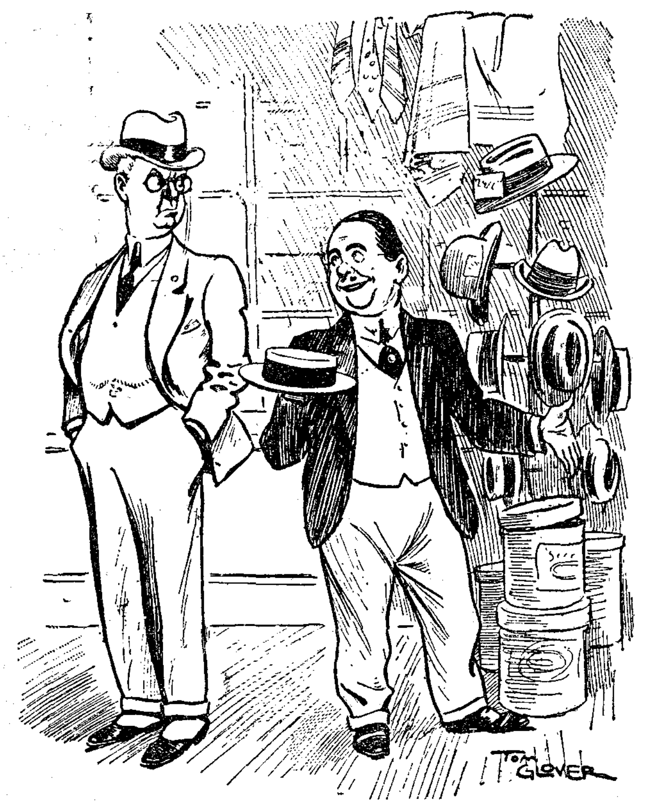
"Sure; but she is liable to get mad."—*West Virginia Moonshine.*

**Just the Boy for the Job.**—Father—"I want to apprentice my boy to you."

Master Plumber—"Where is 'e?"

Father—"Well—er—he forgot his references and has gone back home for them."

Master Plumber—"Righto!—I'll take 'im!"—*London Opinion.*



WILLING TO HELP HIM

"I'd like to see something cheap in a straw hat."

"Certainly sir. Try this one on, sir, and the mirror's on your left."

—*Sydney Bulletin.*

**Little Pitchers Have Big Ears.**—Little Lucy (to guest)—"Do you like that cake, Mrs. Brown?"

Mrs. Brown—"Yes, dear, very much."

Little Lucy—"That's funny, 'cause mother said you haven't any taste."—*London Tit-Bits.*

**Truth in Advertising.**—"Do you speak French?"

"No."

"Do you speak English?"

"No."

"But on your window it says 'French and English spoken here.' Who speaks it?"

"The customers!"—*Strix* (*Stockholm*).

**Words of Wisdom.**—"Sedentary work," said the college lecturer, "tends to lessen the endurance."

"In other words," butted in the smart student, "the more one sits, the less one can stand."

"Exactly," retorted the lecturer; "and if one lies a great deal, one's standing is lost completely."—*Christian Guardian.*

**Not at All Exclusive.**—Patron—"Do you serve fish here?"

Waiter—"Certainly, we cater to everyone."—*Denison Flamingo.*

**The Rest Cure.**—Physician (to rich patient)—"You're all run down. I suggest that you lay off golf for a while and get a good rest at your office."—*Life.*

**Drastic Treatment.**—Patient—"Doctor, what I need is something to stir me up—something to put me in fighting trim."

Doctor—"Well, perhaps I had better send in my bill."—*London Opinion.*

**Audited and Found Correct.**—It is my observation that it is always unwise and never desirable to attempt the impossible.—*From an Address by Hon. Cato Sells.*

**Unavoidable Clemency.**—Soph—"But I don't think I deserve an absolute zero."

Prof.—"Neither do I, but it is the lowest mark that I am allowed to give."—*Washington Cougar's Paw.*

**Those Roundabout Mails.**—"Dear me, how slovenly the postal authorities are! Here's a card from my husband, who's in Manchester on business, and it's got the Paris postmark."—*London Mail.*

**Marvels of the Movies.**—"Is this a jungle scene?" asked the slightly uncertain individual at a movie. "No," replied his friend. "You are looking at the picture through the foliage on a woman's hat."—*University of Iowa Frivol.*

**Blarney with an Object.**—"Why is a strong man like you found begging?"

"Ah, madam, it is the only profession in which a gentleman can address a beautiful lady without the formality of an introduction."—*Toronto Telegram.*

**The Ruling Passion.**—Doctor No. 1—"Did you hold the mirror to her face to see if she was still breathing?"

Doctor No. 2—"Yes, and she opened one eye, gasped and reached for her powder puff."—*Sydney Bulletin.*

**Bostonese Humor.**—Dealer—"Did I understand you to say that the parrot I sold you uses improper language?"

Cultured Customer—"Perfectly awful. Why, yesterday I heard him split an infinitive."—*Boston Transcript.*

**No Kick Coming.**—Store Dealer—"This is the latest patent life-saving belt made, sir."

Traveler—"Are they quite reliable?"

Store Dealer—"Well, I may say we've sold dozens and never had a complaint."—*Passing Show* (*London*).